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A RARE EXCITING ISSUE!

35c JULY

OSCAR FRALEY tells
The Truth About Eliot Ness

JAMES MICHENER presents
Hawaii's Golden People

EVAN WYLIE reports
Birth Control Pill for Men

WM. BUCKLEY debates
If Goldwater Were President

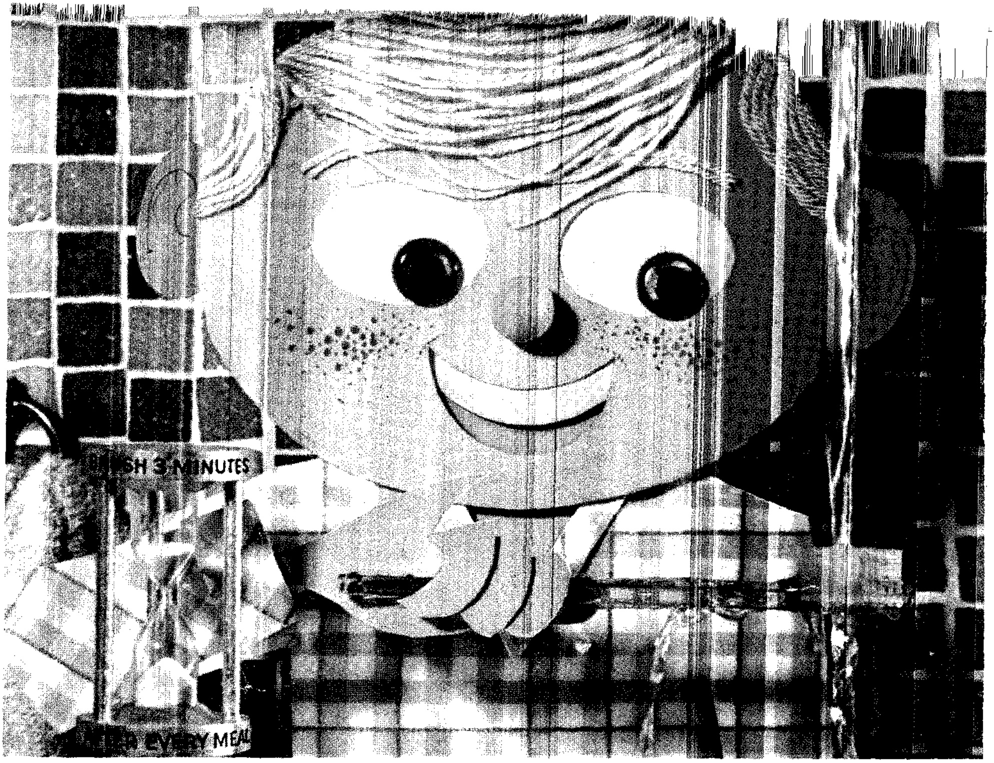
DON MURRAY exposes
"Death Trap" Airports

NANCY SPAIN describes
Meg and Tony's Intimate Life

MEYER LEVIN reveals
Eichmann's Last Victim

NEW 18-PAGE SECTION
Money-saving Secrets

Martin Rosenzweig



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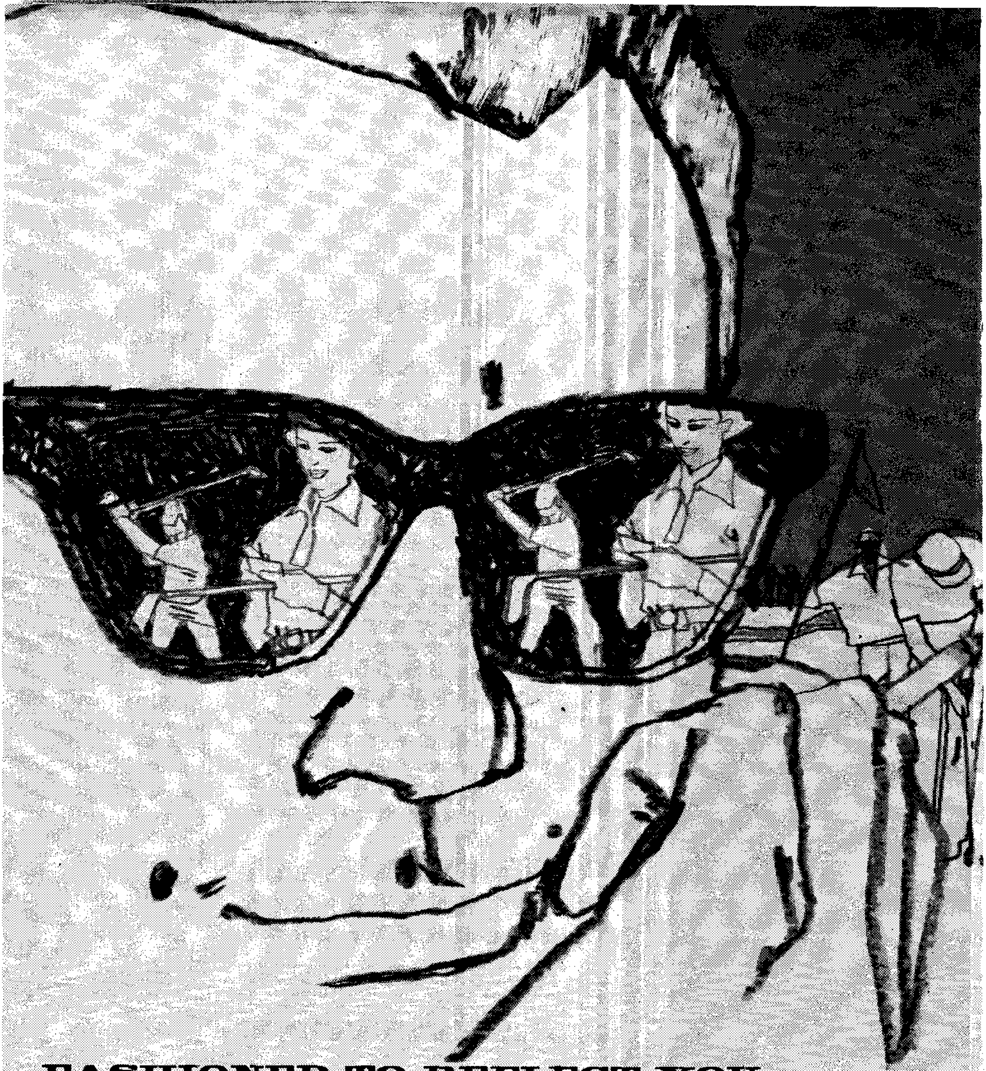

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Dear Reader:

WHAT HAVE THESE MEN in common: a doctor in Vienna, a sports reporter, a friend of the President, an American "Angry Young Man," a famous novelist and a beauty sleuth? Answer: all are contributors to this month's CORONET, and as our contributors are wont to be, they are a remarkably varied, far-flung lot. They are: Dr. Herbert S. Benjamin, a U.S.-born physician attached to a Vienna hospital, whose article on nerves (p. 148) is his 15th in four years for CORONET; Oscar Fraley, a top sports writer, now even more widely known as the coauthor of *The Untouchables*, in his first story for us (p. 25) tells of Eliot Ness as he knew him; Benjamin Bradlee, who learned about the remarkable "citizen lobbyists" (p. 44) in his job as *Newsweek*'s Washington bureau chief, made news himself the day after the inauguration when his good friend and neighbor John F. Kennedy stopped by his house to say hello; William F. Buckley Jr., who tells why he backs Senator Barry Goldwater's conservatism (p. 156), made a resounding entrance on the literary scene a decade ago with *God and Man at Yale*, now edits *National Review*; Meyer Levin, author of the best-selling novel *Compulsion* sent his manuscript on the wartime Kastner-Eichmann negotiations from Israel, where he was attending that grisly story's final chapter—the Eichmann trial; Don Ornitz, Los Angeles photographer of beautiful women, found some lovely examples among the "Golden People" of Hawaii (p. 49). If you find it hard to choose from this rich selection, try them all.

Oscar Fraley

Ben Bradlee

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Don Ornitz

The Editor

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CORONET 25

Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Contents for July, 1961

Vol. 50, No. 3, Whole No. 296

Articles

The *Real* Eliot Ness . . . . OSCAR FRALEY 25
Sharks Off Our Beaches! . . . . MAX GUNTHER 31
Franchises: Big New Frontier for Small Business EUGENE D. FLEMING 37
"Mr. and Mrs." Lobby . . . . BEN BRADLEE 44
They Cleared the Air in Tujunga! . . . . . . VICTOR BOESEN 68
The One-Woman War of Dorothea Dix . . . . . D. J. GIESE 74
The Silent Guns of St. Stephen . . . . CHARLES BOSWELL 80
Is Your Airport a Death Trap? . . . . DON MURRAY 82
The Intimate, Surprising, Personal Life of Meg and Tony . . . . NANCY SPAIN 90
Eichmann's Last Victim . . . . MEYER LEVIN 98
A Birth Control Pill for Men . . . . EVAN M. WYLIE 108
Money-Wise . . . . MORTON YARMON 114
It Can Pay To Move a House . . . . . CHESTER D. CAMPBELL 118
Be Your Own Interior Decorator . . . . . . DANA LEE WHITE 121
How To Stay Thin *Permanently* ROBERT AND PHYLLIS GOLDMAN 125
There's Cash in Your Closet . . . . JOAN SCOBEY 129
Now Juanito Can Read . . . . KEITH ELLIOTT 132
Our Amazing Network of Nerves . . H. S. BENJAMIN, M.D. 148
New York's Flying Freeloaders . . . . . . ROBERT M. LIPSYTE 153
"If Goldwater Were President" . . WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. 156
The Terrifying Trip of Number 173 . . . . HAL BUTLER 164
The Inventor's Inventor . . . . SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON 168
Poisonous Plants in Your Back Yard . . ALLAN W. ECKERT 172
Doughnuts to Dollars . . . . NORMAN CARLISLE 177
The Great Rocker Riot . . . . DAVID L. GOODRICH 181
Dial "O" for Courage . . . . FELIX HARTLEP 185
Lesser Counts . . . . WILL BERNARD 200

Pictorial Features

The Golden People
INTRODUCTION BY JAMES A. MICHENER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON ORNITZ 49
Holiday on a Bus . . . . TEXT BY DONALD A. ALLAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN 137

Service Features

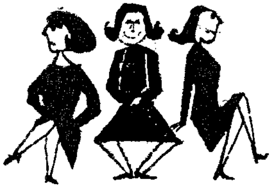
Products on Parade 20
Coronet Family Shopper 188
Coronet Shopping Guide 195
Coronet School and College Directory 198

Departments

Dear Reader 3
All About You 6
Twin Trouble . . . . ENTERTAINMENT 14
The Composer Taught by God . . . . MUSIC 16
Human Comedy . . . . HUMOR 42
How Words Work . . . . DR. BERGEN EVANS 66

all about you

Camping blues; cross with caution; fatties grow faster; fatigue-wise



CROSS CURRENTS

Are none of life's simple pleasures safe any more? Now we are warned (by Dr. Hyman J. Roberts of West Palm Beach, Florida) that when you relax with your legs comfortably crossed, you may be setting in motion a number of discomforting conditions. It seems this common habit may result in phlebitis (inflammation of blood vessels) and can cause or aggravate sciatica, arthritis, numbness, tingling or burning of the skin and bladder trouble—among other things. Leg-crossing reduces the flow of blood to the lower legs, and can bring on these afflictions in persons predisposed to them, he explained. Fortunately, Dr. Roberts writes in the *Journal of the Florida Medical Association,* even when the cause is debatable, "the utter simplicity of recommending that persons with any of the disorders mentioned . . . either avoid the habit completely or merely cross the lower limbs at the ankles, has much merit."

SICK—AND TIRED

Feel reasonably healthy, but "just plain tired?" If rest doesn't restore your pep, better have a medical checkup. A persistent tired feeling may indicate physical illness, according to the results of a Canadian study of 1,200 patients. Seventy-five percent of a group of 105 patients who gave tiredness as their first or second reason for visiting the offices of Dr. Geoffrey Ffrench in Oakville, Ontario, were actually suffering from diseases, the physician reported in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal.* Thyroid deficiency and anemia were the first and second causes of the tired feeling. Other sources of fatigue were heart disease, alcoholic gastritis, pneumonia, lung cancer, infectious mononucleosis and diabetes. The remaining 25 percent of Dr. Ffrench's sample patients were anxious or tense, but had no physicial disorders.

For women:

A warning about sinus trouble

Many common ailments can lead to sinus infection—one of the most widespread ills of our time.

Colds, flu, hay fever, dust allergy—all can lower your defenses against sinus infection. So take care of yourself when you're sick. Let the housework slide. Get plenty of rest.

And look for these symptoms of sinus infection: congestion and sensitivity to pressure below your eyes and in the forehead; a dull nagging headache that won't go away.

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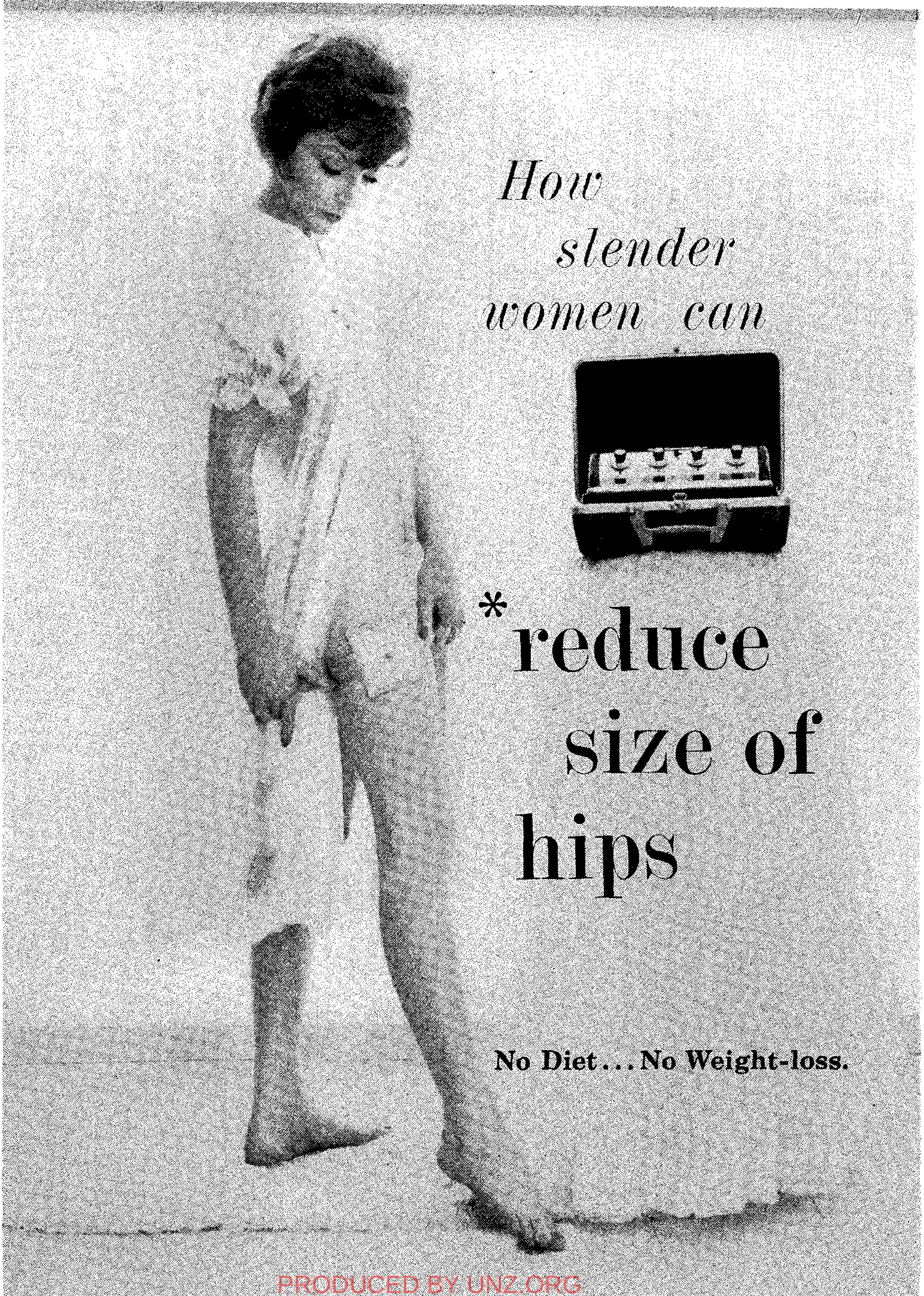
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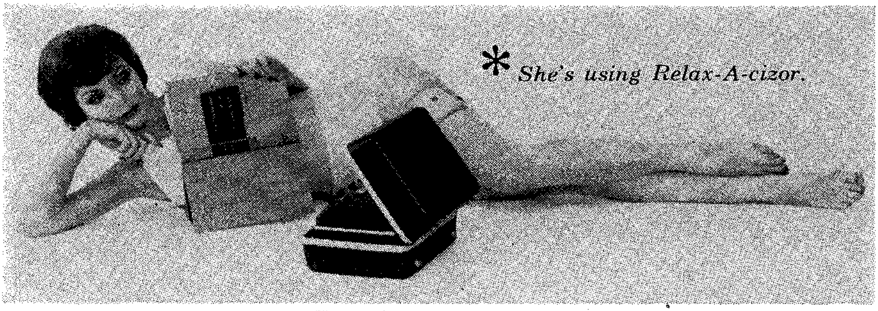
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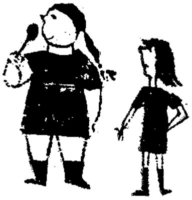
all about you

continued

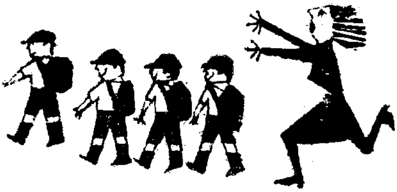
AGE AND MORALS

Certain of our moral standards become more relaxed the older we get, according to two Ohio State University researchers, Drs. Benjamin Pasamanick and Salomon Rettig. Increasing age, they say, brings greater tolerance of extramarital relations, unhealthy working conditions in industry, not giving to charity when able and unfair loan interest rates. On the other hand, they found age brings a stiffening of attitudes toward robbery, kidnaping and perjury, selling one's vote and mercy killing. Moral attitudes little changed by age involved divorce, birth control, hit-and-run drivers, false medical claims and betrayal of trust.



FATTIES AND SKINNIES

Plump children grow faster and mature earlier than thin ones, according to Stanley Garn and Joan Haskell of the Fels Research Institute, Yellow Springs, Ohio. The researchers studied a group of 259 boys and girls up to 17-and-one-half years old. By the time they'd reached 12-and-one-half, the chubby kids were half a year's growth taller than the rest. They were the first to stop growing and also reached puberty sooner. Many factors, including the parents' stature, determine growth, it was noted. But a pre-teen chubby is likely to outgrow his clothes faster than the skinnies.



HOMESICKNESS

Summer is camp time, but for many kids the experience will be clouded by the anguish of homesickness. Usually the cause is a parent who openly worries that the child will not be happy, says Murray Singer, director of Camp Gulliver, Pine Hill, New York. Homesickness often indicates an overly dependent relationship between parent and child, Singer explains. Arthur Leader of the Jewish Family Service agency agrees that parents should send children off to camp unencumbered by emotional baggage. "We all have mixed feelings about this separation," he notes. "The people who really suffer are the ones who try to hide . . . that it would be a help to get rid of the children for a while." Some parents feel guilty when they don't miss Junior every minute—or jealous because the counselor knows the child more intimately during the camp season. One way to head off homesickness is for parents to avoid harping on how lonely they will be; another is to let children visit overnight with friends before camp.

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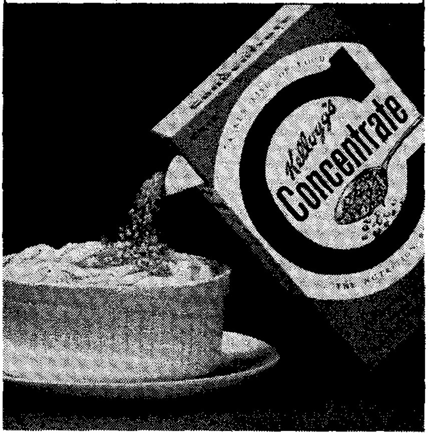

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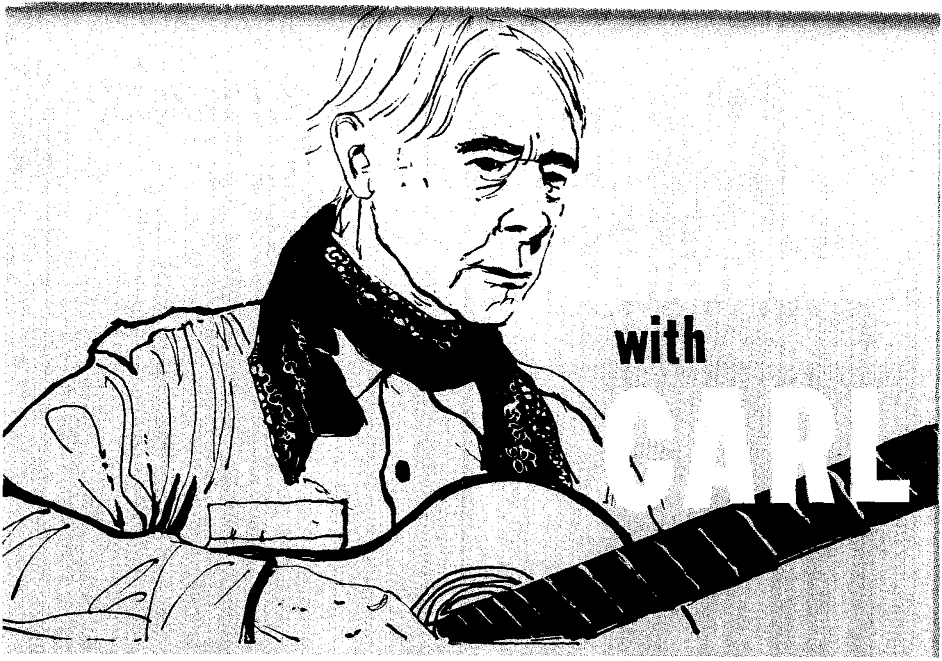


now available in two 16mm sound films—

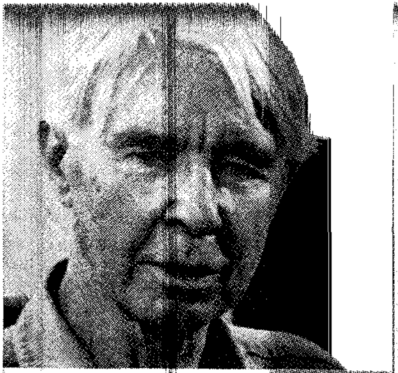
Coronet Films has prepared two refreshingly different films which lend insight into the character, thought, and literary output of one of America's leading writers—Carl Sandburg.

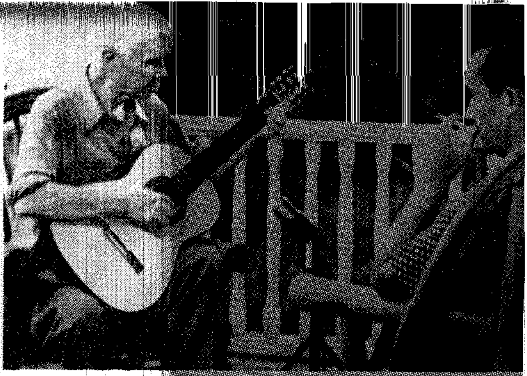
Interviewed by Edward R. Murrow at Connemara Farm, Sandburg's home at Flat Rock, N.C., Sandburg reveals his wide range of knowledge about the arts, poetry, and history . . . all delivered with his characteristic warmth, vigor, and sense of humor.

The two films, one 11 minutes, the other 14 minutes in length, were fashioned from some 30,000 feet of film made by CBS for a 40 minute television program. Coronet Films selected both used and unused material related to Sandburg the author and Lincoln scholar to make the two films.

In *Carl Sandburg Discusses His Work,* he reads passages from his works—*Remembrance Rock* and *The People, Yes*—gives advice to would-be writers, tells how he goes about the business of writing, comments on the English language, gives views on himself, and helps the viewer to understand that literature is more than the printed page... it represents life itself!

In the Lincoln film, Sandburg speaks feelingly of his 40-year "association" with Lincoln . . . of what Lincoln means to him . . . of why he wrote Lincoln's biography . . . and of what Lincoln contributed to his own time and ours.





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CARL SANDBURG *discusses his work*

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Carl Sandburg Discusses Lincoln is a 16mm sound motion picture with a running time of 11 minutes. It is available in black-and-white for $60. *Carl Sandburg Discusses His Work* is a 14 minute film and available for $75. Both films may be ordered, subject-to-approval, by those considering them for definite purchase. Simply use the coupon to place your order.

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Double trouble for parents: Hayley Mills as twins.

The Parent Trap proves that twin troubles can be twice as much fun as any other kind—if the twins are both played by Hayley Mills, Academy Award winner for *Pollyanna.* In this Walt Disney production, the two sisters' problem is to reconcile their divorced parents.

Their plots and counterplots give Miss Mills, 14, a double opportunity to win audiences' hearts, a talent she demonstrated ably in *Pollyanna.* The daughter of British actor John Mills, young Hayley may well be the Shirley Temple of the '60s. She mugs, grimaces, rock-'n'-rolls her way through her roles with naturalness and spontaneity.

Disney has surrounded her with expert support: Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles. And writer-director David Swift, responsible for TV's *Mr. Peepers* and for *Pollyanna,* skillfully blends subtle sophistication with old-fashioned sentiment and slapstick. The result: a rainbow-colored package of family fun, Disney-style. Audiences will want to wrap up the beguiling Miss Mills and take her home—both of her.

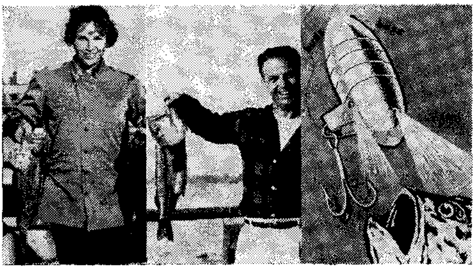
The Bridge, a prize-winning German film, deals with teenagers, also, but on a more solemn note. This is the haunting story of 16-year-old youths recruited into the German army as "Hitler's human sandbags" in the last two days of World War II.

Plucked from their schoolroom, seven classmates are assigned to defend a bridge in their small village against the oncoming American army. They begin their military service with boyish bravado—but soon discover that war is no game, and that there is nothing playful about the tanks and bullets of the advancing Americans. One youth survives, only to learn that the defense of the bridge has been meaningless, hindering rather than helping the Nazi troops.

With savage honesty, *The Bridge* rips through the myths of battlefield heroics, revealing, through the eyes of these boy-men, the horrors of war. It deserves a place alongside *All Quiet on the Western Front, Paths of Glory* and *Grand Illusion* as one of the most powerful antiwar films made.—MARK NICHOLS

"Hitler's sandbags": schoolboys into soldiers.

NOW!! A FISH LURE THAT SWIMS BY ITS OWN POWER!



Propelled by its own power—even on a slack line! It swims—dives—climbs—flops on its side like a crippled minnow—**all on its own power, and all the time BUZZING AWAY like a big, plump lazy insect!**

No wonder it drives fish mad with desire! No wonder it has the big ones churning the water to get their mouths into it—even from yards away! No wonder it lets you pull in panfish, game fish, salt water fish by the bucket-full—**in all kinds of weather, all hours of the day—even when ordinary lures aren't getting a single bite!**

Prove it yourself! Try it for one full month entirely at our risk! Pull in catch after catch that make your friends' eyes pop open in astonishment—OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY! Here's how:

SWIMS LIKE A CRIPPLED MINNOW BUZZES LIKE A DYING BEE! GETS SAVAGE BITES THAT CAN'T PULL LOOSE FROM YOUR LINE!

Yes! Just picture this revolutionary, completely-patented, SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE to yourself! Imagine a water-resistant, weather-resistant, wear-resistant plastic lure—slashing through the water in brilliant reds and whites and yellows—measuring only 2 inches by ¾ inches—**and yet carrying enough fuel inside it to cut through the water for as much as one full hour from a single load! Plunging down to fifteen foot depths—rising to the surface almost once every minute—plowing through that water, tirelessly, pulling in the big ones from hundreds of yards around you!**

Think of it! To fuel up this amazing, live-action lure, all you do is this! Simply snap open the fuel chamber—pour in the absolutely harmless fuel—and close the fuel chamber again! It takes less than 60 seconds! You don't even dirty your hands! But then—simply cast or lower that power-packed lure into fresh or salt water—**and get set for the fishing thrill of your life!**

For perhaps one minute, that lure will float quietly on the surface of the water! But then the water will reach the fuel charge inside—the lure will seem to shudder for a second—and then it will spring dramatically to "life!"

The air around it will be filled with the buzzing sound of a dying bee! Instantly, the nose of the lure will point downward, and it will begin its first descent! Slowly, jerkily, like a maimed minnow, it will swim noisily downward—buzzing and humming—traveling about nine feet every fifteen seconds! If no fish intercepts it, on this first exploration downward, it will then automatically stop its descent—slowly raise up its nose—and begin its irresistible climb to the surface again!

And again! And again! Tirelessly—hour after hour—lengthening out the reach of your own casts! Roaming restlessly over every foot of water beneath you—even on a slack line—even when your boat is tied up—even when you're curled up on the dock, sound asleep!

And driving the fish around you to such a frenzy with its swimming and its buzzing that they practically tear the rod out of your hands—they're so anxious to get their mouths into the hook!

PROVE IT YOURSELF WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

No wonder this revolutionary SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE took six full years to develop! Already granted United States Government Patent #2,932,916, **here's what this amazing Live-Action Fish Lure will do for YOU**—from the very first moment you try it entirely at our risk!

First of all, this Self-Propelled Fish Lure frees you forever from the filthy tasks of digging for worms and crawlers, catching frogs, or paying 50¢ to $1 for a bucket of minnows that die on you before you can even get them in the boat! It **frees you forever** from paying $3, $4 or even $5 for a fancy, "Dead-as-a-Duck" lure—that only works when you tow it—that you could never even dream of actually swimming under its own power behind you!

Yes! It means that tomorrow—for the first time in your life—you can go out in fresh water or salt water—lakes, streams, rivers or oceans—**and haul in the eye-poppers with a lure that actually drives those fish into a frenzy with its crippled minnow action and its dying bee sound!** It means that you weigh down your boat with big-mouthed bass, small-mouthed bass, pike, pickerel, perch, walleyes, dogfish, catfish, trout and dozens of other panfish, gamefish, salt-water fish—**wherever you can drop a line!**

It means that you can fish better—novice or pro—sound asleep at the bottom of your boat—than most fishermen sweating and casting till their arms ache with ordinary, "Dead-as-a-Duck" lures!

And it means that you'll have the time of your life—not only amazing your friends and family with the hauls you drag home behind you—but just watching your fishermen friends' faces, the first time they see this incredible SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE of yours in action! Their eyes will almost pop out of their heads!

You have nothing to lose! You try it for one full month entirely at our risk! Its cost is only $2.98 complete with enough fuel to last up to a full year, full instructions, and a waterproof carrying case that you hang from your belt! It comes in four dazzling colors—your choice of red and white—red and yellow—yellow and white or black and white. **Order all four for only $9.98—and get five times as much fuel!**

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The composer taught by God

"I CAN TEACH HIM nothing. He has learned everything from God himself." With that candid admission, Franz Schubert's first music teacher resigned after giving only two lessons. And history has confirmed his verdict. In Vienna-born Franz Schubert, classical music found an exalted craftsman whose compositions were so perfect that his first version usually was his last. And rarely has there been a composer to whom ideas have come so easily.

Once a friend brought a poem to Schubert and asked him to score it for mezzo-soprano and women's chorus. The young composer retired to a quiet corner, returned a few minutes later and told his astonished friend: "It's done, and it will be quite good." And so it was.

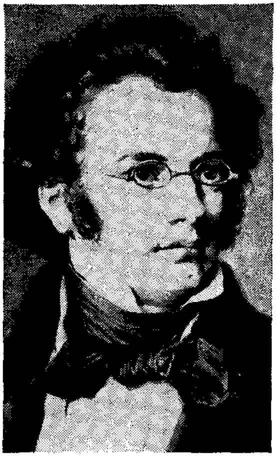
Thus did Schubert pour out his music during a brief but incandescent life span of 31 years—in the words of a close friend: "not through will power, reflection and effort . . . (but) rather in a state of clairvoyance or somnambulism, without any conscious act of the composer." Of the more than 600 songs that he put to paper, 250 were dashed off between the ages of 17 and 19. Taught first by his two older brothers, and later by his father, a Vienna school principal, Schubert wrote his first musical composition at 13, and two years later adopted a strict daily ritual of composing that he adhered to until his final, typhoid-racked days. He even went to bed wearing his eyeglasses, so that he could begin writing the moment he woke up.

Unbelievably, many of Schubert's charming dances were written in half an hour. His first nine string quartets were composed before he reached 19. And the great *Symphony in C*, more than 200 manuscript pages long, was written in one month—shortly before Schubert's death in 1828.

Ironically, most of Schubert's masterpieces were never played while he was still alive. Influential patrons of the arts rarely sought him out to offer financial assistance. Poverty, or at best a meager income, remained his lot to the bitter end. As a boy, Schubert even lacked the money to buy note paper. Eventually, he became a teacher in his father's grammar school—a job he detested. Then, briefly, he taught music in the household of Count Esterhazy. During most of his life, he could not afford so much as a furnished room, and was obliged to live with friends.

A shy, awkward,

Schubert: his music poured out.



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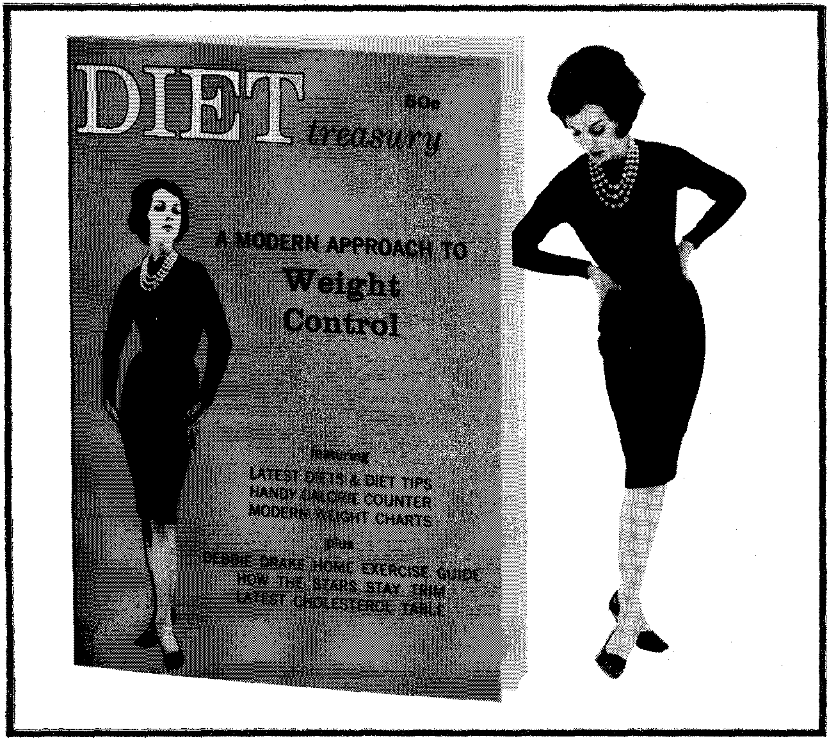
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Music, cont.

paunchy youth who stood only five-feet, one-inch tall, Schubert was emotionally scarred by one or two unhappy love affairs, and thereafter had little to do with women. High society and gay parties filled him with fear and depression—although he could be an outgoing charmer with his intimates.

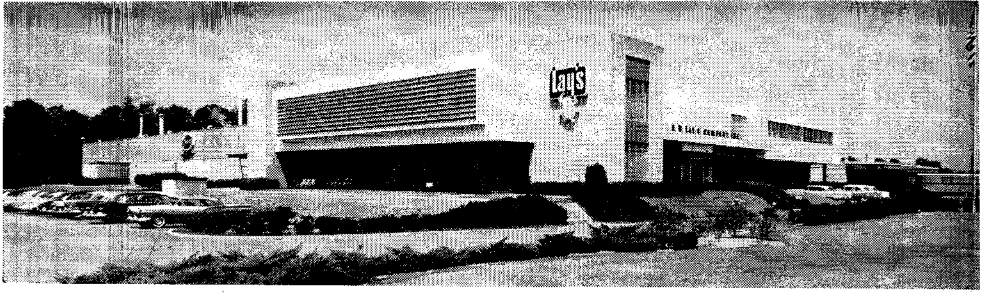
Even as he turned out one masterpiece after another, Schubert suffered rebuffs at the hands of his contemporaries. The famous German poet Goethe, 70 of whose poems Schubert had set to music, did not bother to reply when the young unknown forwarded three of the most beautiful examples. And Schubert did little to make himself wealthy. He peddled his compositions for pennies; only during his last year did friends finally persuade him to present a few of his works at a public concert in Vienna. But the concert passed almost unnoticed; Vienna was too busy applauding the performances of the violin virtuoso Paganini.

Not long before Schubert's tragic demise, he paid a visit to the dying composer Ludwig van Beethoven—an unforgettable experience. On his own deathbed, Schubert, in his delirium, kept asking for Beethoven. His family and friends buried him in a grave close to the great master's. But after death, Franz Schubert achieved the worldly glory that had eluded him. Many of his mightiest works—including the glorious "*Unfinished*" Symphony—then came to light, and lifted him to the pinnacle—a titan of music. —FRED BERGER

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Bach, St. John Passion: King's College Choir, Philomusica; London A 4348, *OSA 1320
Beethoven, Overtures: Jochum, Concertgebouw; Epic LC 3770, *BC 1128
Bizet, Symphony in C Major; Lalo, Symphony in G Minor: Beecham, Radiodiffusion Française; Capitol G 7237, SG 7237
Bloch, Sacred Service: Bernstein, N.Y. Philh.; Columbia MS 6221, *ML 5621
Gilbert & Sullivan, H.M.S. Pinafore: Sargent, Glyndebourne Festival Chorus, Pro Arte Orch.; Angel 3589B/L, *S 3589B/L
Gould, Ballet Music: Gould Orch.; RCA Victor LM 2532, *LSC 2532
Handel, Julius Caesar (exc.): Böhm, Seefried, Fischer-Dieskau; Deutsche Grammophon 18673, *138637
Kreisler, Caprice Viennois etc.: Elman; Vanguard VRS 1066, *VSD 2084
Liszt, Piano Works: Ivan Davis; Columbia ML 5622, *MS 6222
Leontyne Price (Arias from Italian Operas); RCA Victor LM 2506, *LSC 2506
Rhapsodies (Liszt, Enesco, etc.): Stokowski, RCA Victor Symph.; RCA Victor LM 2471, LSC 2471
Songs of the Auvergne: Davrath; Vanguard VRS 1061, *VSD 2075
Tchaikovsky, Songs: Christoff; Capitol G 7236, *SG 7236
Vivaldi, Guitar Concerto; Bach, Chaconne (for guitar); etc.: Yepes, Orquestra Nacional de España; London CM 9270, *CS 6201
Wagner, Flying Dutchman: Fischer-Dieskau, State Opera Berlin; Angel 3616B/L, *S 3616B/L

**denotes stereophonic*



GROWTH of Atlanta firms is typified by H. W. Lay & Co., now one of the nation's largest potato chip manufacturers. The firm started business in 1932 with one Model A Ford. Today, it requires a fleet of 600 trucks to supply the demand for Lay's potato chips in 17 southeastern states and Puerto Rico.

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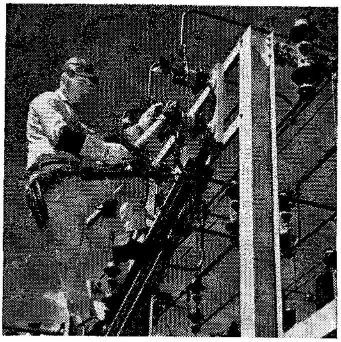
—Mills B. Lane, Jr., President Citizens & Southern National Bank



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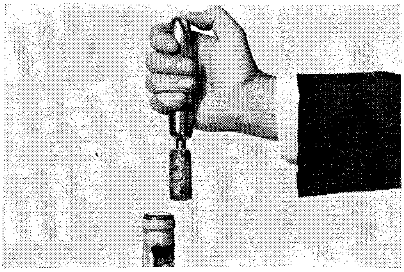
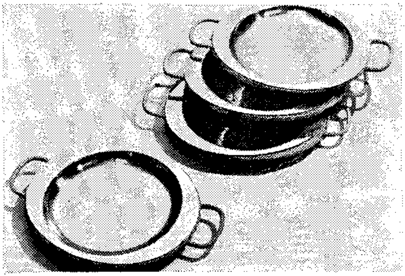
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

edited by Florence Semon

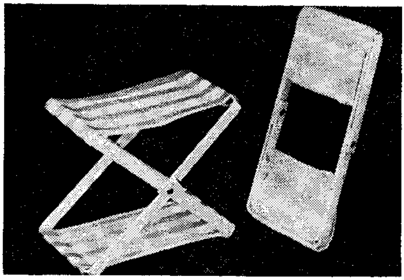
Mother and daughter Muu Muus of crayon print terry cloth come with matching scuffs. Fine for beach, lounging, after-bath, etc. By M.C. Schrank. Mothers' in small, medium or large, $9.50; daughters', sizes 4 to 14, $6.50 pp. Sields, 3560 82nd St., Jackson Heights, N.Y.



A push of the button on this cork puller cleanly and effectively removes the cork from your favorite bottle of wine. Uses carbon dioxide chargers. One cartridge opens up to 30 bottles. Puller and cartridge, $10.00 pp. Berkshire Sales, CM, 945 Yonkers Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.



Sizzle platters of cast aluminum can be used for frying, broiling, warming food, etc. Each has handled wicker cradle for easy serving. Platters are heat and rust resistant. Set of 4 platters and baskets, $11.75 pp. Carole Stupell, C, 54 E. 57th St., New York 22, New York.



Beach head rest will keep the sand and its pests out of your hair. Sailcloth on steel plastic-coated frame; 6″ high open; folds to carry in pocket or purse. Red and white or multicolor stripes. $1.50 pp. French Novelty Co., Dept. C, 6 Fir Drive, New Hyde Park, New York.

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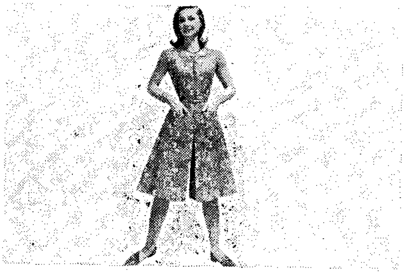
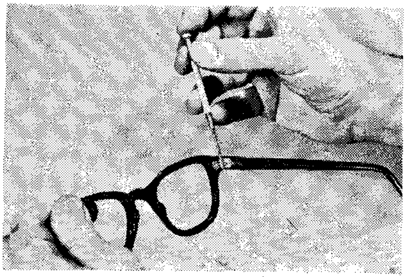
Instant speller unit contains 6,000 most commonly misspelled words in alphabetical order. Slide arrow to first letter of word you wish to look up, press key and unit opens to page word is on. $3.25 pp. Bri-son Co., COR, 201 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.



You'll be cool and comfortable in this sleeveless, washable culotte dress. Geometric cotton print in turquoise or brown. Has zipper fly front, pockets and self belt. Sizes 12 to 20, 14½ to 24½, $6.35 pp. Old Pueblo Traders, CTC, 622 So. Country Club Rd., Tucson, Ariz.



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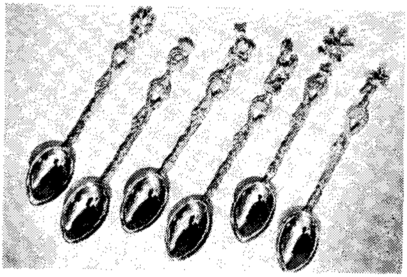

Elegant demitasse spoons are wonderful for after-dinner coffee, desserts, etc. Made by Florentine silversmiths of silver plate. Each is 5″ long and has a different crest. Set of 6, $2.49; 2 sets $4.75 pp. Crescent House, CT, Box 621, Plainview, Long Island, New York.

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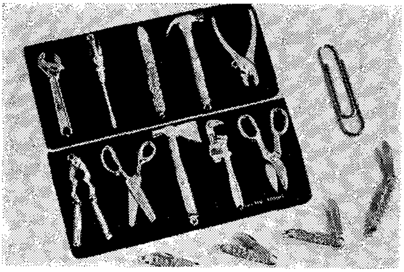

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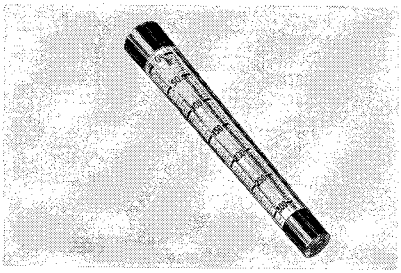

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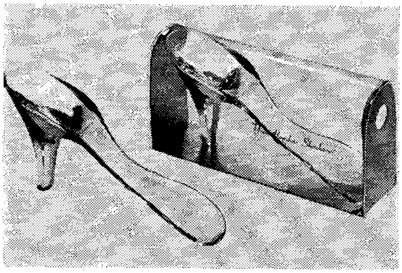

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THE REAL [illegible]

BY OSCAR FRALEY
Coauthor of "The Untouchables"

NAPLES BASKED QUIETLY in the summer sun and the soberly dressed man with the graying hair spoke softly in the tiny sidewalk restaurant. "Tell me," he said, "what kind of a guy was this Eliot Ness?" It struck me, that day last summer, as being an almost idiotically incongruous situation. Even Charley (Lucky) Luciano, the gangland chieftain who was banished to Italy, wanted to know about the man who through television and movies had become a gangbusting legend. I got into the act because I wrote *The Untouchables*, the book about Eliot Ness and his team of incorruptible prohibition agents who smashed the bootleg traffic of Al Capone's mob in Chicago of the '20s. As a popular TV series, *The Untouchables* has suddenly turned the gentle man I knew, who died a nonentity, into a national figure.

And since then, whether from a chance meeting with Luciano in Italy, or from a dishwasher in Dubuque, the most persistent question I hear is: "What kind of a guy *was* this Eliot Ness?"

Eliot Ness really was two men.

In public he was the Ness of television: talking little, but with authority and using short, terse phrases.

In private, with a few close friends, he was the other Eliot Ness, with a bubbling sense of humor and ready smile. At these times he would kick off his shoes and sprawl casually on the floor. Then the words rushed out in a smooth flood which mixed wit, perception and warmth.

When I first met Eliot, after the war, I had no indication of the chilled-steel quality of the man. At that time he was working in Coudersport, a borough in northern Pennsylvania, where he was associated in business with a former classmate of mine named Joe Phelps. They had come to New York hoping to promote the sale of a new method for watermarking paper. I joined them at their hotel. Ness sat listening while Phelps and I enjoyed one of those good old "long-time-no-see" bull sessions. The hours had marched past midnight when Phelps jabbed a finger in Eliot's direction and said with admiration:

"You'll have to get Eliot to tell you about his experience as a prohibition agent in Chicago. He's the guy who dried up Al Capone. Maybe you never heard of him, but it's real gangbuster stuff; killings, raids and the works. It was plenty dangerous."

By now I was staring at the mild man with the easy manner, probably with a certain amount of incredulity, because he smiled at me and admitted: "It was dangerous."

As I've said, Eliot could talk with entertaining ease in private. Something about the relaxed atmosphere and the way we had been gabbing started him off. . . .

The next thing I knew it was 6 A.M. I was startled to realize that this was New York. For hours I had listened, wide-eyed and wordlessly, as Eliot talked of those deadly days in Chicago.

"Let's knock this off and get some breakfast," Eliot said, stretching and getting up from the floor where he had been sitting with his back against the edge of a couch.

"Someday," I suggested, "you should write a book on your experience. You might make some money with it."

Eliot looked up over the shoelace he was tying and it seemed to me I could detect a certain bitterness in his voice. "I could use it."

As he told me much later, only the desire to provide a better life for his wife, Betty, and son Bob, who was then nine years old, had enabled him to tear away from the law-enforce-

THE REAL NESS hated guns, earned $2,300 a year for routing Capone mob, died in 1957.

ACTOR ROBERT STACK, who closely resembles Ness, plays him on TV—for $100,000 a year.

ment work he loved (but which paid so poorly) and made him decide to enter the business world. There, truth be known, he was a lamb among wolves.

I didn't see Eliot again for almost six months. Then he and Phelps came to town again on their paper venture and they called me to have dinner with them. This visit wound up the same as the one earlier. Once more daylight was coming in through the windows before either Eliot or I realized it was so late. And, as before, I said in parting that someday he should write a book.

"Well," he smiled, "why don't *you* write it?"

So I did.

Not that easily, of course. First, Eliot sent me a dozen huge scrapbooks crammed with newspaper clippings, magazine articles, private papers, photos, letters, case reports, citations, personal notations and actual handwritten wiretap reports. Correlating this with what he had already told me, I wrote a half-dozen sample chapters and a full outline of his story and sent it to my agent. Suffice it to say that the first publisher to whom it was submitted bought it on the day it was offered.

"I can hardly believe it," Eliot said when I telephoned him the news. "You think it will be interesting?"

Eliot was not an easy man with whom to work. It wasn't that he wanted to withhold information. It was simply that, too often, he couldn't remember. He had lived a life which had been packed with action and adventure and after a while the years had made it all begin to run together—the Chicago era, chasing moonshiners in the mountains, cleaning up Cleveland as its public safety director and, during the war, wiping out prostitution in the vicinity of military installations.

I went to Coudersport for a protracted visit. Long, hard days we worked in the privacy of a hotel. It required prodding, even with the aid of the notes taken from his papers and scrapbooks, to recreate the incidents involved. Eliot knuckled his brow, stamped about the room and berated himself as he groped for names, places and incidents half forgotten. "The hell with it, let's go for a walk," he would snap on occasion, fed up with the pondering and the confinement. "I've got to get out of this room for a while or I'll go off my rocker."

He would start out at a half run and then, in a few minutes, slow to a lazy, sauntering walk which allowed him to inspect everything in sight. Little escaped him. His eyes probed the contents of a dusty show window, noticed a misspelled word on a billboard or spotted an acquaintance through the murky window of a restaurant.

Quickly noticeable on these monotony-breaking journeys was the friendly warmth which drew people to him. Eliot had not been in Coudersport long, yet it seemed that he knew everybody in town. Nor was it a case of being recognized as a celebrity. He was, their attitude said, a welcome neighbor. Here in this small, peaceful town there was no hinting at the deeds he had accomplished. Instead, he spoke with genuine interest of local happenings.

There was a great deal of hunting enthusiasm in this area but Eliot would have none of it, nor would this man who had for so long lived by the gun allow one in his own modest home.

"I've seen too much of shooting and killing," he explained. "I don't ever again want to see anybody or anything shot."

Reminiscing on those danger-packed days of his past, Eliot was amused at his own reactions in times of peril.

"Hell, I'm just like anyone else," he once insisted, "no braver nor any more timid. There were things which I had to do. I did them. Of course, I'll admit that when there was action at hand I did feel a certain sense of exhilaration, maybe even exultation. But many a time, after it was all over and I realized what had happened or how close it had been, I broke out in a cold sweat."

This self-analysis was made with the same unswerving honesty with which Eliot faced every facet of life, for with this man honesty amounted to almost a fetish.

IT WAS Eliot's boast that his father was an honest Chicago baker of moderate means "who never cheated anyone out of a nickel." His parents were determined that Eliot should "get an education and be a good man." Eliot studied with more than average dedication and yet his virile interests and bubbling energy kept him from being a bookworm. As a student at the University of Chicago he played tennis and, in addition to his studies and part-time work in the bakery, found time to study jiu-jitsu "just because I liked it." When, after graduation, he went into police work it was typical of him that he practiced with the pistol until he was a crack shot.

By that time he had grown into a solid, square-shouldered man with brown hair, gray eyes and a slightly pug nose. Those eyes danced when he told of his mother's reaction to his entry into prohibition work. Agents, during those days in Chicago, did not have a too savory reputation. It was acknowledged that many were "on the take."

"So many of them are dishonest men," his mother protested with a searching look at her son.

"Not me," Eliot soothed her. "If there's anything you've taught me, Mother, it's to be honest."

She nodded and never again protested his choice. Her son's honesty never faltered. It earned him and his men their famous name, "The Untouchables."

As an illustration of this trait, during his pursuit of the Capone mob he had hired a young punk known as "The Kid" who, Eliot knew, also was a tipster and go-between for the mob. Eliot planned to feed the mob false information through him.

Shortly thereafter, "The Kid," a weak and harmless type, went to Eliot with a large bribe offer. Eliot, so enraged that his face turned white and his voice quavered, leaped on the startled young man and shook him like a rag doll. Controlling himself with a great effort, he grated:

"Listen, Kid, and don't let me ever have to repeat it: I may be only a poor baker's son, but I don't need this kind of money. Now you go back and tell those rats what I said—and be damned sure you give them back every penny or so help me I'll break you in half."

Eliot turned white just thinking about it when he related the incident to me. When I wrote this in *The Untouchables* the book editor wanted to cut it out. "It makes him too goody-goody," he said. "Nobody's this honest."

Believe it or not, Eliot was. It stayed in the book. A book, unfortunately, which Eliot never saw reach the stalls.

A few days after he approved the final proofs in the spring of 1957, Eliot was sitting in his office when Phelps complained of a headache.

"Personally," Eliot said, "I've never felt better in my life."

A few minutes later he said goodnight and walked home. Upon his arrival, he walked into the kitchen, turned on the faucet to get a drink of water—and dropped dead of a heart attack. Betty found him and called a physician, but Eliot Ness was dead at the age of 54. The book to which he had looked forward so eagerly had become his epitaph.

There was much more to this man than the mere ability to carry out successfully a defiance of gangland thugs and paymasters. For Eliot was especially fond of children, particularly boys, and always was a great booster of the Boy Scout movement.

"Keep them off the streets and keep them busy," he remarked. "It's much better to spend a lot of time and money starting and keeping them straight than it is to spend even more time and money catching them in the wrong and then trying to set them straight."

In the course of our days together in Coudersport he rambled a great deal from one field of his law-enforcement work to another. In so doing he spoke frequently of his six-year cleanup campaign as public safety director in Cleveland from 1935 to 1941. I made notes of everything he said, and this year have published the story of this eventful period of Eliot's life which is titled *Four Against the Mob*. Profits, as always, will be shared with his widow.

When Eliot died of a heart attack he was, if not broke, at least uncomfortably bent. His estate consisted of a few hundred dollars, the average number of debts which ate into it considerably, and an automobile. He had deserted the law-enforcement field to pursue what he hoped would be a lucrative business career, yet as a businessman he had proved to be a fine law-enforcement officer.

But there were the scrapbooks and the stories he had told back there during those hopeful days as an unknown in Coudersport. When we were working on *The Untouchables* someone commented that "it sounds like an attempt to make a fast buck." I sincerely hope it does make money. Eliot received $2,300 a year for the deadly task of putting Scarface Al Capone out of business. And I still can hear the hungry bite in his voice when I told him writing a book might make some money and he replied: "I could use it."

Any personal and possibly selfish reasons aside, I know that his widow and young son can use it now. But even above that, it makes for a warm feeling to know that the man who was nobody finally has come into his own.

ASK A SILLY QUESTION

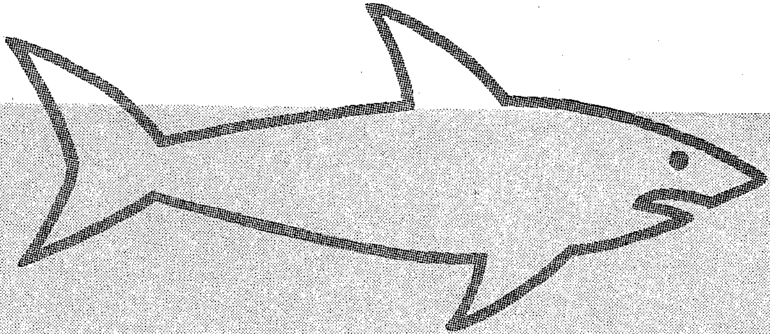
AS AN IDENTICAL TWIN and mother of identical twins, I've found that twins are asked many questions concerning their twinship. The one most frequently asked is: "How do you tell each other apart?" —MRS. BOB BLOKENEY

A LARGE CORPORATION recently completed a job classification survey. Experts sent questionnaires to the firm's employees to determine what work they did and how they utilized their time.

One of the questions on the report was: "How do you spend your time at work?"

An employee of the firm, who operates an elevator, answered the question like this: "I spend 50 percent of my time going up and the other 50 percent going down."

—SUSAN BLACK



Sharks off our beaches!

BY MAX GUNTHER

When and where are these fish most likely to strike? What can you do to protect yourself against attack? These facts about the killers of the deep will not only fascinate you—but could save your life

LAST YEAR, IT STARTED AS EARLY AS the fifth of June. Off New York's Jones Beach a 12-foot thresher shark, loitering in the surf, kept frightened swimmers huddled ashore until Coast Guardsmen hunted the monster down and shot him. That was the first of scores of shark sightings in nontropical U.S. waters in 1960. The big fish were seen repeatedly off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts as far north as Massachusetts and Oregon. Armed police and Coast Guardsmen patrolled swimming areas. Many beaches were closed.

Then, on Sunday, August 21, disaster struck. Twenty-four-year-old John Brodeur, one of thousands in the surf at Sea Girt, New Jersey, was in water up to his knees. Suddenly a shark slashed his right leg so viciously that, despite heroic efforts of doctors at a nearby hospital, it had to be amputated. Nine days later another man was gashed by a shark off Ocean City, New Jersey.

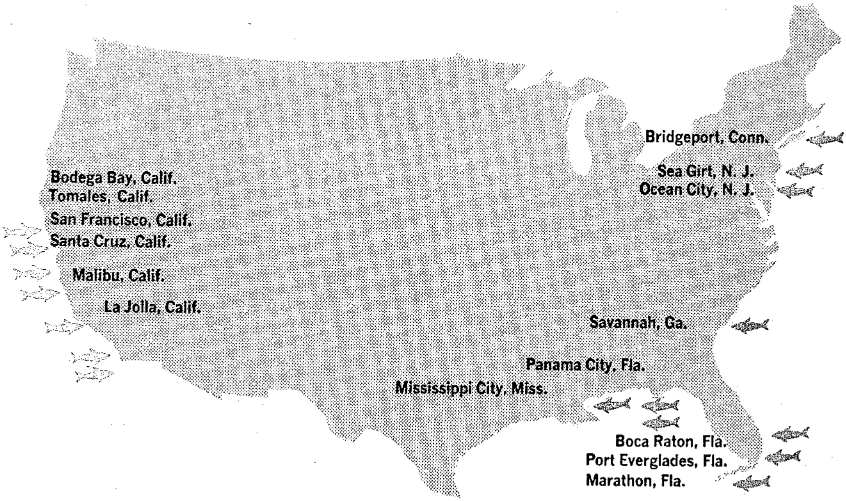
The summer before, 1959, the Pacific Coast had experienced the worst shark attacks. A shark horribly mauled teenager Albert Kogler off San Francisco's Baker Beach. His plucky girl friend, Shirley O'Neill, pulled him ashore. She could do nothing then but pray over him as he lay dying on the sand. A few weeks later a skin diver was eaten head-first by a giant shark in waters near San Diego.

What does all this mean? Are sharks becoming more numerous? Are they swarming northward? Few scientists will answer either question definitely. Most, like Dr. Christopher Coates, director of the Coney Island Aquarium, believe that there are probably not many more sharks than usual. The increase in sightings and attacks may stem from the simple fact that there are more bathers.

Sharks are notably inquisitive and are attracted by refuse or commotion. As beaches and boating areas are busier, sharks swim inshore to investigate.

People think there *were* more sharks around in 1959-60, but scien-

WIDE RANGE OF SHARK ATTACKS off continental U. S. A. is shown on this 1959-1960 map. Information was compiled by Shark Research Panel.


Bridgeport, Conn.
Sea Girt, N. J.
Ocean City, N. J.
Bodega Bay, Calif.
Tomales, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
Santa Cruz, Calif.
Malibu, Calif.
La Jolla, Calif.
Savannah, Ga.
Panama City, Fla.
Mississippi City, Miss.
Boca Raton, Fla.
Port Everglades, Fla.
Marathon, Fla.

tists don't see this as a trend. Their numbers in any one location may fluctuate widely from year to year.

There were bad shark scares, for example, off the Middle Atlantic Coast in widely spaced years: 1916, 1933 and 1960. In 1916, five New Jersey bathers were attacked in ten days. Four of the victims died.

Whatever the cause of the '59 and '60 scares, the shark is a current gruesome hazard of seaside recreation. Nobody can tell yet how badly sharks will plague our beaches this year. But if you or your family plan to be in or on the ocean in 1961, you'll be wise to learn ways you can protect yourself against this tiger of the deep.

Relatively little was known about sharks until World War II, when the Navy began seeking a shark repellent to protect floating battle survivors. Today, intensive research on this mysterious flesh-eater is being carried on by the Office of Naval Research, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the Smithsonian Institution and others.

There are about 300 known species of shark, from under-a-foot midgets to the great 60-foot whale shark. They are widely distributed in the world's ocean waters, but seldom where it is extremely cold. However, the Greenland shark frolics in Arctic waters. Some species prefer open sea and deep water. The lemon shark likes brackish bays and shallows. A few species live in fresh water and are found far up rivers. One species is found only in fresh water Lake Nicaragua.

Among the oldest living species

HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST SHARKS

GENERAL PRECAUTIONS

1. Never swim or skin dive alone. Sharks often attack lone swimmers.
2. Blood attracts and excites sharks. Never stay in the sea with a bleeding wound. If spearfishing, take all speared fish from the water immediately; don't tow them around with you underwater.
3. Never swim in shark-infested waters at night or in murky water where visibility is very poor.
4. Sharks are attracted by surface commotion. Don't dangle feet or arms out of a boat.

IF SHARKS APPROACH

1. Don't panic. They may be merely curious.
2. Swim to safety with rhythmic strokes and little splashing. If you're wearing underwater apparatus, swim submerged.

IF ATTACKED

1. A shark will usually circle an intended victim several times before attacking. Try to get out of the water before he moves in.
2. If a weapon is at hand, hit him on his sensitive nose.
3. Use your bare hands only as a last resort. His hide is rough and may cause serious lacerations.

of fish, sharks are so perfectly adapted to their environment that several of their organs have remained virtually unchanged for millions of years.

They are fantastically efficient eating machines. Most species have several rows of teeth in each jaw. When teeth are broken off they fall out. The shark grows replacements throughout his life. Thus his formidable biting apparatus, the most terrible weapon in the sea, is continually in prime condition.

The shark doesn't chew his food. He usually gobbles it in great chunks, bones and all. Few things poison him. The tiger shark will eat tin cans, bottles, automobile tires, wooden planks, coal, turtles in the shell, poisonous jellyfish and sting rays.

Sharks will keep attacking when riddled with bullets and harpoons. There's even a record of a fisherman who chopped off a shark's head, reached down to throw it overboard, and got his finger bitten off.

When sharks breed, organs called "claspers" on the pelvic fins of the male carry sperm into the female's oviduct. Some sharks lay eggs, but most species bear their young live after a gestation period of up to 22 months. Baby sharks need no help from their mothers; they are born with all their teeth and a ravenous appetite.

Only about 24 shark species are known or thought to be dangerous. Among the most homicidal is the white shark, which often measures 20 feet, weighs over 1,000 pounds and has two-inch teeth. It was possibly the white shark that terrorized New Jersey bathers in 1916 and Californians in 1959. The smaller mako, tiger and white tip species have also been known to wander far north.

But even man-eaters will sometimes sight a man and swim away. What motivates a shark to attack? Or, to put it another way, what repels him?

Jacques Cousteau, the great French diver, tells of meeting a 25-foot man-eater several fathoms down. He thought his time was up, but "in pure fright, the monster voided a cloud of excrement and departed at an incredible speed." What scared the shark off?

One approach to the puzzle is through statistics. With Navy support, the American Institute of Biological Sciences has set up a Shark Research Panel under Dr. Perry W. Gilbert, Cornell University professor. The project conducts investigations on shark biology and collects detailed information on shark attacks all over the world. These data provide clues about conditions under which sharks do and don't attack.

Some clues have already shown up. During 1959, there were 36 world-wide unprovoked shark attacks on swimmers and divers. There were three provoked attacks, in which the shark was speared, hooked or otherwise menaced and seemed to attack in self-defense. There were 11 "doubtful" attacks. There were also five air and sea disasters with 222 people killed, in which shark-mutilated bodies were later found floating in the sea.

Of all 1959's unprovoked attacks, only two occurred in water that was colder than 70° F., and twice as many occurred after 1 P.M. as in the morning. This backs up the findings of Australia's shark authority, Dr. V. M. Coppleson. Dr. Coppleson, whose land is the most shark-plagued in the world, noted one year that more attacks occurred between 2 and 6 P.M. than at any other hour.

Shark Panel statistics show that male victims in 1959 outnumbered females by 12 to one. Are sharks, with their keen sense of smell, attracted by something in the chemistry of men and repelled by women? Dr. Gilbert says no.

Among the earliest shark repellents was the "Shark Chaser," issued to Navy personnel in World War II. It was mainly copper acetate, which dissolved in the water and was supposed to smell bad to sharks. Sometimes it seemed to work; sometimes it didn't. Shortly thereafter, scientists noticed the black "ink" that squid release when attacked sometimes repelled sharks. A black dye added to the "Shark Chaser" seemed to work better. But not all sharks avoid the dye all the time.

The "Shark Chaser" grew out of experiments testing extracts of rotting shark flesh as a repellent, and duplicates its smell.

So far, the best shark barriers are physical. Many beaches in Australia are protected by twine or rope nets. Divers often take down steel baskets into which they can duck in case of shark menace. The Stockton Hotel at Sea Girt, New Jersey, last summer laid a perforated hose underwater between two rock jetties. Air was pumped into the hose making a curtain of bubbles. No sharks showed up after the hose was laid, but the consensus is that the idea will need a longer and more rigorous trial before it is proven effective.

CURRENT RESEARCH is debunking some shark theories. One is that sharks have poor eyesight. According to Dr. Gilbert, sharks are quick to see movement even in dim light. The shark has a tender nose, and a belief grew that you can drive him away by punching him on it. A heavy blow on his nose is likely to stun a shark. But, says Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy of the American Museum of Natural History, "I would not want to rely on a blow of the fist to protect myself from an attacking shark."

A blow may, in fact, increase your troubles. Most sharks have sandpaper-like skin, and if you hit one you will probably start bleeding. The smell of your blood may then goad him into an attack and also may attract other sharks.

The "feeding frenzy" of sharks is a gruesome phenomenon. A group of sharks, sometimes of several species, finds a large, injured prey and starts eating. Blood gets into the water. Suddenly the sharks seem to go mad as they rip the prey. Before it is half gone they may begin eating each other. With fins and tails torn off and entrails hanging out, they gorge and gorge. This ferocious orgy may end only when the prey is completely devoured and half the sharks have swum away to die.

During a feeding frenzy, repellents which ordinarily work fairly well seem to have no effect.

Dr. Coppleson suggests that certain sharks, once having tasted human flesh, may become addicted to it. A "rogue" shark may hang around a certain area for months, patiently hunting his favorite delicacy. This may explain why some beaches can suddenly be terrorized for a whole summer. The four New Jersey swimmers who were killed in 1916 are thought all to have been victims of a single white shark.

Even in his gentler periods, however, the shark is one great appetite. So if you go down to the sea this year, be careful. The chance you'll be attacked is small. But in case you do find yourself in the water with a shark circling around you, you'll be glad that you studied the advice of experts in the box presented in this article.

ALL TOO TRUE

THERE WAS A time when you could fix a broken chair with a length of wire. Nowadays the chair *is* a length of wire. —DONALD HOUSE

ANYONE WHO THINKS the younger generation isn't creative should watch a teenager build a sandwich.
—VESTA M. KELLY *(Quote)*

FORBIDDEN FRUIT IS responsible for many a bad jam.
—KAY WALTERS

A WOMAN'S IDEA of traveling light is to have her husband carry all the suitcases.
—HAROLD COFFIN *(Family Weekly)*

IF YOU WANT the world to beat a path to your door —just lie down to take a nap.
—*General Features Corporation*

ONE HAZARD THAT drivers seem determined to eliminate is the pedestrian. —*General Features Corporation*

IF ANYTHING TASTES better than the first cook-out of the summer, it's the first cook-in of the fall.
—BILL VAUGHAN *(Detroit News)*

OBSERVING THE LICENSE PLATES on the highways brings the comforting assurance that we have 50 great states, each full of people who don't want to spend the summer in them. —BILL VAUGHAN *(Detroit News)*

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

Franchises: big new frontier for small business

Want to go on your own—and maybe even get rich? A franchise could be your golden opportunity

If someone offered you a chance to start your own business and earn $10,000 to $15,000 a year and more on an investment of $2,000 or less—with no experience required—you'd probably take the offer with a grain of salt. Yet such opportunities actually exist. They are being taken advantage of by thousands of Americans who have quit their jobs to go into business for themselves as independent, franchised dealers for national companies. But one word of caution: *unless you investigate carefully and know what you're doing, you can also lose your shirt.*

Last year alone, 20,000 individuals obtained franchises to sell everything from ice cream cones to diamond drills and income tax advice. Right now, there are about 100,000 such franchise-holders—three times as many as there were 15 years ago—sharing a market that exceeds $1 billion annually. And this boom is only beginning.

Says E. B. Smith, president of United Rent-Alls, a multimillion dollar tool rental company whose 320 dealers net an average of $15,000 to $20,000 a year: "Franchised operations, most of them in the service field, are going to experience a fantastic growth in the 1960s."

Obtaining a franchise eliminates most of the risks that bankrupt so many small businessmen during their first year in operation. In effect, the franchise company sets you up in a going business, one with a successful, reputable product or service. If your savings are limited—usually the foremost obstacle to going out on your own—the franchise company often helps you finance as much as 75 percent of the costs. In addition, it trains you thoroughly in the operation of the business and grants you an exclusive sales territory. In return, you either pay a specified commission on sales or agree to buy supplies from the parent company—or both.

Your initial investment may

range from a few hundred dollars for a credit collection agency, for example, up to $50,000 for car wash equipment. However, most of the more than 400 different franchises available require less than $10,000 cash in hand. Many lucrative ones can be had for a modest $2,000 to $5,000 down payment.

General Spray Service of Katonah, New York, for instance, franchises an automated method of seeding and treating lawns and gardens for a down payment of $3,850. You receive a truck and a patented spraying device, plus training in sales technique and use of the equipment. The company advertises that you can earn at least $300 a week over a 30-week season.

A little more than two years ago, Peter G. Krosunger, a New York milkman, heard about General Spray and recognized it as a natural money-maker on suburban Long Island. Today he averages close to $25,000 a year from his franchise.

Another successful franchise-holder is George Meyer of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. In 1956 he bought a ServiceMaster carpet and furniture cleaning franchise—one of over 1,000 across the U.S. Within a year, Meyer's gross sales jumped to $40,000, and last year they zoomed to $490,000. ServiceMaster franchises, available through Wade, Wenger and Associates of Chicago, require an investment of $1,995—although in some cases you can purchase a franchise for $995 down, paying off the balance in 18 monthly installments of $70. The franchise includes the lease of special equipment and chemicals needed to produce $12,000 in annual sales.

One of the newest franchise operations is run by the Policy-Matic Corp., 1776 Peachtree Road, Atlanta, Georgia. Policy-Matic offers a special machine that vends land vehicle travel insurance policies in much the same fashion that flight insurance is sold at airports.

But where airport vending devices work on electric current, the Policy-Matic machine is battery-powered and can be readily installed in supermarkets, gas stations, hotels, motels, car rental offices and railroad depots. Franchises are allotted on a statewide basis, and subsequently subdivided into smaller territories. Each machine costs $100, and the average state franchise-holder buys 600.

Magazine subscription sales present another fertile franchise opportunity. The CORONET Subscription Agency, for example, will help you establish a lucrative spare-time business of selling subscriptions to all leading magazines—with the franchise-holder pocketing substantial cash commissions.

There's nothing new about franchising, of course. Automobile and oil companies have been doing it for decades. What *is* new is the staggering variety of businesses now being franchised: hearing aids, hair dryers, auto accessories, snack shops, art galleries, greeting cards, magazines, even long-playing records of Bible readings. The best source of information on who's offering what is National Franchise Reports, 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, a ten-page monthly bulletin on new franchises. "Since 1953," says publisher Rogers Sherwood, "we have reported on at least 98 percent of all franchise offers that have become national successes."

Unfortunately, many franchises are outright frauds. With an estimated 100 companies entering the field each year, it takes careful checking to distinguish between legitimate firms and gyps. The National Better Business Bureau, in fact, ranks false franchising the country's second biggest business racket; deceptive cosmetics advertising is ranked as the first gyp.

To police the industry, a number of leading franchisers recently formed the International Franchise Association with offices at 549 West Randolph Street, Chicago. As an example of the type of franchise chiseler these responsible companies are attempting to stamp out, Robert Blundred, the association's executive secretary, cites a fly-by-night outfit which "guaranteed" profits that could only be made if the franchise-holder worked 26 hours a day, 365 days a year!

The most common swindles are vending machine schemes, widely advertised in the "Business Opportunities" section of newspapers. Often the type of business isn't even mentioned in these blind ads, which usually are sucker bait.

The vending machine industry *is* making huge profits and expanding rapidly. But as the Better Business Bureau points out, "Established vending machine operators have usually had the lucrative locations sewed up for years." Adds Walter W. Reed, Public Relations Director of the National Automatic Merchandising Association: "Operating a vending business today is so complicated that the one way you *cannot* get into it any longer is through a franchise deal advertised in a public medium." The vending business now requires at least a $30,000 investment, and the best way to enter it is to deal directly with the manufacturer.

IN EVALUATING a franchise offer, it's essential to ask: where does the company's profit come from? You and the company should be in the same boat; the company's profit depends on yours, either through a commission on gross sales or a royalty on the turnover of supplies bought from it. If a company can make a sizable profit from your initial investment, even though you go broke, then the chances are it's out to fleece you.

One clue to the honesty of a franchise company is how closely *it* screens *you*. Since your success is its success, it will want to know about your character, personality, health, credit standing, cash reserves and willingness to work.

For your part, if there's a franchise fee, make sure you know what it's for. One swimming pool company, for example, demands a $4,000 fee for the use of its name, with the assurance that you'll get back $1,000 with each pool you sell. But the company offers little training in sales, advertising or promotion; it can make more money collecting franchise fees than building pools!

The first rule of safety in considering a franchise is: take your time. Ask your banker to check on the company's financial standing. Some companies lack the cash to deliver on equipment and supplies. They hope to pyramid capital from franchisers' investments, but the structure often collapses prematurely.

Your banker knows the community and will be able to assess your chances of success. Many towns are sudsful of self-service laundries, for instance. These often pass through the hands of several losers before someone gets them cheap enough to make a profit. A new wrinkle here is the introduction of automatic dry-cleaning machines such as those being manufactured by Norge and other companies. This could mean bigger profits—but rely on your banker and proceed with caution. This is as yet an unproven market.

Another popular franchise which demands close scrutiny is the soft-serve ice cream stand. There are now about 18,000 such stands, but many areas are saturated with them; one industry source estimates that one-third of these stands are in financial trouble. There are still good locations left, but play it safe by going with the big, established companies. Dari-Delite, for example, of Rock Island, Illinois, is a pioneer in the field, with more than 400 going stands. The initial investment ranges from $5,000 to $12,000, earnings range from $6,000 to $12,000, although a highly successful dealer may earn $30,000 in a season.

Your second step before buying a franchise should be to let a lawyer go over the contract. Is the franchise renewable? Can it be sold or transferred? One man who built up a thriving ice cream route in an Eastern city was forced to move to Arizona because of his asthma. He wanted to sell or transfer the franchise, but the company cited his contract, which prohibited it. They bought back his $10,000 truck for $3,000, and his $15,000-net route for nothing.

Most important, get in touch with several of the company's franchise-holders—in person, preferably—and find out how they like the deal. If there are none in your area, it's often worthwhile to spend $40 or $50 on long-distance phone calls. Lastly, check with the National Better Business Bureau, 405 Lexington Avenue in New York City.

Finally, ask yourself: "What help can I expect from the company?"

Clever promotional ideas often can make the difference between big and small profits. For example, Dairy Dan, Inc., of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, devised an ice cream-eating contest for its 600 truck operators. The dealer persuaded a merchants' association to sponsor the contest for $500, then gave away ice cream free on a specified day. No matter how many kids swarmed down on him, they never came close to eating $500 worth of ice cream. Seventy-five such promotions have been scheduled for this summer; a Dairy Dan dealer in Fort Worth, Texas, signed up an entire supermarket chain, assuring himself a profit on contests alone. Dairy Dan dealerships cost $12,900 for a completely equipped truck, a company-planned route and extensive training. Required down payment is $3,500, with the balance payable out of profits over a three-year period. The company estimates a dealer can net about $10,000 in an eight-month season.

Despite the best professional advice and counsel, some franchises do fold, however. In 1957, Chester Podbielski, 56, a factory worker in Harvey, Illinois, quit his job and sank $13,000 of his savings in a Chicken Delight take-out food service, which specializes in home-delivered chicken, fish, shrimp and sparerib dinners.

The company sent a location analyst from its Rock Island, Illinois, headquarters to help Podbielski pick a good site, trained him and kept a supervisor working with him for a week. "We knew it would be hard work," says Mrs. Podbielski, "but we didn't really know how tough. We worked seven days a week, but never earned more money than my husband made at his factory job." After two years, the Podbielskis quit, recovering about half their original investment.

On the other hand, Chicken Delight can point to scores of successful operators. Eighteen months ago, William Rooney, 31, of Staten Island, New York, was a deep-sea diver with an uncertain income and $8,000 in the bank. Today, he owns two Chicken Delights and netted $30,000 in 1960.

Says Rogers Sherwood, publisher of National Franchise Reports and probably the leading expert in the field: "If you apply yourself, the right franchise can bring you the biggest rewards you've ever known. But finding the product or service that will satisfy you on all counts will not be easy. Don't expect to find it in a couple of weeks."

And when you do find one, to borrow the byword of the Better Business Bureau, "Investigate before you invest."

MODERN MOPPETS

BABY SITTING ONE AFTERNOON with three noisy preschoolers, Grandma was trying to quiet them by reading nursery rhymes. When she came to "the cow jumped over the moon," little Johnny asked, "Grandma, did the cow blast off from Cape Canaveral?"

—ALICE CHAMBERS

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD WAS TAUGHT to say, "Mommy, when I grow up I'm going to buy you a mink coat, Cadillac and diamond ring." The other day when his mother spanked him, he pointed a finger angrily and said, "*No coat*!"

—EARL WILSON

human comedy

ON A JET FLIGHT recently, a middle-aged passenger was about to light a cigar when the stewardess rushed over and cautioned that cigar smoking was not allowed on planes. However, she explained, an exception can be made provided permission is given by his fellow passenger. Turning to the lady sitting next to the man, the stewardess asked: "Do you object ma'am?"

"I positively abhor cigars," came the curt reply.

The stewardess then suggested: "Maybe those young fellows up front don't mind cigars."

As the old fellow got up to leave, the lady turned to the stewardess and said: "I've been married to that man for 30 years . . . and I still can't get used to his awful cigars!"

—MRS. E. JONES

AT THE END of a course in signal procedure, a group of boots at a naval base were given an exam. One of the questions was: "What three letters are used to get help when in distress?"

One sailor, who obviously didn't have his heart in the course, answered, "I.O.U." —JOAN LEROY

FRESH OUT OF BUSINESS school, a young lady was being interviewed for her first job, that of typist for a large corporation. Anxious to impress her prospective employer, she rattled on incessantly about herself, giving him no opportunity to get in a word. She extolled her virtues at great length, and ended up by asserting, "By the way, I can do 150 words a minute."

The employer looked at his watch. "You underestimate yourself, young lady," he said. "I clocked you at 300." —SIDNEY BRODY *(Wall Street Journal)*

"WELL, I FINALLY WENT to a doctor and told him about my lapses of memory," a fellow was telling his friend.

"What did he do?" the friend wanted to know.

"He made me pay in advance."

—KEVIN JOSEPH

A SECOND-GRADE TEACHER tells us that every year she pins the following note to the children's jackets: "Dear Parents—If you'll promise not to believe everything your child tells you that happens at school, I'll promise not to believe everything I hear about what happens at home."

—*Mississippi Educational Advance*

ARRIVING AT THE oil field after a long drive, a fellow and his partner decided to stretch their legs by racing to a distant well. The partner in the lead looked back to see how far ahead he was and stopped dead in his tracks. Running up behind him at breakneck speed was the whole drilling crew.

"What's the matter?" he yelled as they approached.

"Look, mister," one of the men panted, "in this business when you see someone running like hell, you run too, and ask questions later."

—MARIE BREWER

IN CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE a man had been convicted of burglary. Later, in providing the prisoner's record of previous crimes, it was proved that he had been in prison at the time of the commission of the crime for which he had just been convicted.

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed the judge. "Why didn't you tell us this before?"

"I would have, Your Honor," admitted the fellow, "but I thought it might prejudice the jury against me."

—MOLLY KLEIN

A PSYCHIATRIST WAS telling about a patient who believed in voodoo and black magic.

"He doesn't realize that all that mumbo jumbo is ridiculous," said the psychiatrist. "Voodoo is just a lot of superstition."

"You told him that, of course?"

"Oh no, not I," said the doctor. "Do you think I want him to put a curse on me?"

—EVELYN MULKERN

WHILE FOOD SHOPPING for the first time since getting married, my wife and I had an overflowing shopping cart. At the checkout counter a woman next to us commented that she knew my wife was a newlywed. Asked how she knew, she explained, "Your bread is on the bottom."

—GERALD L. TICH

A FARMER RAISED a lot of hogs and sold them. After the last truck delivery, he sat down with a ream of paper and began figuring to determine how he came out on the deal. He finally arrived at the answer—no loss, no profit.

He tapped his paper with his pencil, leaned back in his chair, gazed at the ceiling and said, "Well, anyhow, I sure did enjoy their company."

—SCOTT WARD

WHEN AN IOWA couple became parents of their 13th child, they named him James and the attending doctor entered that name on the birth certificate. Later, the father phoned the doctor and said, "Please change that name to Kenneth. We just realized we've already got a James."

—GORDON GAMMACK *(Des Moines Tribune)*

ONE DAY MY six-year-old daughter lunched at a neighbor's house. After her return, I inquired if she'd had a nice lunch.

"Yes, Mommy," was her answer.

"What did you eat?" I asked.

"Soup and a sandwich."

"What kind of sandwich?"

"I don't know. I didn't look inside," she replied.

—LORET WALERZAK

BY BEN BRADLEE

Washington's unique "Mr. and Mrs." lobby

Not money or power, but truth and justice are their weapons as they fight for fair play

SOME 5,000 REGISTERED lobbyists work the influence beat in Washington, D. C., softly selling their special interests by gently bending official ears. Testifying openly before the committees of Congress, or working quietly in the corridors and offices of the Capitol, they represent one of Washington's major industries—more than $4,000,000 in salaries and expenses last year.

There is a uniformity about most of these lobbyists, whether they represent the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the National Association of Manufacturers or the pearl divers of Japan; they are trained men, who promote their special interests with big expense accounts and fat briefs, thoroughly researched by large staffs.

But two registered lobbyists are so different from their fellow persuaders that they stand virtually alone. They are Harry and Ruth Kingman, director, associate director—and total staff—of The Citizens' Lobby for Freedom and Fair Play; "retired" now after careers in social work to become the only full-time volunteer husband-and-wife lobbying team in Washington.

They are unique for several reasons. For one they are without real power, representing only themselves. "We can't scare anyone," they say.

They are without funds more often than not, operating on an annual budget of only $8,600—for living *and* lobbying—so carefully allocated that a $22 telephone bill can force them to dip into their small savings account. They are so jealous of their own independence, however, that they turn down financial contributions even from organizations which are active legislatively and whose aims they support. They do accept about $2,000 annually—without strings—from a small group of San Francisco businessmen headed by industrialist Daniel E. Koshland.

They are nonpartisan, registered Democrats who worked hard for the election of President Kennedy and consider him the "number one American" today. Republican Chief Justice Earl Warren also ranks high with the Kingmans.

They don't like to talk about their impressive accomplishments:

—on Alaskan statehood . . . "After statehood was killed in a preliminary vote (in the House of Representatives), Harry Kingman worked all day rounding up absent members to reverse the vote," says Rep. John F. Shelley of California. "The vote was reversed, and Harry can take a lot of the credit."

—on student cooperative housing . . . "the college student cooperative housing program was signed into law [1959] mostly because of Harry Kingman's persistent buttonholing of key legislators over a two-year period," says Congressman John F. McFall of California.

—in the field of Civil Rights . . . "No one worked harder, more faithfully or more effectively in the fight for Civil Rights legislation than Harry and Ruth Kingman," says Clarence Mitchell, director of the N.A.A.C.P.'s Washington Bureau.

Harry Kingman is a tall, lanky, soft-spoken man of 69, with white in his hair and compassion in his face. He still moves with the grace of the athlete he once was—a rookie pitcher for the New York Yankees in 1914 and 1915. Kingman likes to refer to himself as the "world's only one-day Senator," since he was signed up by the Washington Senators, then traded to the Yankees the day he reported for duty.

Harry Kingman is a master of the soft sell, reflecting the views of his China-missionary father. He still reads excerpts from his father's sermons every day. "Don't let enthusiasm and zeal lead you to exaggerate," Kingman senior once wrote his son. "Prune your best passages severely, so that men won't feel you are putting it on thick, but that you have reserves of truth behind." The advice was given before Harry Kingman chose a career, but 50 years later he can still recite it by heart and has made it a golden rule of his lobbying.

Ruth Kingman, his wife, is a trim and exuberant 60, with gray-white hair, sparkling gray-blue eyes and a quick smile. She obviously relishes lobbying, the newest of her many careers. She was a near concert contralto until she went to China in 1922 to marry (Kingman was born there and lived there on and off until he was 35). In Shanghai she coached athletics, in Tientsin she produced oratorios. Her organizational work includes the League of Women Voters and the Pacific Coast Committee on American Principles and Fair Play in behalf of loyal Nisei during World War II, in both of which she held high office.

Mrs. Kingman studies painting, makes all her own clothes (she made her own Inaugural Ball gown for $11.99) and spends at least half of each day on Capitol Hill. "I'm just the stenographer," she says of her role in The Citizens' Lobby, but her husband says, "Ruth deserves at least 51 percent of any credit we get," and many Congressmen agree.

The Kingmans started as a lobbying team, almost timidly, in 1957, the day after Harry retired as director of the University of California's Y.M.C.A., Stiles Hall, nationally known for its support of free speech, equal opportunity and conciliatory solving of controversial issues.

All his life Harry Kingman has been convinced that "participation in government by ordinary Americans is not only possible, but essential." Even from China in the '20s, he was telling his ideas to influential men. When he returned to America in 1927, he rushed to Washington to discuss U.S. China policy with the late Senator William E. Borah. Whenever he came east from California, he headed for Capitol Hill "to put in my two bits worth, because I figure no one is going to know how I feel unless I tell him."

So, as retirement approached, the Kingmans determined to try lobbying for one session of Congress. "We could have lobbied in Sacramento," he says. "We used to. But I always liked the big leagues best. That's where they play the best ball."

For money, they had their Y.M.C.A. pensions and Harry's social security checks, totaling $5,600 a year. This was not enough for a separate office, so they rented a one-room efficiency apartment that has served as their office and home ever since.

For goals, they had their conviction that all men are created equal and "our hope that we could make them more equal." Within a week this conviction had plunged them deep into the fight to pass the first major Civil Rights legislation since the Reconstruction Era.

CIVIL RIGHTS WAS—and still is—a tailor-made target for Harry Kingman's "secret weapon"—genuine respect for the beliefs of others. Yet, while believing in racial equality as completely as he believes in sunrise, Harry Kingman is able to describe the die-hard opponents of Civil Rights with real respect as "the venerable Howard Smith, the highly competent Edwin Willis and the well-liked William Colmer." One of the "weaknesses in the Washington atmosphere," Kingman says, "is the lack of charitable feelings. To hear people talk, you'd suppose that everyone on the other side was a phony or a crook, and most of the votes they didn't like were due to 'deals' of some kind. I believe that a great deal of this is not only unjust, but divisive and harmful."

How successful were the Kingmans in their lobbying debut? The figures belie their modesty. After hundreds of persuasive telephone calls, and a score of all-night strategy sessions, the Kingmans' assignment from the managers of the Civil Rights battle boiled down to this: get as many as possible of the 41 West Coast Congressmen to vote for the bill. The final Pacific Coast tally: 40 for, one against.

What is the Kingman technique? Rep. John McFall once described it admiringly in connection with their fight to get low-interest Government loans for student cooperative housing. "They worked with a vengeance," he said. "They were often waiting at the door when Congressmen came to work, and as likely as not they would still be making the rounds when close-up time came late at night."

Even so, they don't always win. "In February 1960, we tried to get enough signatures to discharge the Civil Rights bill from the House Rules Committee. We got exactly no place," Kingman says. Their first project for 1961 was to persuade Congressmen to back House Speaker Sam Rayburn's plan to curb the power of this same Rules Committee. "We personally met with considerable lack of success," Harry Kingman admits.

Once Kingman actually wrote the minority report for a committee of Congress at the request of a Congressman. If it wasn't the first time a Congressman asked a lobbyist to write a report, it was certainly the first time both men boasted about it. The Congressman was John Shelley, known for the richness of his vocabulary, and the committee was a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee. Early one morning, Kingman dropped by Shelley's office.

"Listen," the excited Congressman shouted to him, "the %!!#& Appropriations subcommittee is going to file a !!%&# report, criticizing the Supreme Court. You sit down at this !!%&# typewriter and write a %!!#& minority report for me giving them hell."

Kingman was delighted, and instantly started pecking out the strangest minority report in the history of Congress. Liberally sprinkled with Shelley's choicest expletives, it concluded: "My motion is to strike the !!%&# criticism of the Court from the !!%&# report of the %!!#& subcommittee."

When Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn got wind of the unconventional report, he called Shelley into his office for an explanation. Shelley read Kingman's document aloud, and before he was through, the Speaker was in tears of laughter and asking for a copy. "By the way," Rayburn concluded, "you won't have to submit it. The attack on the court will be stricken from the majority report."

Shelley is so appreciative of Kingman's efforts that he assists the San Francisco committee which raises partial expenses for the Kingmans. "They are two unassuming and friendly people," he wrote recently, "who have gambled their lives that America can do better, and won."

Instead of resting in the Berkeley, California, hills after Congress adjourned last summer, the Kingmans threw themselves into the Presidential campaign. Only a few months from his 69th birthday, Kingman supported Kennedy, "because we were sick of having men who are old in their attitudes betray the dreams of the young." Robbing their savings account of a substantial sum, the young-in-heart Kingmans stumped California for the new President. "We had an exciting time," he says, "even if California did end up in Nixon's column." But

Alameda County, where the Kingmans worked the hardest, went for Kennedy by over 33,000 votes. Kenneth O'Donnell, President Kennedy's special assistant, has thanked them for their "good work."

Back in Washington for their fifth year of lobbying, the Kingmans have a pet project for 1961: building a "Do-it-yourself" division for those in sympathy with the causes of their Citizens' Lobby for Freedom and Fair Play. "Hundreds of people come to Washington every year as tourists, who would make good lobbyists, particularly with Congressmen and Senators from their home state. The trouble has been that they don't know how to go about it," Harry Kingman explains.

For the Kingmans, lobbying has "been a ball." In a letter to their daughter, they put it this way: "There is something good about being near the great debates and the great decisions. Whether we have any impact on any of it or not, there is here recognition of our right as citizens to speak our piece, and even to be heard from time to time."

Says a man who has heard from the Kingmans regularly over the years, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois: "It's nice to know there are still some true Christians left around here."

Heard any good stories lately?

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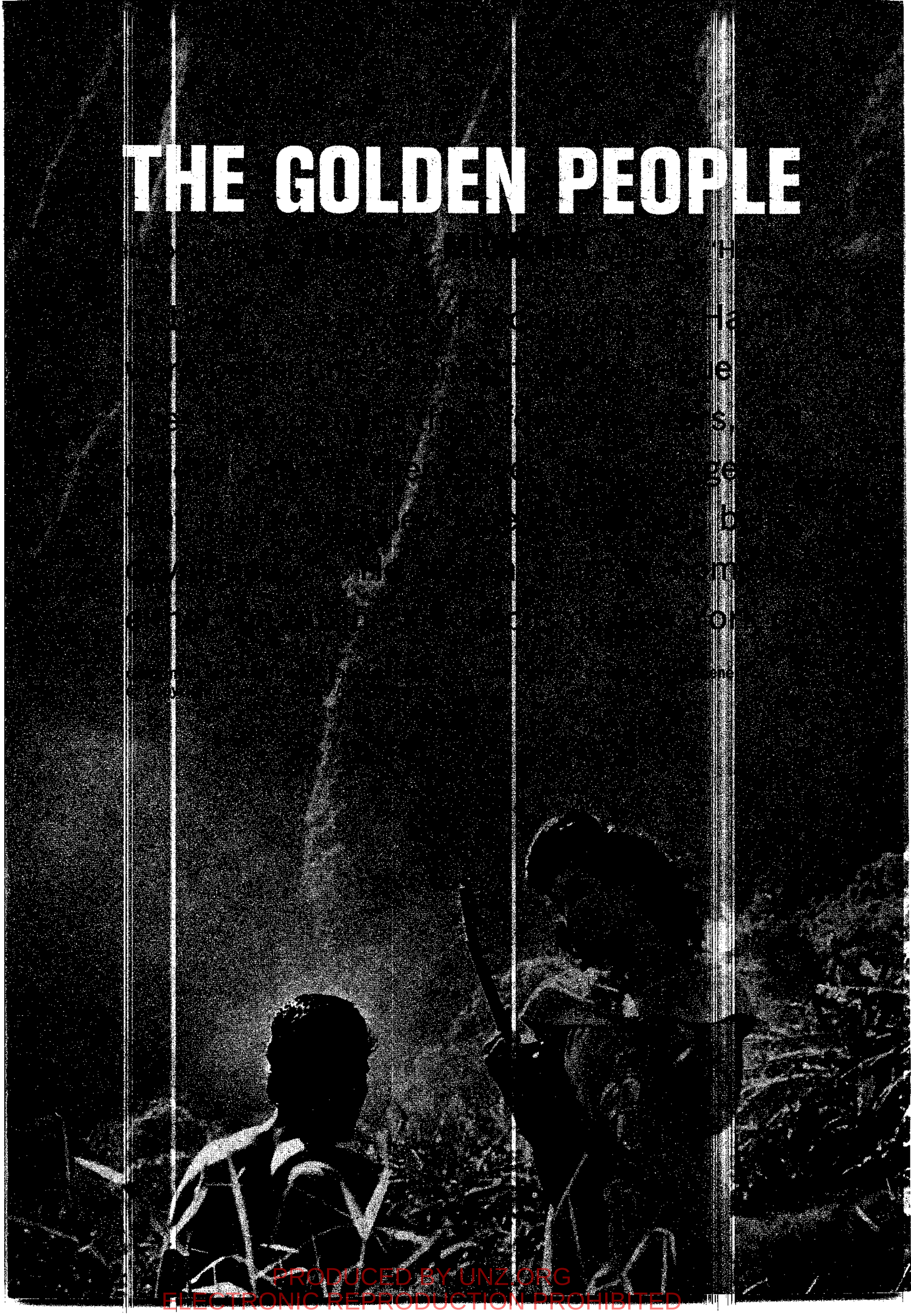
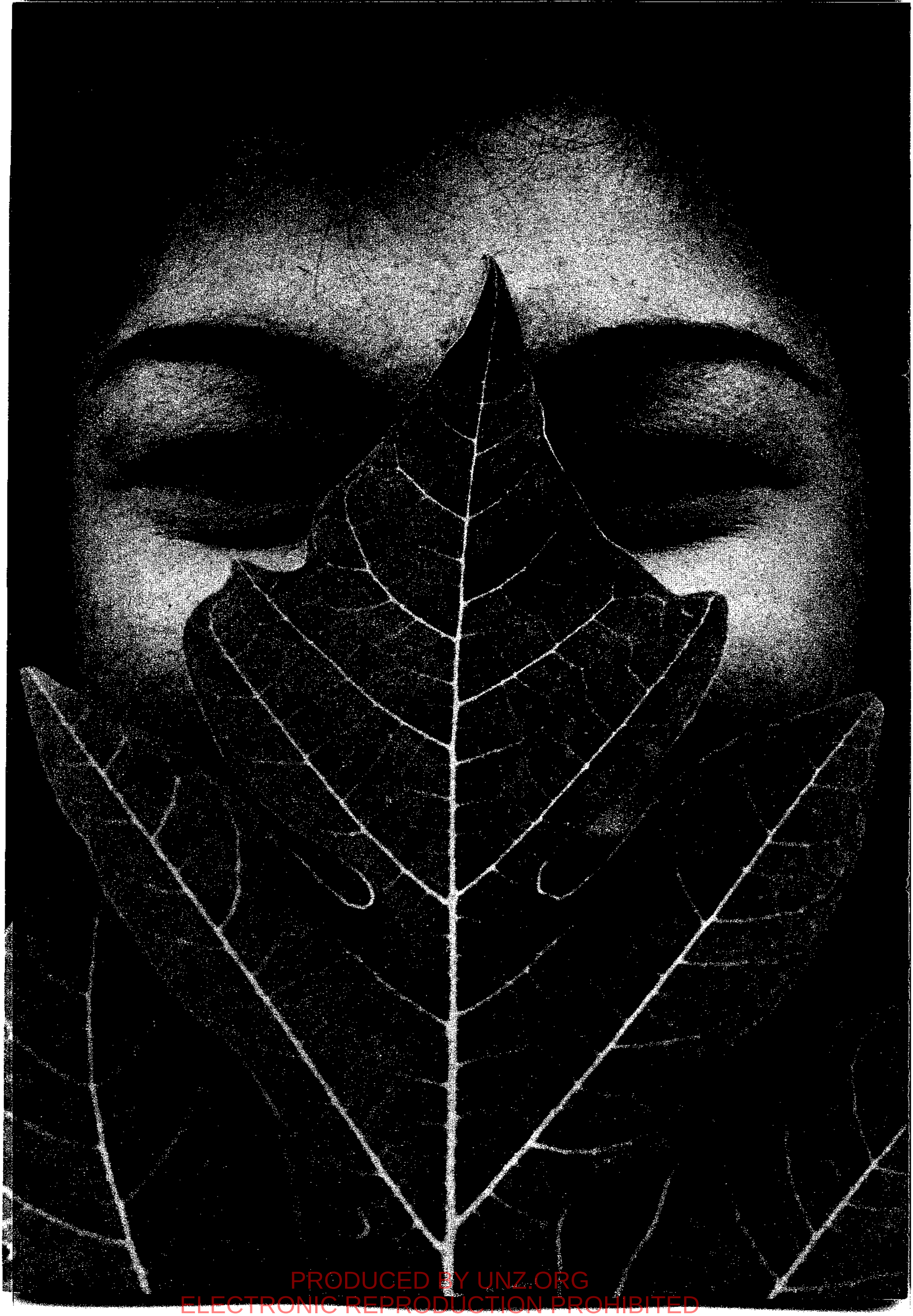
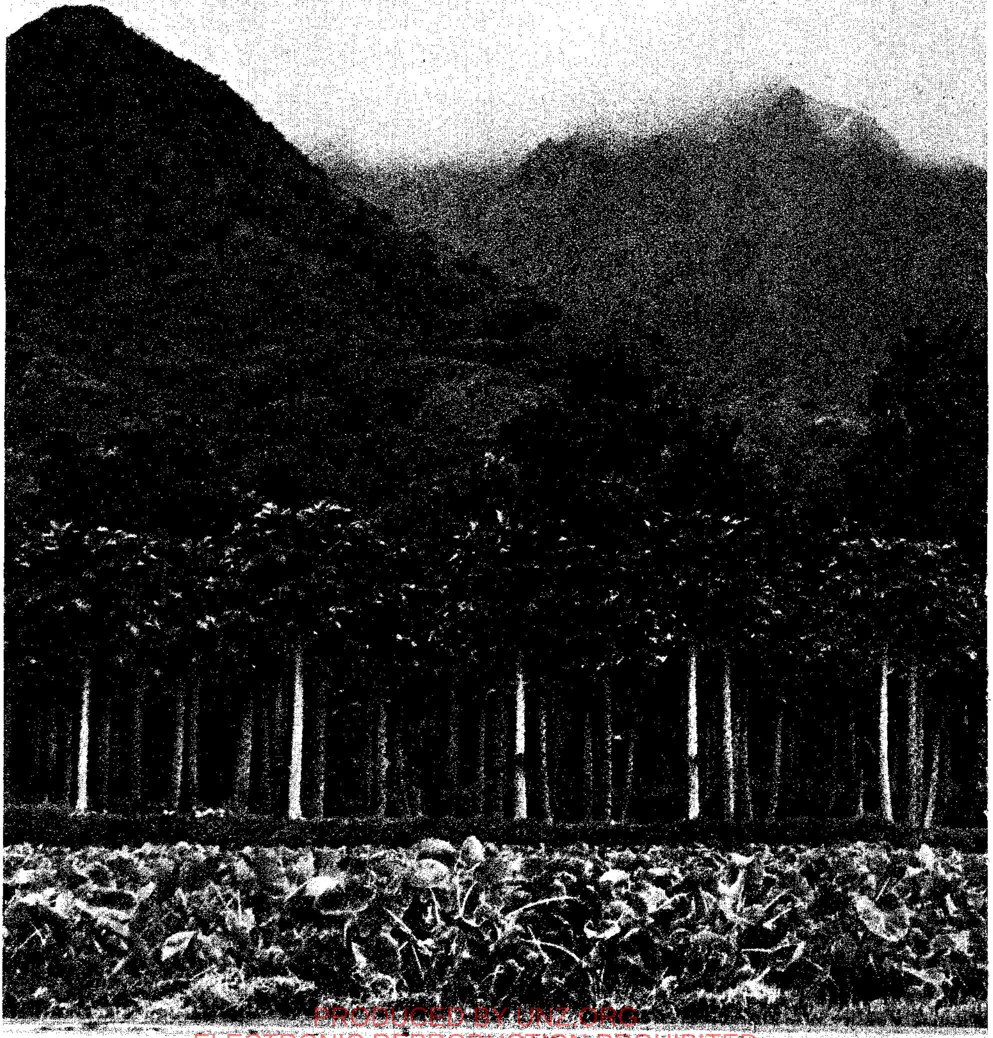
THE GOLDEN PEOPLE





the philosophical retreats of Kyoto, a man wholly modern and American yet in tune with the ancient and the Oriental. The name they invented for him was the Golden Man. At first I erroneously thought that both the concept and the name were derived from the fact that when races intermingled sexually, the result was apt to be a man neither all white nor all brown nor all yellow, but somewhere in-between; and I thought that the Golden Man concept referred to the coloring of the new man—a blend of Chinese, Polynesian and Caucasian—for at this time Japanese rarely intermarried—and I went about the streets of Hawaii looking for the Golden Man of whom the sociologists spoke. But in time I realized that this bright, hopeful man of the future, this unique contribution of

Hawaii to the world, did not depend for his genesis upon racial intermarriage at all. He was a product of the mind. His was a way of thought, and not of birth; . . . the rare ability to stand at the conflux of the world and to

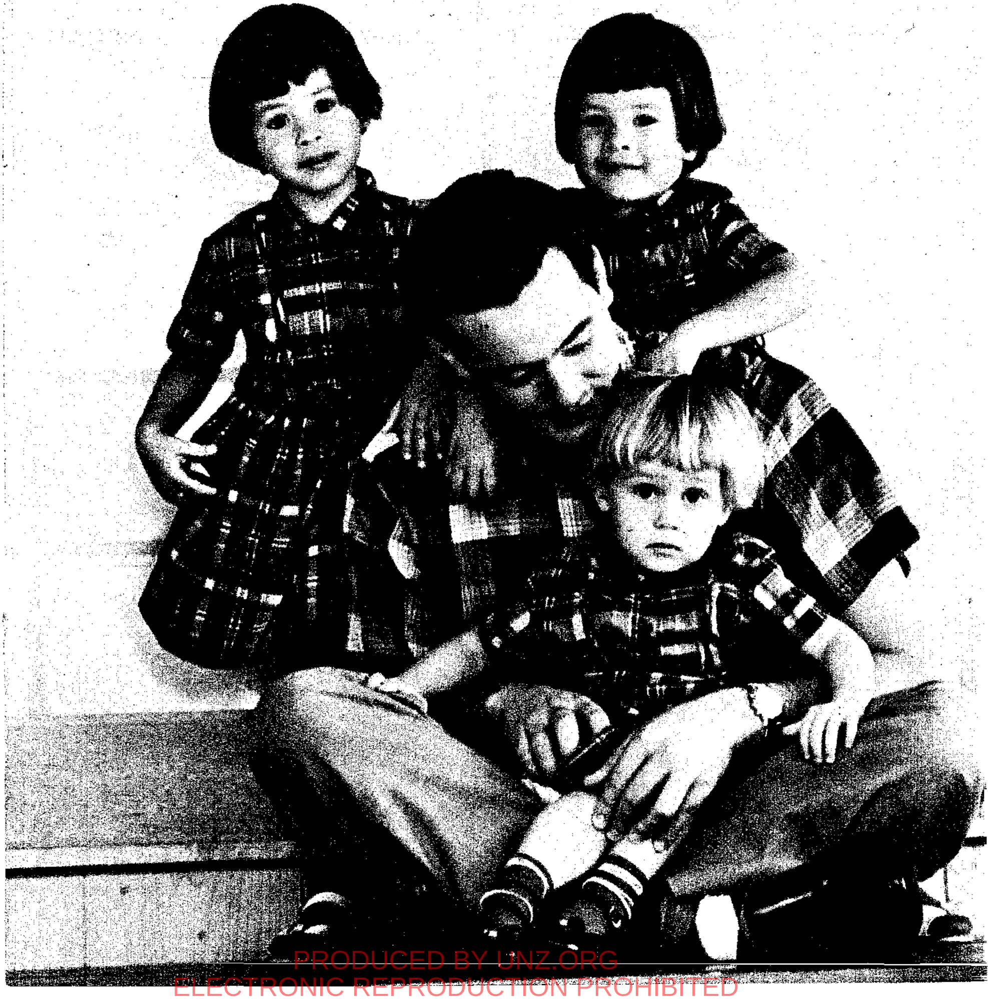


perceive and understand the complex movements around him. . . . This, then, is the Golden Man, who sees both the West and the East, who cherishes the glowing past and who apprehends the obscure future. . . .

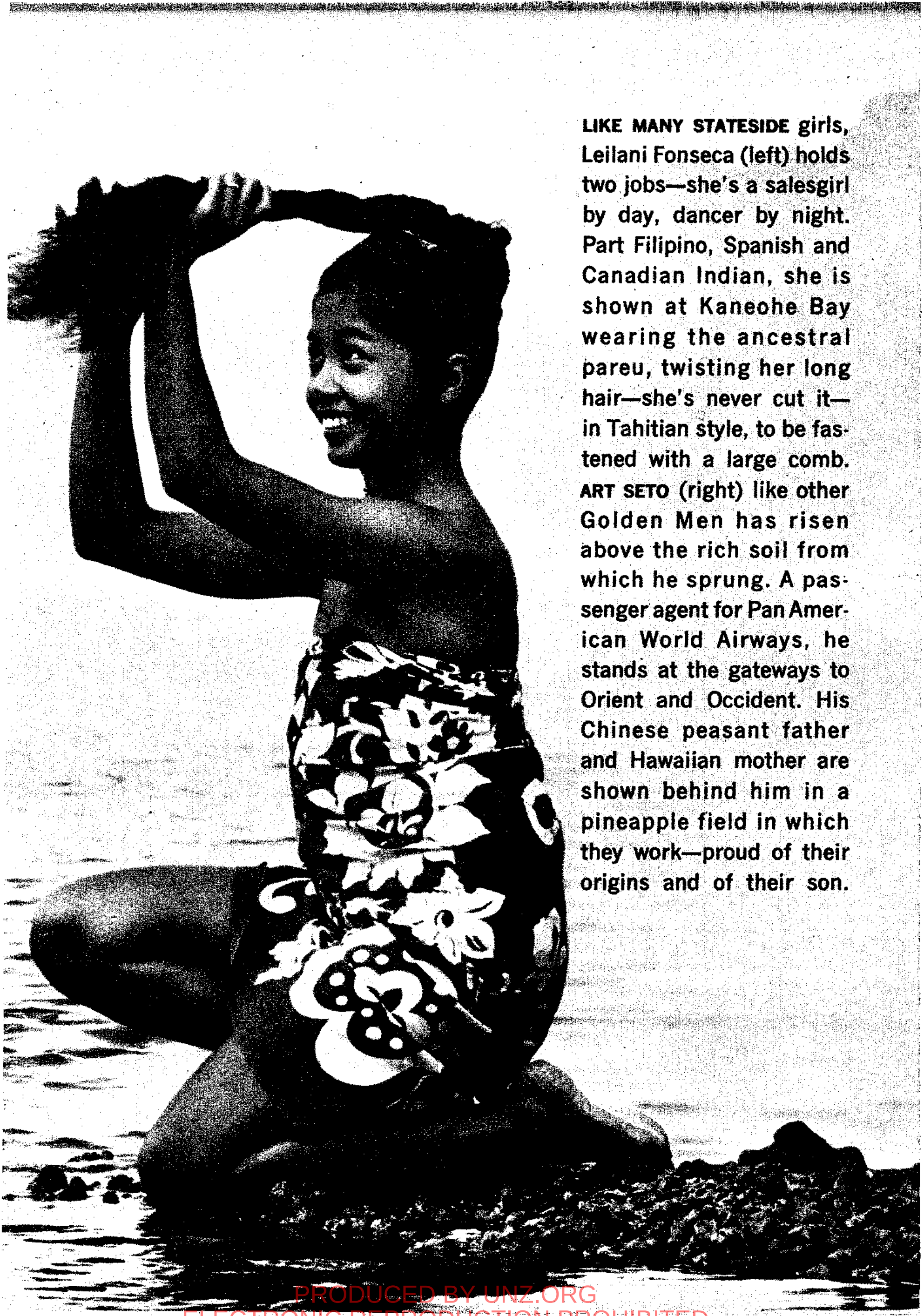
—JAMES A. MICHENER

PHOTOS BY DON ORNITZ

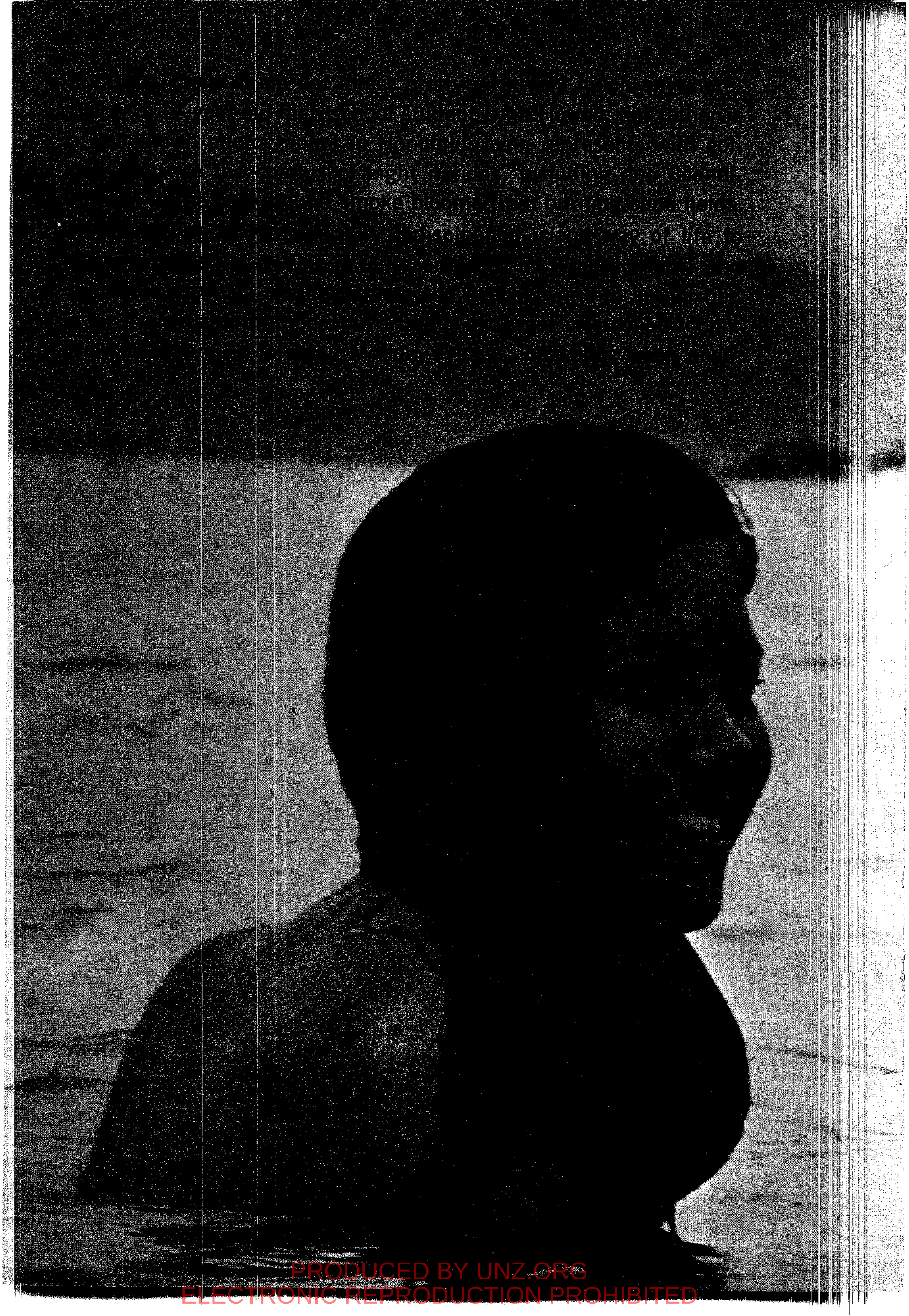
ONE OF MICHENER'S GOLDEN ARCHETYPES is Shoyei Yamauchi, Hawaiian Airlines pilot, who regularly spans East and West in the sky, links them intellectually as well. He is seen (left) with his Latvian mother, Japanese father; and (below) with his daughters, dark-haired twins Sharon and Karon, and blonde Heidi. He attended New England Conservatory of Music, next hopes to get law degree.



FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD MARLENE AMONG romps (below) with a friend through the tall grass, caressed by tropic rain. She is the daughter of a former policeman—now in transportation—and a waitress. Marlene represents freedom of choice of Golden Children—she is Episcopalian; yet her mother is a Methodist, her father Roman Catholic. Each attends his own church every Sunday. In a more pensive mood Marlene (right) ponders future career: possibly as airline hostess. She is a sophomore at St. Andrew's Priory, an Episcopal school.

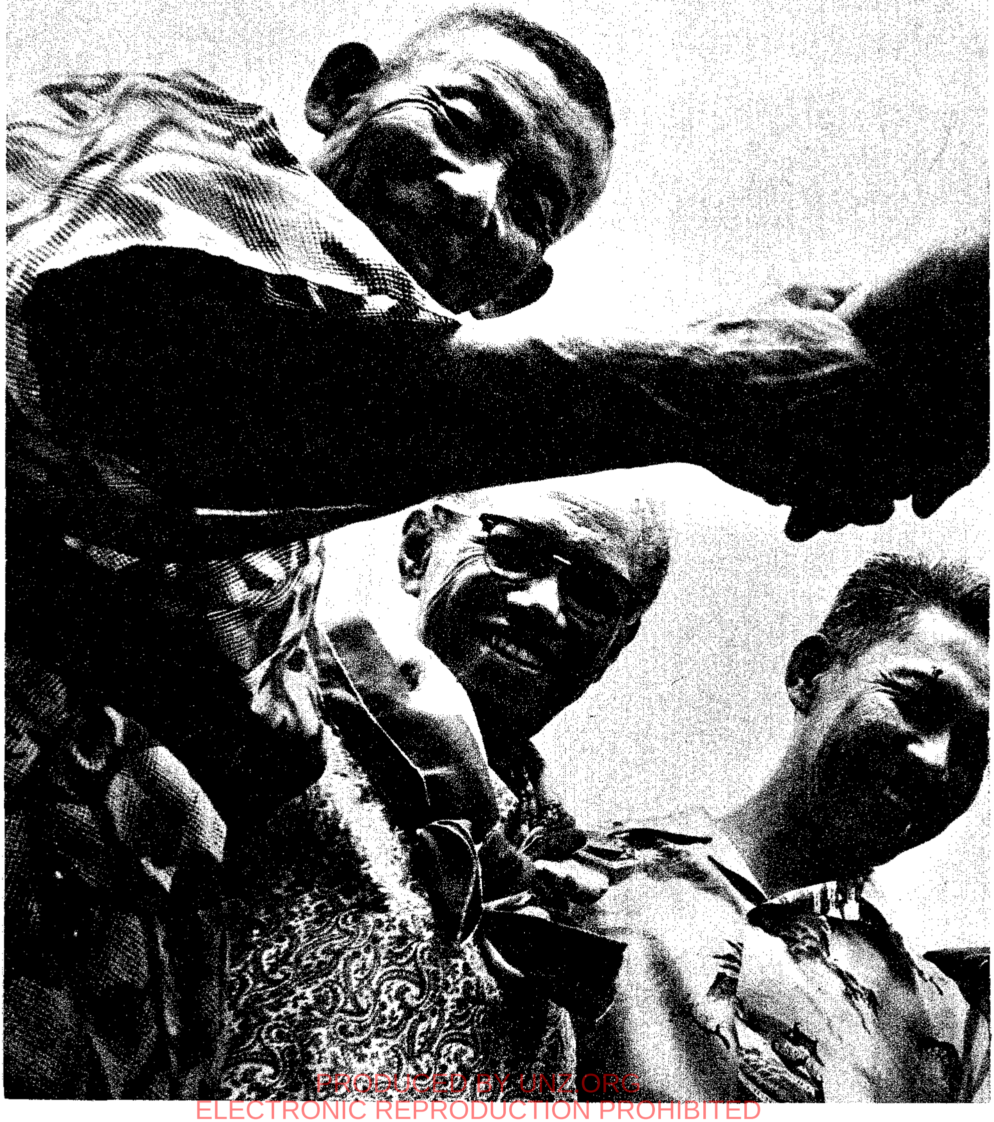


LIKE MANY STATESIDE girls, Leilani Fonseca (left) holds two jobs—she's a salesgirl by day, dancer by night. Part Filipino, Spanish and Canadian Indian, she is shown at Kaneohe Bay wearing the ancestral pareu, twisting her long hair—she's never cut it—in Tahitian style, to be fastened with a large comb. **ART SETO** (right) like other Golden Men has risen above the rich soil from which he sprung. A passenger agent for Pan American World Airways, he stands at the gateways to Orient and Occident. His Chinese peasant father and Hawaiian mother are shown behind him in a pineapple field in which they work—proud of their origins and of their son.



TYPICAL OF GOLDEN GIRLS is Helene Robertson (above) who has made six trips to the States to study our ways. She is shown here in her aunt's jeep at a dog show where she exhibited Yorkshire terriers. **LAURA FUTA**, 18-year-old German-Portuguese-Japanese, illustrates bridge (right) between East and West as she crosses Ala Wai Canal via "Japanese-style" tree, dressed in the native Hawaiian muu-muu.

GOLDEN SCION OF GOLDEN PEOPLE, John Russell Williams (center), 18, closes the family circle. Clasping hands are his paternal (left) and maternal grandfathers. Reading clockwise: Mr. and Mrs. Bean Williams; their son, Solomon Bean; his son, John; John's mother; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Akana. Representing diverse racial strains, these seven people form a cohesive family of man.



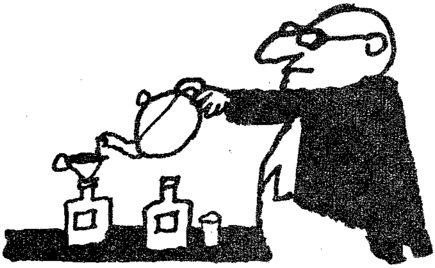
How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Why is one who does not drink called a *teetotaler*?

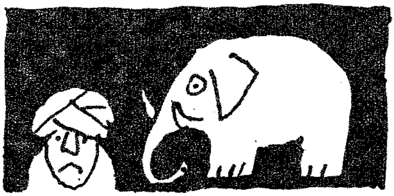
In the long (and as yet unconcluded) war against Demon Rum, many of the virtuous boasted of their "total abstinence." But, like many absolutes, the expression came to be slightly tarnished; some who professed "total abstinence" gave off at times an aroma of spirits or giggled without provocation. Eventually there came a need for a word to describe those who were truly steadfast in their rejection of all alcohol. To meet it, one Dick Turner, a native of Lancashire in England, coined the word *teetotal,* emphasizing the initial consonant of *total,* suggesting the completeness of "to a T," and perhaps even recommending tea as a substitute in time of temptation. Turner himself was, apparently, pleased with his word, because when he departed this life in 1846 he had the fact that he was its inventor inscribed on his teetombstone.



Why is doing something thoroughly "going the whole hog"?

The expression is commonly traced to a poem by William Cowper published in 1779. Cowper states that Mohammed did not forbid the eating of all pork by the faithful but only one part of the hog. However he did not name the forbidden part; and Cowper's poem deals with a group of Mohammedans attempting to find out just which it was. Each man selects the part he prefers, convinced that *that* could not be the evil section, and among them they manage to eat up the whole hog. This may be the explanation. But a more likely one is that the English shilling and the American ten-cent piece were each called a hog and the phrase "to go the whole hog" may have been humorously ironic for someone who spent so large a sum at one reckless fling.

Why is something useless yet costly to keep a "white elephant"?



White or albino elephants were once regarded as a good luck omen in Siam. It is said that the king of Siam used to give one to any courtier who had annoyed him. The recipient was then loaded with something he didn't want, which he couldn't use, which cost him a fortune to maintain and which he daren't get rid of. What's more, if he valued his life, he had to pretend to be grateful and enraptured.

Why are the elite referred to as the upper *crust*?

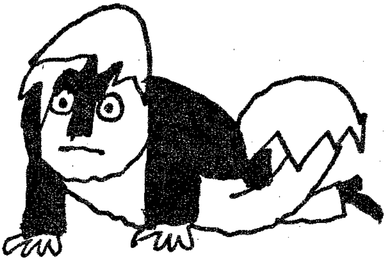
The word was first used in this sense by the Canadian humorist Thomas Haliburton in his popular *Sam Slick of Slickville* (1835). An allusion to the hard exterior of the aristocrat or to his insolence may have been intended, and there may also have been an echo of the fact that the upper crust of a loaf of bread was regarded as the most desirable part.

Why does *sub rosa* mean secret?

The Latin expression *sub rosa* ("under the rose") has been used for almost 500 years to indicate strict confidence, absolute secrecy. The explanation is that Cupid bribed Harpocrates (the god of silence) with a rose, the first ever created, in order to throw a veil of privacy over the goings-on of Venus. Medieval dining halls frequently had a rose carved in the ceiling to remind the guests that what was said freely at the table should not be repeated elsewhere.

Do you "egg someone on" by throwing eggs at him?

While it may be true that a well-placed egg has egged many a harassed politician into an injudicious display of temper (and even once in a great while, into making a clear, unequivocal statement) the verb *to egg*, in the phrase *to egg on*, has nothing to do with the barnyard variety of *egg*. It's simply a variant pronunciation of *edge*. To egg someone on is to edge him on, to incite him until suddenly he goes into some course of action—usually a rash and regrettable one. ♛



BY VICTOR BOESEN

They cleared the air in Tujunga!

When the "cure town's" health was threatened, a determined band of housewives proved you can fight City Hall—and win!

TWELVE YEARS AGO, Cora and Bernard Corrigan locked up the "good little house" in Fairfield, Connecticut, where they had lived for 24 years and set out to find a better climate for Bernard who was nearly helpless with asthma. After almost four years of wandering, as Cora earned the money to keep them going, the Corrigans finally ended up in Los Angeles.

One evening, when Cora came home from work in the advertising department of a newspaper, she found Bernard reading a letter from his sister in Kansas City. "CORONET* Magazine has a story about a town near you that is supposed to be good for asthma," she wrote. "It's called Tujunga."

That week end the Corrigans drove to Tujunga, lying in a high valley on the south slopes of the San Gabriel Mountains, but within the extensive city limits of Los Angeles. As they savored the pure air, they decided to try living there for a while. "We could hardly believe it," recalls Cora Corrigan. "Bernard's breathing was relieved immediately, and for the first time in years he was able to sleep without sitting up. In two months he was back at work full-time in his trade as meat cutter."

But this peace was to be short-lived. One night the doorbell rang, and there in the light as Cora opened the door stood a couple with a petition to sign. A move was under way to rezone 148 acres for gravel mining in the Big Tujunga Wash nearby. Prevailing winds would carry dust to the homes of the thousands who had come to Tujunga and adjoining Sunland for relief from respiratory ills.

The Corrigans added their names to the 3,000 protesting the zoning change. But the petition failed: the change was granted.

"That got my Irish up," said Cora Corrigan, whose other ancestral half is Scotch. "A group of citizens had asked something of their officials and been ignored. It made me angry."

Let what happened then be a lesson to those of faint heart who believe that ordinary citizens "can't fight City Hall."

Within hours after she learned of

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*CORONET, October 1952, "California's 'Cure Town' for Asthmatics."

LET
ME
BREATHE

Tujungans' "sign language" left L. A. City Council members no doubt about the town's feelings toward gravel pit rezoning plan.

the city's action, Cora Corrigan was at City Hall, 20 miles away, confronting the clerk of the Los Angeles City Council. "But that case is closed," the clerk told her.

Then she went to see her councilman, Everett Burkhalter. "Lady, you've missed the boat," said his field secretary, Harvey Wertz. "That case is closed." Undaunted, Cora buttonholed the councilman, wangled from him support to get the case reopened.

That accomplished, she requested to see the file on the "Gravel District." From it she learned that the new zoning had been granted despite a warning that removal of the gravel would create flood dangers. Cora saw that there had been protests in person by many citizens who had pleaded that the area was "a place where the sick could come and be healed, and that's what God wanted."

For the next two weeks Cora and a neighbor, Edna Schooler, went downtown daily to copy the 50 legal-size pages of the file. "It took us a long time," explained Cora Corrigan, "because we never found the file in the clerk's office again and we had to chase it all over City Hall each time." With others who had led the earlier fight, Cora Corrigan formed the Public Relations Council, with the slogan, "To Protect The Air We Breathe." She called a mass meeting at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, heralding it with 4,000 handbills, paid for by herself.

Committees were set up—a telephone committee for liaison with the public; another to get signatures on a new petition, a third to keep after the City Council for the new hearing date.

This came through in June 1955, on a cramping four days' notice, and with the notice cards bearing the right date but the wrong day of the week. All the same, when the phone committee got through, 10,000 telephones had been rung with the correct information. Baby sitters were provided, motor pools organized and buses chartered. For newsmen and city officials, brochures were assembled with copies of the gravel file, maps and a statement of the reasons for the P.R.C.'s position.

"As the hearing opened," Cora Corrigan relates, "the opposition seemed to think they had City Hall in their pockets." Their self-assurance began to change as she presented a petition with nearly 20,000 names, and quietly told how these people had come from all parts of the U.S. and even overseas to Tujunga for the healthful atmosphere. Three physicians gave the medical view of the climate's benefits, underscored with deep impact by the testimony of dozens of the ailing.

After two hours, there was talk of compromise—of yielding acres. Cora Corrigan shook her head. "All or nothing," she said firmly.

The Council voted a 60-day delay. There would be much of this; it eliminated most of the men, who had jobs to think about. But for the housewives, far from causing discouragement, the delays were opportunity to gather strength.

By phone and mail, the women now urged people in other parts of the city to get after their own councilmen to support the antigravel fight. Men and women with speaking ability addressed each of the community's 82 clubs, asking their support. Others obtained documentation on wind movement, learned the percentage of families living in the region for health reasons, and solicited additional testimonials about the climate from doctors. They incorporated the P.R.C. to emphasize its permanence, and took steps to have the Wash made a public park. The persons in charge of publicity reported each move to all news media. This prompted a local businessman with political ambitions to protest to Cora Corrigan.

"You're embarrassing the officials downtown with all this publicity," he said. "You should stop it."

The fighting grandmother measured him hard, then retorted evenly, "Publicity—getting the truth out—is all we have against their money. It will go on."

Others continually told her she was wasting her time. "You can't fight a million dollars," they said. To these she replied, "But we *can*! This is a democracy."

Driving herself nearly the clock around, Cora finally collapsed and was sent to the hospital. Her followers carried on under the leadership of Betsy Tutwiler, who conferred with her chief each night. This went on until the doctor, noting his patient's slow recovery, banned further "gravel pit talk."

On decision day the City Council chamber was packed with Tujunga's militant housewives. All their hard work paid off.

The Council voted seven to five against the zoning change.

BUT ONLY A BATTLE had been won. A year later, a national gravel corporation applied for rights to quarry on 348 acres in the Wash. Back to the barricades went Cora Corrigan and her housewives, opening a struggle that was to seesaw for two years. Up to now, funds had come from the modest purses of Cora Corrigan and her key helpers. Now a real drive for cash was essential. Three nights before the kick-off party, the phone rang in the home of Dora McKissick, chairman of the drive. A man's voice growled: "We're going to upset your little party." Then he hung up.

Dora McKissick thought little of it until the following morning, when a fire broke out among the eucalyptus trees in her yard. But she was not intimidated. On schedule, she and Theresa Kircher took to the streets in a sound truck, calling for contributions until their voices gave out.

Meanwhile, at one of the many hearings at City Hall, a doctor for the gravel company contended that the healthfulness of Tujunga's air was a "myth." "As we talked about it on the way home," said Sally Broffman and Mary Costello, mothers of asthmatic children, "the madder we got." They rounded up 150 other mothers and two days later swept into the City Council chamber, flourishing banners on broomsticks and pushing strollers and baby buggies. Councilman Burkhalter confided to Sally Broffman afterward, "This march is the best thing you've done. The other side is in here all the time with three lawyers."

"After that some of us went downtown every day to see the councilmen," said Cora Corrigan. "We called on them individually, bringing a different piece of information each time. We felt this was better than to load them down with a big stack all at once."

As the issue came up for hearing in December 1958, it looked hopelessly uneven. On the one side were a battery of lawyers and expert witnesses, fortified with an imposing array of photographs with plastic overlay, charts, maps and diagrams. On the other side were "just people," overflowing into the aisles and outer corridor, bearing a few homemade drawings and snapshots.

"We were shooting with popguns and they were firing cannon," said P.R.C. Attorney Peter Rice.

But while the guns of the gravel people were big, there were not too many shots to fire. As lease-holders in the Wash, they argued, they had a legal right to get the gravel out. As for the dust—medical testimony which they brought into the hearing asserted that the gravel operations could not be harmful.

On this last point there came

ringing answers from a score of scientists and educators, members of the Audubon Society, the Sierra Clubs and representatives of the Los Angeles city school system, who described the Wash as a unique spot, abounding in birds and rare plants. Prior to December 1958, 25,000 students on biology field trips had roamed its verdant trails.

Professor Roland Ross of Los Angeles City College startled the throng with a series of bird calls. "Did you ever hear that?" he demanded after each. "You can only hear it in the Big Tujunga Wash."

All day hopes rose and fell as first one side then the other took the floor. "We said many prayers," Cora Corrigan remembers.

The turning point came when, with mounting drama, the afflicted began to tell their stories. The last of these was teenage Linda Gordon who told how death had been but days away when she was brought to Tujunga in her mother's arms. She was nine years old, wholly helpless and weighed but 42 pounds. Her parents had taken her to Sunair, Tujunga's home for asthmatic children, and in two months she was able to start school.

"I hope," she said simply, "that others will not be denied the chance for life that I have had."

In the hush that followed her moving testimony, a voice was heard from the far side of the rail. It was Councilman Earle Baker. "It seems to me," he said, "that we are voting for dollars against lives today—and I vote for lives." His colleagues—all but one—did the same.

So the story ends, except for a word of epilogue. There has since been further progress toward setting aside the Wash as a wilderness recreation area. It was suggested to Peter Akmadzich, part owner of the Wash, that such a park might bear his name. His answer at last put him squarely on the side of the townspeople: "No," said Akmadzich reflectively, "the name should be Cora Corrigan Park."

PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING

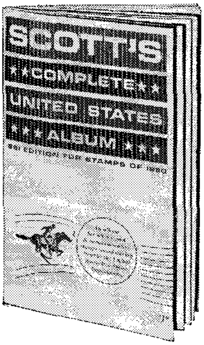
BECAUSE SO MANY people can't control an impulse to test the truth of "WET PAINT" signs one painter devised a clever scheme to protect his jobs from curious fingers.

He put a separate board below the "WET PAINT" sign and blobbed a swatch of paint across it with the invitation: "TRY HERE."

—ROBERT EAGLE

A SMALL BOY from the city was spending his first summer in the country, and was asked how he liked running around barefoot. "At first I could hardly walk," he said, "but the rocks get softer every day."

—LA VERNE SHIRLEY KROLL



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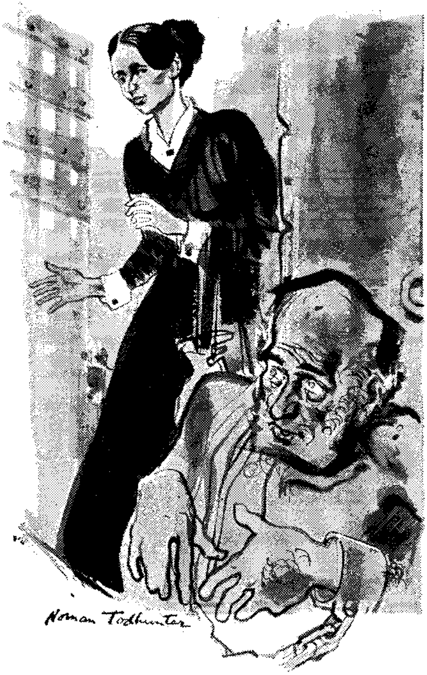
The one-woman war of Dorothea Dix



BY DONALD JOHN GIESE

She was among the first to befriend the insane, and fought passionately to prove these sufferers were human, too

THE 40-YEAR-OLD, self-educated spinster schoolteacher must have known the odds were heavily against her that cold, snow-blown day in January 1843. Her doctors had given her only six months to live. Yet she had boldly decided to invade a man's world. But because she was so frail and shy, Dorothea Dix chose an influential friend to deliver her crucial speech to the Massachusetts State Legislature.

The great hall was still as the impassive lawmakers listened to her words: "I proceed, gentlemen, to call your attention to the present state of insane persons within this commonwealth, in cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens; chained, naked, beaten with rods and lashed into obedience."

The lawmakers shifted nervously in their seats as they heard the long list of abuses:

"In Danvers, a young woman is confined in a shed, filthy, half-naked, covered with gaping sores.

"In Berkeley, a man is held in a cell with the temperature below zero and two-inch frost on the walls.

"In Sandisfield, a raging maniac is chained in a cage and whipped.

"In Lincoln, an aged woman is chained in a stall, screaming with pain from the cold."

The words rang out, challenging the listeners to heed the "strong claims of suffering humanity." When the speaker had finished, the Legislature was strangely silent. Dorothea Lynde Dix had won the first battle of a one-woman war she waged relentlessly for nearly half a century. Following her devastating indictment, Massachusetts immediately appropriated money to enlarge the state's asylums. Statewide investigations were launched, a shocked public demanded improvements and reforms followed.

From this first battle Dorothea Dix learned the strategy that won her victory after victory in America, the British provinces, England and Europe: tireless investigation, amassing of evidence and wise choice of spokesmen. Her tactics helped her raise more money for philanthropy in her lifetime than any woman ever had before.

DOROTHEA DIX was born in Hampden, Maine, on April 4, 1802. As a child she was frail, pensive and quiet, but people said they saw strength behind her doleful gray-blue eyes. At the age of 12 she rebelled against her tyrannical father and ran away to live with a grandmother in Boston. At 14 she opened her own school for the small children of Boston's wealthier families, and she later opened a second school —for the poor—in her grandmother's barn.

Caring for her grandmother, doing housework and teaching—from 5 A.M. until after midnight—she drove herself to exhaustion. By the time she was 19 she was forced to support herself by leaning on a desk as she taught; at 22 she showed symptoms of lung congestion and a tendency to hemorrhage. Her doctors said she would never be able to work again.

They did not reckon with gentle Dorothea's indomitable spirit. She forced herself to rest for two years and then started to teach again. Within five years she was coughing blood, and her lung trouble was worse. This time the doctors said she would have to give up all strenuous activity or die. Reluctantly, she consented to rest, but not for long.

In 1841, her 39th year, her life was changed by what she saw on a windy March day in East Cambridge, Massachusetts. Dorothea had gone there to teach a Sunday school class in a local jail.

In an unheated room set apart from the main jail she saw two insane inmates shivering with cold. She asked the jailer why their cell was unheated. "Insane folks can't feel the cold, Ma'am," he matter-of-factly replied. A blind rage boiled up inside her and, though she said nothing, she determined to do something for the mentally ill. Dorothea spent the next two years quietly investigating every jail and asylum in Massachusetts.

Following the delivery of her speech before the Legislature in 1843, her doctors again flatly told her she would have to stop. She thanked them for their advice and concern, but ignored their warnings. During the next four years she traveled 30,000 miles by stagecoach over dirt trails, visiting hundreds of jails and asylums in state after state.

Her oversized traveling bag contained a hammer, nails, rope and heavy straps of leather to make repairs when the coach broke down on some desolate rut. When highwaymen halted her stage, Dorothea leaned out the window, lectured them on the evils of robbery and ordered the driver to move on. She slept when she could.

In the town of Little Compton, Rhode Island, in a seven-foot-square stone-walled cell covered with frost, she found Abraham Simmons, a "maniac." He had been in the cell three years, his leg tethered to the floor by an ox-chain. As she put it in her carefully kept notes, he had "only wet straw to lie upon and a sheet of ice for his covering."

Dorothea insisted on entering his cell. "He'll kill you sure, Ma'am," the jailer warned. But he opened the door. The "maniac" crouched in a corner. She went to him and warmed his gnarled hands in her own. Tears streamed down his face.

She rushed from Little Compton by coach to Providence to pay a call on Rhode Island's richest man (and reputedly the state's tightest skinflint), Cyrus Butler.

Once inside Butler's parlor, the frail teacher launched into a graphic description of Rhode Island asylums. Her host was stunned. "What do you expect me to do about it?" he asked.

"I want you to donate $50,000 toward the enlargement of the mental hospital in this city," she said.

After a long silence he replied, "Madam, I'll do it." Rhode Island's famed Butler Hospital for the mentally ill was soon under construction.

Now Dorothea's devotion to her cause became a full-fledged crusade. Traveling by stagecoach, she stormed into Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, North Carolina, Maryland and Washington, D.C.

Over the next decade at least one new or remodeled hospital sprang up yearly at her instigation, among them beautiful St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington.

She extended her private war next to the British provinces and new hospitals went up in Toronto, Halifax and St. John, Newfoundland. The coughing spells grew worse during her travels, and now malarial fever attacks often left her unconscious. But she refused to rest.

Dorothea's friends and her doctors were delighted in 1854 when she announced she was going on a prolonged vacation in Europe. But her "vacation" was spent inspecting the major asylums and prisons in London, Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, Naples, Vienna, Constantinople, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Brussels and Amsterdam.

In Edinburgh, Dorothea found conditions in the local asylums and prisons as bad as any she had seen in America. When the Lord Provost shrugged off her appeals for reform, she decided to take her case to the Home Secretary in London. Learning of her plan to go over his head, the Provost took the morning train to London, to tell his side of the story first. When he arrived at the Home Secretary's office, he learned Dorothea Dix had arrived the night before, had had her interview and had secured the appointment of a royal commission to investigate conditions in Edinburgh.

In Rome she requested a private audience with Pope Pius IX. The

Pope showed visible emotion at the news she brought him about his flock. The next day Rome asylum officials were startled by a surprise visitor. Pope Pius IX, unannounced, asked to be taken on a tour of the wards. Within a week, a Vatican-appointed physician was en route to Paris to study the latest methods of treating and caring for the insane. On orders from the Vatican, land was purchased and construction begun on a new asylum.

Dorothea Dix was back at work in America and nearing 60 years of age when the Civil War broke out. She went at once to Washington to offer her help and was appointed Superintendent of Women Nurses for the Union Armies. She held the job until the war ended.

In December 1866, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, determined to recognize officially the service she had rendered in time of war, asked Dorothea Dix if she would prefer a public testimonial attended by the highest Government officials, or a gift of money from Congress. She said she wanted her country's flags. She was presented specially made U.S. flags, which she in turn gave to Harvard College. They were hung over the main entrance to Memorial Hall.

Following the war Dorothea continued her work for 15 years. The number of hospitals she had built had grown to 34. In her 80th year she at last realized her life's work was ended. A room was placed at her disposal at the hospital she had founded in Trenton, New Jersey.

Dr. John W. Ward, a physician at the hospital, entered the room on the warm evening of July 17, 1887. "Just as I opened the door," he said at the time, "she heaved a soft, quiet sigh and all of earth was over."

Her modest funeral in Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Boston, was attended by only a handful of her closest friends. In notifying the world of her death, Dr. Charles H. Nichols, her friend for many years, said, "Thus has died and been laid to rest in the most quiet, unostentatious way the most useful and distinguished woman America has yet produced."

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

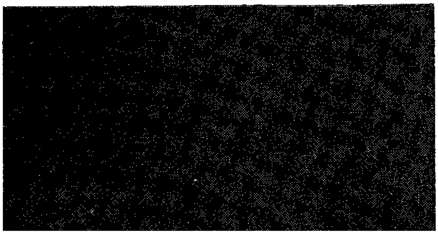
THE WIFE OF THE MAN who heads the Strategic Air Command is named May Ayre Power. What is more, there is a man working in the Government's man-in-space program whose name is Chris Craft. —WALTER ROSS

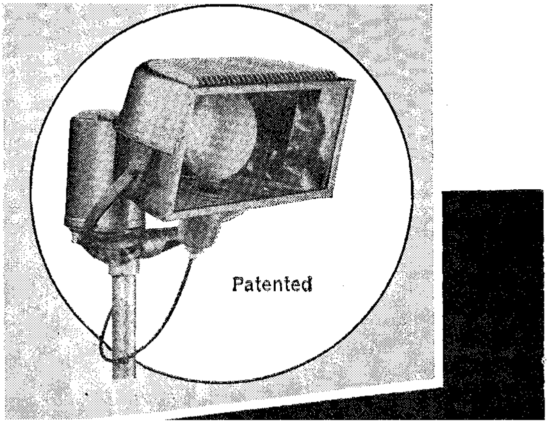
A YOUNG WOMAN with adventure in her soul joined a circus. Anxious to do everything right, she asked her employer for a few tips.

"I don't want to make a lot of beginner's mistakes," she said.

"Well, for one thing," replied the manager, "don't ever undress around the bearded lady." —EVELYN NAWN

Colonial Palms Golf Course, Miami, Florida





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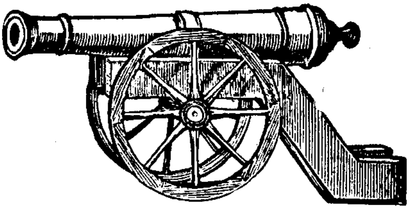
BY CHARLES BOSWELL

The silent guns of St. Stephen



THE ST. CROIX RIVER marks the international boundary between New Brunswick, in Canada, and Washington County, Maine. But the families of St. Stephen, on the Canadian side, and Calais, directly across the stream in Maine, find it no barrier to a long standing kinship that produced the oddest incident of the War of 1812.

Soon after the outbreak of hostilities, British military headquarters in Quebec sent a battery of cannon to St. Stephen, with orders instructing the townsmen to bombard Calais. To the citizens of St. Stephen this command was unthinkable. But to ignore it was equally impossible. The men were plunged into gloom—until a discovery gave them a ready-made excuse. The battery of St. Stephen remained silent.

This news eventually reached Quebec, and a British major was dispatched to St. Stephen to investigate.

"We couldn't shoot, Major," shrugged the local militia captain, with an innocent expression. "You didn't send us any gunpowder."

In due course, a wagon laden with gunpowder kegs rumbled into St. Stephen. Again the men of the town met to confront their dilemma. The war was becoming a downright nuisance. Even the big annual Fourth of July celebration in Calais, always a high point of summer, might have to be called off for lack of fireworks. And now this nasty cannon business! But again the men put their heads together, and an inspired solution was found. The war ended without a shot being fired across the river. Months later, an official British commission descended on St. Stephen to hold an inquiry.

"Our cannon wouldn't fire," the Canadian captain explained. "That gunpowder was wet." Far from satisfied, the commission grilled the captain. Why hadn't he reported it? Why hadn't he asked for dry powder? And where were the kegs of the wet powder?

The captain was trapped. He could only blurt out the truth. And the truth proved so warming that the commission members couldn't find it in themselves to condemn him—nor to keep a straight face.

"It was this way, sir," the captain stammered. "Right after that powder came, we needed it for something else. The biggest celebration in these parts is the Americans' Fourth of July party. But, because of the war, they had no powder for fireworks. We decided it would be only neighborly to send them ours. It was a grand party."

COAST TO COAST

I AM A LETTER CARRIER for the Sunnyvale, California, Post Office. One day while delivering mail on my route, I rang a doorbell and was greeted by a harassed-looking young mother and three noisy youngsters. Raising my voice above the shouts of the children, I informed her she had a letter with four cents postage due. Untangling a youngster from her skirt, she distractedly reached into her apron pocket and said, "My purse is upstairs. Is it all right if I give you pennies?" —DANIEL FORD

A POLICEMAN in Detroit, Michigan, flashing his light through a broken store window, saw a man fumbling with a cash register and promptly collared him.

Next day the man pleaded innocent. "I was leaning against the window, Your Honor," he explained, "and when it broke I crawled inside to leave my name and address."

"Then why did you open the cash register?" demanded the judge.

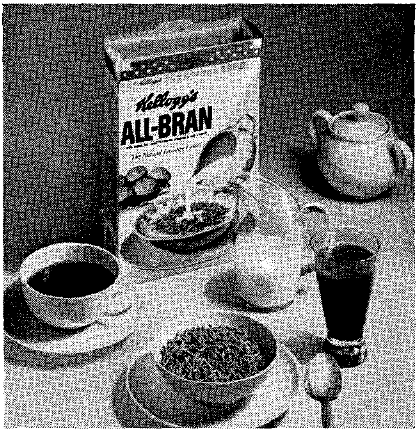
Without hesitation, the man replied, "I was looking for a pencil."

—CLARENCE ROESER

AFTER A MID-APRIL snow hit Chicago and the Midwest, a prominent meteorologist and weather forecaster received this note:

"Dear Sir, I have just shoveled six inches of *partly cloudy* off my walk." —BOB SWANSON

The "Regularity Breakfast" for Weight-Control Diets



You get a good supply of normal "food bulk"—but only 180 calories!

Many weight-control diets that are now so popular have one serious deficiency. They supply little of the food bulk which is helpful in promoting natural regularity.

Fortunately, Kellogg's "Regularity Breakfast" can supply the bulk that is missing. And its calorie count is a mere 180.

The menu is easy and delicious: 4 oz. tomato juice, ½ cup Kellogg's All-Bran, 4 oz. skim milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, black coffee or tea.

Why don't you try Kellogg's "Regularity Breakfast" soon? Millions rely on it for the wholesome food bulk their systems need every day.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Is your airport a death trap?

Traffic jams of high-speed jets; inadequate lights and fire equipment; surrounding obstacles and overworked personnel can add up to disaster

the runway. He landed short—in the icy East River. Quick rescue work saved nine who were aboard; 65 died.

While the Civil Aeronautics Board found that the absence of these lights had nothing to do with the crash, Senator A.S. Mike Monroney, Chairman of the Senate Aviation Subcommittee, a year later was of the opinion that "high intensity [approach] lighting would have brought that plane in safely."

These incidents document part of the national scandal of our jammed-up airports. They are the heart of the air safety problem, for about 60 percent of all airplane accidents take place in the airport area: 40 percent on landing; 20 percent on take-off.

"There is not a single commercial airport in the United States that is completely adequate to handle jets under all conditions," said veteran TWA pilot Karl M. Ruppenthal on January 30, 1960.

The president of the Air Lines Pilots Association, Clarence N. Sayen, testified before Congress on January 18, 1960 that ". . . no single category of preventable accidents has caused so much loss of life, injury, delay and substandard air service . . . than the continued lack of . . . landing aids and airport safety standards."

Take the ground control system, for instance. It is the controller who helps the pilot make the right choice of landing alternatives.

Pilots know the controller is armed with inadequate aids and forced to work under nightmare conditions. He has no lunch hour; he rarely gets a toilet break; his surroundings are crowded, noisy and poorly ventilated, making safe work incredibly difficult. At La Guardia, for example, the two radar men use the old-style sets that demand darkness. To simulate this, they sit huddled under a pup tent in a corner.

Landing choices depend on the plane, its load, navigation equipment, the pilot's experience, wind, visibility, runway condition. On paper pilot and controller seem to have many safe alternatives.

As a matter of fact, quite often there isn't *any* alternative.

"With modern aircraft requiring longer runways," the A.L.P.A.'s Sayen charged, "many of our airports have become, for all practical purposes, single runway airports. Even our best-equipped airports usually only have straight in, full instrument approach capability in one direction on one runway."

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? Instrument approach capability—or I.L.S. (Instrument Landing System)—is made up of four radio stations on the ground sending directional signals to approaching aircraft. Their signals operate instruments that show the pilot if he is approaching correctly. Instrument landings are required under certain bad atmospheric conditions; and most jets, because of their high speed, are landed on instruments.

Only six airports in the entire country have *two-way* I.L.S. They are: New York's Idlewild; Newark International; Chicago's O'Hare;

San Antonio International; Atlanta Municipal; and Minneapolis-St. Paul International in Minneapolis. This means that only in these airports do instruments operate equally well from both ends of a single runway. In other airports, if the wind direction makes it necessary to land in the opposite direction from the one directly controlled by I.L.S., the pilot must read his I.L.S. instruments backward, and try to land minus information on his altitude. He must read other instruments to determine how high he is, while trying to fly on I.L.S.

So, in effect, in most of our airports, pilots may have to land at high speeds without proper instrument controls.

We are catching up; better landing aids are being installed. But progress is being made far too slowly. This year the big jets are using about 34 U.S. airports. The number is rising every month; within five years it will pass 160.

Midway Airport in Chicago, the world's busiest airport, on July 24, 1959 reached a peak in one 24-hour period of an arrival or departure every 51 seconds. Ordinarily a single controller at Midway has to keep track of approximately 80 aircraft during peak hours.

And this is the way Senator Monroney describes flying into New York: "It's like trying to fly through a bird cage—to get to Teterboro, to Westchester, to La Guardia, to Idlewild, to Newark. You have to crisscross; there are no directional arrivals or departures. If something goes wrong in that split second with high-performance aircraft, you're in trouble, fatal trouble."

La Guardia Airport has for years been called "totally inadequate" by aviation authorities. Senator Monroney says, "If I were the chief of aviation, I would close La Guardia to all but small, private planes." It is now being rebuilt at a cost of $65,000,000. This year 825 feet of approach lights were installed on La Guardia's Runway 22.

The closer a pilot gets to the runway the more the dangers increase. Even if he has been on instruments, he has to depend on his eyes in those final seconds.

Once he has touched down, a pilot might be expected to heave a sigh of relief. He can't at most U.S. airports. Listen again to Pilot Ruppenthal: "Many airport runways are pitted, pocked or contoured. Some have humps . . . which steal precious momentum from a heavily loaded jet on its take-off roll. . . . Brakes don't always work. Stopping distance may increase a third when runways are wet."

Runways look long, but they are suddenly fatally short if anything goes wrong, and if there is no runover area or high-speed turnoff. There are even U.S. airports built on the tops of hills that have been leveled off and airports with obstacles at the end of runways.

In Miami two and a half years ago, an Eastern Air Lines Constellation had an engine failure and fire immediately after take-off. The pilot circled back and made an emergency landing just as the fire became uncontrollable. A dozen passengers got out in time. More might not have made it. The airport had four pieces of equipment standing by; these had a total capacity of about 2,150 gallons of water-foam, and could only generate foam at half the rate suggested by the National Fire Protection Association, an objective engineering organization. There were no power saws, no escape ladders. By early 1960, Miami International Airport had two new crash trucks.

The N.F.P.A. has found fire and rescue equipment in nearly all U.S. airports inadequate; and that even this is rarely effectively manned.

Airport fire crews are often volunteers from the airlines or the airport staff who may not be on duty when they are needed—and who are frequently not well trained. The N.F.P.A. ranks Logan International Airport in Boston as one of the best in the country on fire and rescue, and Chicago's Midway as the worst equipped major airport for fire and rescue in the U.S. Midway has a city firehouse on the field with one major crash truck but only one conventional pumper, a hook and ladder. There is no ability to make foam—vital to put out gasoline and kerosene fires—in the quantities required and no real rescue equipment. Some cities like Cleveland, Denver, Phoenix, Cincinnati, Atlanta and Miami are starting to improve fire and rescue service.

This is not cheap. A good crash truck can cost $75,000. For a major airport there is an average annual expense of at least $125,000 to keep trained men on the job.

But even a good fire-rescue team can be in a spot if they don't have the right equipment. On February 20, 1959, the San Francisco International Airport fire team could not effectively fight flames from a burning DC-7C that had skidded 200 feet off the runway, because their trucks were not equipped to travel in mud.

Taking off is not as dangerous as landing, but it has its moments. Sit in the cockpit of a jet loaded to fly the Atlantic—gross weight about 300,000 pounds—as it races down a runway, and you may be staggered by the obstacles that suddenly loom in your flight path.

Sometimes natural obstacles, such as mountains, prescribe special flight patterns as they do out of Los Angeles and San Francisco airports. But the worst hazards are often man-made. The best place for a television broadcasting tower is often in the ideal course for a flight pattern. Both demand a chunk of clear sky. That is the case in Kansas City, where planes have to dodge around the local TV tower.

It is almost impossible to control the obstacles erected around an airport. One runway at San Francisco's International Airport used to end half a mile from a six-lane highway. Then the runway was extended to the highway; now apartment houses are scheduled to be built across the highway. The airport can do nothing about it. It doesn't own the land, and it has no jurisdiction in the town where the apartment houses are to be built.

You might think people would

refuse to live at the end of a runway at a major airport. To the contrary. On June 9, 1956, less than a block from Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, nine people were killed when a Navy jet destroyed five single-family homes. Today duplexes stand on the same spot—ten families, instead of five, inhabit the lots where the jet hit.

This March the New York City Board of Education decided to locate two new schools farther from Idlewild airport. The parents objected. They wanted the Board to follow its usual practice of placing new schools in population areas. If this were done, one school would be 5,000 feet from a runway, the other only 1,600 feet.

Most air travelers probably believe that the Federal Government, which operates the control towers at major commercial airports, also certifies airports. It does not. It can technically close an unsafe airport permanently—but the Federal Aviation Agency has never done so.

The F.A.A. merely certifies the right of an air carrier to use a particular runway under certain conditions. Most airlines have their own minimum flight standards which are above the Government's. Still, each pilot makes up his mind on the safety of each flight. Under the normal pressures to maintain his schedules he often decides to do his best with the facilities at hand.

In the competitive airlines business few companies are anxious to insist on those improvements to airports which they must pay for in increased landing fees. Neither are the airlines likely to boycott an airport and let a competitor pick up their business.

Sometimes pilots have taken matters into their own hands. In Dallas, the Federal Government had approach lights ready to install, but for months the municipal government did not acquire the needed land. Only when the pilots threatened not to land in Dallas in bad weather was the land purchased.

In September 1958, President Eisenhower vetoed a bill appropriating $100,000,000 for airport improvement, saying this was a local responsibility. Airport planning virtually stopped for 12 months, a crucial year at the beginning of the commercial jet age.

IT IS HARD to pin down the culprit responsible for our airport situation because of the curious way airports are established, usually outside normal city limits. Washington's airport is operated by the F.A.A.; Boston's by the Massachusetts Port Authority; Minneapolis-St. Paul's by a special two-city airports commission; Louisville, Kentucky, by a city and county air board; Milwaukee's by a county department of public works; Dallas' by a city department.

There is no simple solution to the problems of U.S. air terminals. Take the case of Washington. Air travel there has increased and the airport, once one of the nation's best, is strained beyond its capacity. Planes must line up in the air to land in one direction, and often must stand in line on the runways for half an hour or more to take off.

The only solution has been to start building a huge new jet airport, Dulles International, 23 miles farther out at Chantilly, Virginia.

Other cities must face up to the need for modern, jet airports. The scandal of our airports can be eliminated. Here are some things most aviation experts agree must be done:

More airports: so that traffic coming from the west, for example, can land in an airport on the western side of a city instead of criss-crossing dangerously with other traffic.

Airports built farther out from cities: connected by toll roads or high-speed trains.

Greatly improved electronic equipment for safe, all-weather instrument landing and taking off: the F.A.A. is pushing development of computer systems to keep track of planes in the air, and will install one in Boston next year. By 1963 the agency expects to have three-dimensional radar to show the true position of planes in space. The F.A.A. is also developing a system of dual runways; and working on collision-warning equipment, better approach lighting and the design of high-speed turnoff areas.

Arresting gear to stop runaway planes: two systems seem most promising; 1) a tail hook such as is used on aircraft carriers, and 2) an emergency system which could trigger a flood on a section of runway to slow down a runaway plane.

Improved weather reporting: to tell the pilot conditions over the runway less than 30 seconds before touchdown. This is especially important in coastal airports where fogs come up suddenly.

Measurement of the coefficient of friction on wet, icy or snowy runways: so a pilot can know if he can take off or stop.

Planes that land and take off in less space: land for monstrous airports is not available within convenient distance of most cities.

The Airport Operators Council, the American Association of Airport Executives and the National Association of State Aviation Officials jointly estimate that over $1.1 billion must be spent for the improvement and expansion of existing airports and the building of new ones in the next four years. Senator Monroney has introduced a bill in Congress for $75,000,000 a year of Federal funds for airport construction in each of the next five years, to be matched in some measure by the local communities.

We are engaged in a vital race with a future that grows closer every day. Last year 56,330,000 passengers flew over 30 billion miles—most of them in and out of inadequate airports—and those figures will double by 1975. "Tomorrow's airports must be built today," flatly warns Senator Monroney. "Enough people have been killed to make our needs clear. Only by improving our airports can we maintain and improve our record of safe flight. It isn't too late—yet."

CHARGE: The last word in ladies ready-to-wear. —JACK HERBERT

public notice

NOTICE IN A RESTAURANT near Basel, Switzerland: "Diners who are tempted to steal silverware, ash trays and other objects belonging to this establishment are asked to do it discreetly. We want to preserve the good reputation of our clientele." —HAROLD HELFER

THE PARAKEET'S CAGE in a Los Angeles pet shop carried this sign: "Mother's Whistler." —MORRIS BENDER (*Catholic Digest*)

SIGN IN A San Francisco shoe repair shop: BOOTICIAN. —LARRY CHESNICK

CUSTOMERS AT AN Ohio restaurant have a choice of reducing diets —dull or spirited.

The menu offers:
Diet formula, 75 cents.
Diet formula with one ounce of rum, $1. —LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM

THE MEN'S CLUB of a First Methodist Church in Texas reorganized and elected new officers. Announcement of the feat was made in the church bulletin—"Our Methodist Men's Club has reformed." —THEODORE THOMAS

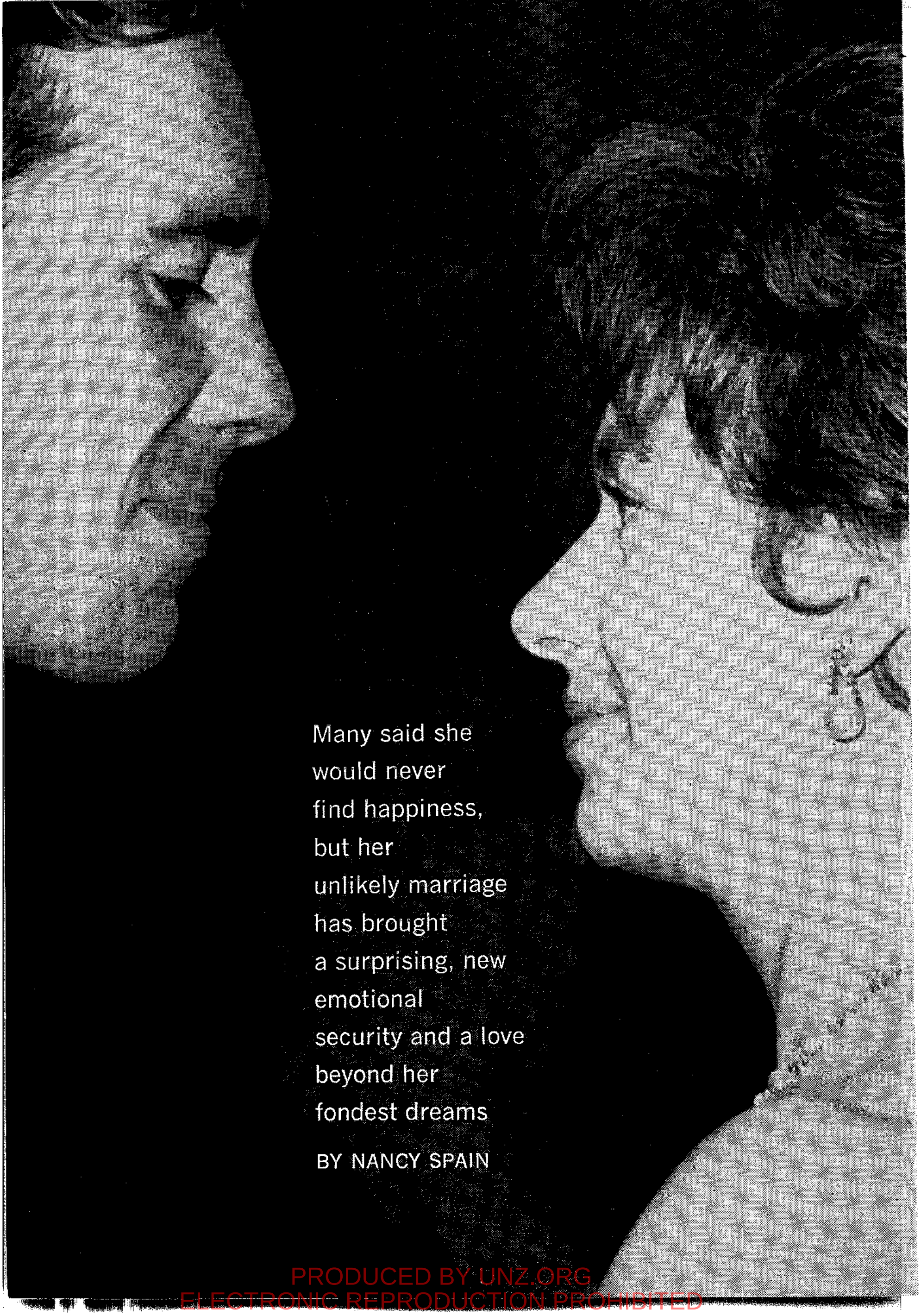
ON AN EXCURSION BOAT: "The chairs in this cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them until the ladies are seated." —NATALIE GROSS

IN NEW YORK, A TRAVEL AGENCY displayed this sign in its window: "See Earth First." —MORRIS BENDER

A NEW CANADIAN air regulation declares: "No person shall enter or attempt to enter any aircraft in flight." —D. L. TENZI

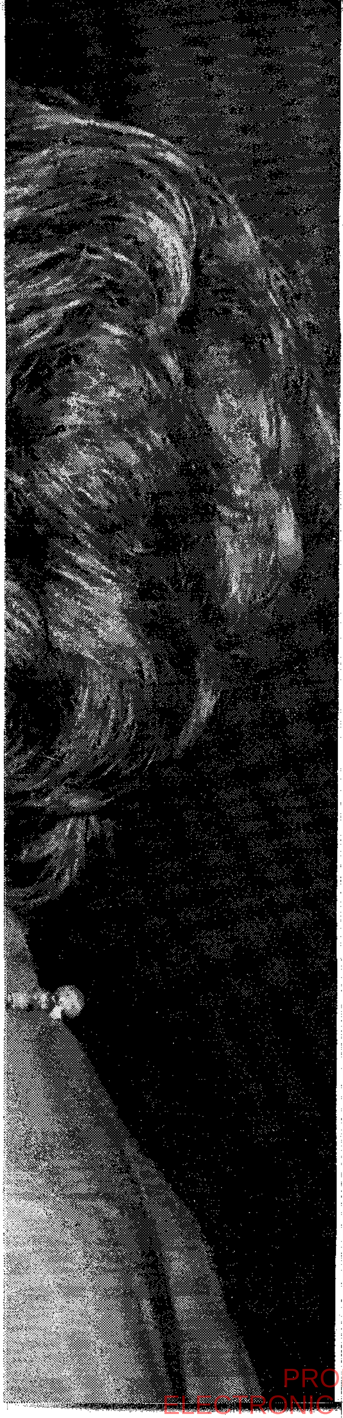
CLASSIFIED AD FOR a used car: "Owned by a young fellow—used mostly for parking." —MRS. PATRICE CLICK

THE COMPLICATIONS of modern life are epitomized in a traffic sign at an intersection of superhighways near Chicago: "To Make Left Turn Make Two Right Turns." —GEORGE HALL



Many said she would never find happiness, but her unlikely marriage has brought a surprising, new emotional security and a love beyond her fondest dreams

BY NANCY SPAIN



I DO WISH YOU'D FIND someone nice and new for Margaret," Queen Elizabeth used to urge her own close circle of friends. As it turned out, however, the Queen's concern for her younger, unmarried sister was needless. For Princess Margaret in 1960 had found someone new and nice all by herself. Yet the world watching the wedding on television a year ago wondered, like the guests at so many weddings, whether bridegroom Anthony Armstrong-Jones, the commoner-photographer, would make his princess happy. Somehow, rumor and downright invention have flooded the press about the "situation" in 10 Kensington Palace. Last year Cronin the butler left, hooking himself a $15,000 a year job in a Florida Jai Alai establishment (Margaret paid him $2,240) and $22,400 in serial rights as he went. One footman had to be "restrained" by the Queen Mother from publishing his memoirs, and another quit. Even the uninformative official communiqués from 10 Kensington Palace seem to give the impression that the Joneses have some strange and guilty secret to hide from the world. The Joneses' public appearances do nothing to dispel this idea. She looks so white and nervous. He appears so often tense and grim. But their looks honestly belie them.

In private, Tony and Margaret are (and always have been) radiantly, blazingly, slightly embarrassingly in love. When they go out to lunch in a friend's house they are inclined to enter hand-in-hand. When Margaret wants a cigarette (she has cut down from 40 Chesterfields a day to four, which Tony carries in his cigarette case) and her host offers her one, she invariably replies:

"No, thank you. My darling has mine. . . ."

Margaret, before her meeting with Tony, was a girl who had lost her way. She would stay up all night, exhaust herself by taking guests back to Clarence House, the Queen Mother's residence and Margaret's former home. She would play the piano there until three in the morning, and then guiltily push the chairs back into place, saying:

"I don't want Mummy to know I've been up so late."

But now all these signs of emotional insecurity have vanished. It is a new Margaret who is in bed by 10 P.M., who wakes at 8 A.M. and who sings in the bathroom with Tony. They share a bathroom, which connects her bedroom with his dressing room and the duets (inevitably from *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific*) ring across the courtyards of Kensington Palace.

Yet far from complaining about this, "the neighbors" (who include

Tenseness in public, friends say, obscures the couple's warm, mutual devotion.

the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Beaufort and Princess Alice of Athlone) think it "delightful" that the young people should be so enchanted with one another.

"I think it's very nice indeed for her to have him," one of the inner circle told me. "She has been lonely in all the ways that matter for far too long."

Until Tony started his new job at the Council of Industrial Design, the Joneses' official day began at 9:15 when the breakfast trays went up. Margaret usually has fruit juice, fruit, toast, marmalade and her own special blend of tea. Tony often has kippered herring—his favorite food.

At 9:45, Margaret's personal maid, Mrs. Ruby Macdonald, enters to "dress" her. Using the back door, she arrives from Clarence House. And by 10:30 Margaret is waiting in the white-walled drawing room to choose between the two menus sent up by Mrs. Miles, the cook.

As bachelor, Tony threw parties in his studio.

Meals are very simple—usually a main dish, salad and dessert. They eat cutlets with their fingers and pick the last bit of meat from a chicken bone. They seldom eat sweets and drink only moderately.

The dining room holds ten—small to one used to Buckingham Palace, but sheer luxury to Tony. When they are alone, Tony often takes off his jacket, hangs it on the back of his chair and eats in his shirt sleeves, while Margaret looks on with total indulgence.

When they entertain, Margaret and Tony confine themselves to very small intimate parties. All of the guests gossip like mad. Quite often Margaret writes down the witty remarks on a pad in a silver holder so she can repeat the cracks next day to some other of her friends within the charmed circle.

Being an intimate friend of the Joneses can be wildly expensive. One

SUSAN HAMPSHIRE
PATRICIA ROUTLEDGE
A NEW MUSICAL
FOLLOW THAT GIRL
JULIAN SLADE

of the favored few upon whom the Joneses can drop in at any time moaned the other day: "The bill for flowers, cut flowers—you wouldn't believe it! We have to have the house filled with flowers in case they come. And they never give us any warning."

And when they visit friends for the week end, the host and hostess must be prepared for royal prerogatives and eccentricities. Before dinner, Tony and Margaret may disappear to their rooms at 7 P.M. and not come down until 9:30 P.M. Hostesses have learned to avoid anything that can spoil if kept waiting. The Princess must see the list of guests weeks in advance, with a dossier on each. Margaret likes to prepare her conversation. Total strangers feel flattered when they find Margaret and Tony know all their interests.

They both go to church on Sunday morning, no matter where they are. Tony was not a regular churchgoer, but since his marriage he's become involved in the royal family's position in the Church of England.

Margaret's character is a strange list of contradictions. She adores being royal, yet hankers after normal womanhood. She insists on rigid protocol for everyone else, but is still getting away with all the pranks

Tony heeds advice on sign as they leave theater (left) Regular playgoers, they saw "West Side Story" four times. At lunchtime, Meg often picks Tony up at office in their Rolls Royce. When he drives, she dutifully gives turn signals.

that made her such a delightfully kittenish, baby Princess. Now that Tony is a "working man" again, Margaret is showing signs of becoming a sentimental and possessive wife. She has thrown his office into a tailspin by driving to mid-London in one of their three cars (Rolls Royce, Rover and Mini-minor) to pick him up for lunch. And when Tony drives the Rolls (license plate XLP 920), Margaret can be seen giving traffic signals.

Like Tony, Margaret longs to be self-sufficient. She prefers the sort of cozy atmosphere where people wait on themselves, and there is no servant around to restrain conversation. Quite often, Mrs. Miles leaves steaks, peeled potatoes and salad so Margaret can cook for her guests after the theater. When they do this they stack the dishes in the sink.

The days are over when Margaret would visit a friend's bachelor flat after the theater and wander around picking up scattered laundry, occasionally pouring a glass of neat Scotch from a bottle left around. Nowadays, her most Bohemian lapse is occasionally to open her own front door to greet guests.

When Tony is alone for the afternoon he often works in the darkroom converted from a servants' sitting room. Friends who have seen his latest work say Tony is better than ever, though, of course, he is not allowed to publish his candid photos of his royal in-laws.

From the darkroom, Tony, the "good mixer," the lover of chat and gossip, is often drawn to the servants' hall. Here are cups and cups of tea, as in the old days at his Pimlico studio. He shows the sort of friendly interest in other people's problems that has earned him the reputation, below stairs, as "the most charming man anyone has ever known."

Possibly the publication of Cronin's story did Tony more good than harm. All the world felt sympathy for a man who wanted to make his own wine racks, who tried to cut down on expenditures, who wanted the butler to knock on the drawing-room door of a newly married pair.

Much has been printed about Tony's apparent lack of regular paid employment. Many people groan because a boy of such ability has been "allowed to molder" in the royal cage. Perhaps not everyone realizes the importance of his role in the life of the new, radiant Princess Royal.

Some years ago, Tony (who was once a sports clothes designer) asked a very famous London hairdresser to teach him the tricks of his trade. He wanted to know everything about beer, egg and color rinses. Now he's put his knowledge to good use. With an artistic director of Tony's talent taking an interest in her hair, clothes, shoes, accessories and make-up, Margaret herself would have something to say if someone involved her husband in yet another full-time occupation.

Tony used not to give a hoot about what he wore, nor how he wore it. But life inside the royal goldfish bowl has transformed him into a dandy. He spends as much time before his mirror as Margaret does before hers. All his new suits are navy blue or gray. The tighter-than-tight jeans are gone forever. At one time his hair would have grown long, unnoticed. Now his grooming is impeccable.

Margaret has always been a tremendous sentimentalist. But Tony, determined, ambitious, has had to face facts with a stern competence ever since, at the age of 16, he contracted polio and knew he would never again be able to use the tendons of his right foot properly.

To this day he wears boots (a five-year-old pair—Tony can't bear to throw anything away), partly to conceal the stiffness but also to help him walk firmly. Now that his life has become more sedentary (in the old days he would leap all over the studio) he is limping again.

No one would expect a woman (no matter how happily married) to adopt all her husband's tastes.

Margaret won't waltz, loves word games (although Tony loathes them), adores acting and dressing-up and enjoys certain card games like Canasta (Tony detests cards).

Tony hates animals—the only pet he ever had was a white mouse. This is one of the things few people know about him. It explains the departure of Margaret's two prize-winning Sealyhams, Pippin and Johnny, to

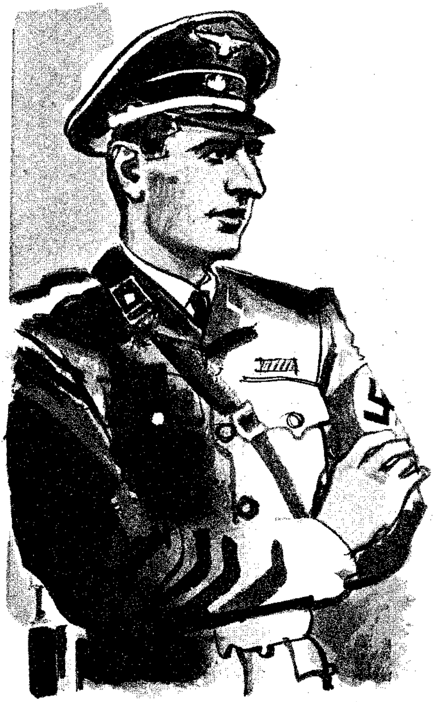
Windsor. But she's kept her beloved King Charles spaniel, Roly.

Tony adores carnivals and riding on the big dippers, Ferris wheels, dodgem cars and all the rest of it. Margaret will have none of it. They are on common ground, however, in their love of the theater. They went to see *West Side Story* four times in the six months before they were engaged. Since their marriage they have seen most of the new shows. Their effect upon public taste cannot be overestimated. They have that elusive quality—leadership. If Margaret or Tony say they like a certain show or tune, you may depend upon it: it becomes a hit.

Yet, as a couple, they are neither one thing nor the other, neither quite royal nor yet entirely middle-class. Their situation is unique in the world.

When the Queen Mother visited them recently and went downstairs to thank the staff for her lunch, she summed the whole thing up: "What fun it is," she said, "to be in at the beginning of such a new house!"

For fun is at the heart of Tony's and Margaret's marriage. They have fun when they visit an antique shop at Bradford-on-Avon and play an electric organ. They have fun dancing in Ireland, fun when they make a public appearance as they did in Brussels and Norway. People everywhere, when they see Tony, as he steadies and encourages the small, imperious figure by his side, recognize the depth of their love, and are warmed by the old, old story of the Princess and her humbly born Prince Charming. ♛

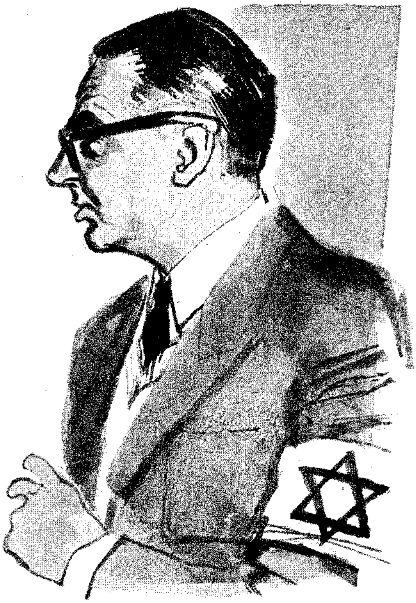


Eichmann's last victim

BY MEYER LEVIN

Author of "Compulsion"

THERE BEFORE ME in the Jerusalem courtroom, expressionless in his glass cage, sat Adolf Eichmann. Six million Jewish lives stained his hands, yet as I watched him on trial for his life, my thoughts drifted back to the tragic fate of one man—Dr. Rudolf Kastner—Eichmann's last victim. ■ A Hungarian Jewish underground leader who negotiated with the Nazis and saved many of his people from extermination, Dr. Kastner did not perish in the ovens or gas chambers of Auschwitz. Ironically he died 12 years after the war, assassinated by fellow Jews who charged that he had collaborated with Eichmann. In fact, at a controversial trial that shook Israel in 1957, Judge Benjamin Halevy ruled that in bargaining with Eichmann for Jewish lives, Kastner had "sold his soul to the devil." ■ No single Jew confronted Eichmann as often as Dr. Kastner. Day after day he stood up to the Nazi genocide specialist—and now, even in death, he challenges Eichmann's "not guilty" plea. For Kastner left a book-length report showing that Eichmann was not merely, as he has claimed, a "soldier carrying out orders." Quite the contrary. According to Kastner, to kill more Jews, Eichmann even schemed to disobey his S.S. superior, Reichsfuehrer Heinrich Himmler. ■ In another stroke of irony, this same Judge Halevy who presided over the Kastner case now sits in judgment on the "devil" himself—Adolf Eichmann. ■ The tangled, passionate story of Rudolf Kastner still casts a long shadow across Israel and the Eichmann trial, since it spotlights an agonizing question that remains to torment us: "Is a man justified in bargaining with the devil to save human life?" ■ Rudolf Kastner and Adolf Eichmann first met in 1944. Eichmann had just arrived in Budapest to administer the fatal "final solution" to Hungary's Jews. Like all Nazi-era stories of life and death, this one is a delicately complex honeycomb of intrigue, cupidity and cour-



Rudolf Kastner bargained with the devil to save lives—and paid with his own. Now from the grave, he cries out for justice

age. During World War II, Hungary was a dubious ally of the Germans, leading many Hungarian Jews to believe that their government would never turn them over to the Nazis. But Rudolf Kastner had no illusions. A sophisticated journalist—editor of Central Europe's lone Zionist daily newspaper—he was sure that every Jew in Europe faced death. Though he and his wife wanted children, he told her they could not bring a child into the world until Hitler was defeated.

When Kastner's publication was closed down, he went to Budapest, where the weak Zionist movement was still officially allowed to operate. There he met a remarkable couple, Joel and Hansi Brand. Together, these three organized an "underground railroad" to save the stream of Jewish refugees from Poland, who brought with them the first tales of systematic Nazi murders. Kastner took care of political contacts, while Brand handled practical matters, such as falsifying documents and locating hiding places for the fugitives.

For two feverish years, while Eichmann's agents slaughtered Jews in neighboring countries, more than 10,000 were smuggled into Budapest. A dozen children's homes were set up by Hansi Brand, who now runs an orphanage in Tel Aviv.

THEN—in March 1944—came Hungary's turn. Eichmann moved into Budapest's Majestic Hotel and took personal charge of the *blitzkrieg* campaign to exterminate Hungary's Jews before the advancing Russian armies could save them. His staff included greedy, music-loving Baron Dieter von Wisliceny, said to be Himmler's relative.

It had been through the Baron, Eichmann's subcommander—less than two years earlier—that Kastner and Brand realized the Nazis might sell Jewish lives. At that time, the Baron had accepted 50,000 pounds sterling—$201,500—from the Kastner-Brand rescue committee in exchange for halting deportations in his area. Thus about 20,000 Jews had gained a year's respite.

Now, in Budapest, the Baron at once again offered his services to the rescue committee—promising to intercede with Himmler for a price.

Hastily gathering two satchels full of pengös—$200,000—from wealthy Budapest Jews, Kastner and Brand turned this "first deposit" over to the Nazis, who pledged that, for a few million dollars more, the deportations would be halted.

Moving swiftly, Eichmann sent Baron von Wisliceny into the countryside to round up Jews for deportation. Then Eichmann went to Berlin to consult with Himmler.

By this time, Himmler had realized that the Nazi game was up. Seeking to establish "credit" for himself with the Allies, he secretly offered to "sell" 1,000,000 Jews. Eichmann was instructed to forward the bid through the Budapest rescue committee, which had contacts in neutral Turkey. When Eichmann returned, he summoned the astonished Brand to his office.

"You know who I am," Eichmann barked. "I brought you here so that we can talk business. . . . I am prepared to sell you 1,000,000 Jews. . . . Blood for money, money for blood. Which do you want to save? Men who can beget children? Women who can bear them? Old people? Children? Sit down and tell me." Eichmann then elaborated on the plan. Knowing that the Jews could never meet the demands, Eichmann had decided to ask for "goods"—10,000 army trucks—to be supplied by the Western Allies, and to be used, Eichmann said craftily, only against the Russians.

Joel Brand and Kastner debated whether even to transmit the offer to the Allies. Meanwhile, they decided to open negotiations with the Nazis, hoping that while they parleyed, the deportations and executions would be stopped. Brand flew to Istanbul, Turkey, in a German plane while Kastner dickered with Eichmann in Budapest.

Eichmann had promised to "keep the Jews on ice," while Brand traveled to Turkey, but Kastner soon heard that the rate of deportations was being increased. From his home town, Cluj, he learned that Jews were being rounded up in the open brickyard by the railroad tracks. His brother, his father-in-law, other members of his family, all were there. It was obvious that Eichmann had no intention of easing up on the Jews. Instead, he accelerated his murder machine, shipping off 12,000 Jews to Auschwitz every day. And every day, Rudolf Kastner came to Eichmann's office in the Majestic Hotel, pleading that the death trains be delayed until Brand could bring a reply.

"No, I'll send more!" Eichmann would shout hoarsely, adding as he looked at Kastner's tense face: "What's the matter, are you losing your nerve? Perhaps I should send you to Auschwitz for a rest cure?"

Firmly, Kastner replied: "I long ago gave up any thought that I might come out of this alive. That's why I can deal with you."

At last a cable came from Brand; the Jewish Agency for Palestine had agreed to negotiate. But Eichmann only laughed. "Anyone can send a cable," he sneered at Kastner. "Why doesn't Brand come back? Where is Brand?"

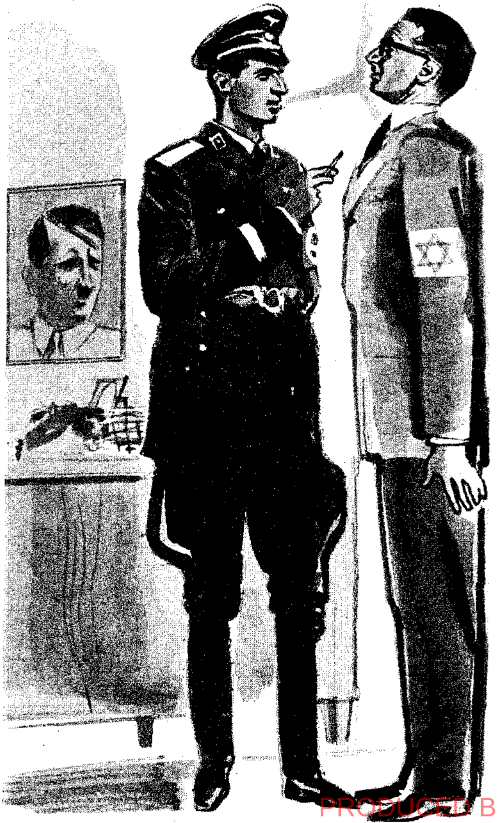
But Brand couldn't come back. Unknown to Kastner, he had been arrested by the British a few days after sending the wire, and subsequently was detained in Cairo for months of questioning, while the strange German offer was discussed.

Thus it was Kastner against Eichmann. He had received word, Kastner told the Nazi, that there could be no negotiations unless the Germans showed a sign of good faith. His rescue committee had a special allotment of 600 entry permits for Palestine. Would Eichmann let the 600 Jews go? Eichmann referred the request to Himmler in Berlin. Himmler agreed.

Kastner, his wife and a rabbi then sat down in their Budapest apartment to play God. Six hundred Jews out of 1,000,000! Each town had a quota. Zionists came first, then rabbis, community leaders, teachers and artists. But it was a tragic, impossible task. When the remaining communities were asked to supply their lists, many refused, saying that they could not make a choice. Others feared that this list, too, was a Nazi ruse, and that the chosen individuals would be sent directly to the gas chambers, instead of to safety.

Word came from Cluj that two deportation trains already had departed. And from other towns came tales of ghastly brutality. Even the Nazis' own deportation procedures, packing 70 people into a boxcar, were being exceeded. In one town, 100 people had been packed into a single boxcar of the small, European variety. Kastner pleaded with Eichmann to show some pity.

Eichmann forced Kastner to stand for hours while he blew smoke in his face.



"You Jews spawn lots of children," retorted Eichmann. "Children don't take up much room so we put in a higher number!"

Kastner would emerge from these sessions white and shaking. Often he had to stand before Eichmann for as long as three hours in a position of rigid military attention. A chain-smoker, he did not dare to light a cigarette, while Eichmann blew smoke rings in his face.

One day Hansi Brand insisted, "When Eichmann lights a cigarette, do the same." Kastner risked it. Nothing happened. Later Eichmann commented on Kastner's silver cigarette case. His daring seemed to have some effect, for Eichmann finally gave the order for the first group of Jews to be brought to Budapest for the rescue train. As soon as Kastner left, however, Eichmann canceled the order.

But Kastner had another Nazi contact who could go directly to Himmler. He was Kurt Becher, head of the Third Reich's Economic Section, who realized that Germany was losing the war. Counting on Becher's terror of Allied retribution, Kastner promised to testify for him after the war if Becher would help to save Jewish lives. Becher promptly contacted Himmler, then reported back to Kastner. "It costs $1,000 a head for a Jew to go to America," Himmler had said, "so we will charge the same price for Jews to get out of German hands."

Fighting for lives, Kastner told Becher: "Let me take a few hundred more of my people. It will be easier to raise the money." Greedily, Becher obliged, and little by little, Kastner increased the list by 1,000 souls. Six coffers of diamonds and gold were amassed, and carried by Hansi Brand to Becher. From all over Hungary where Jews still remained, community leaders, the rabbis, Zionist pioneers—and, sad to relate, some who bought their lives with hard cash—were assembled in a Budapest barracks.

Already 500,000 Hungarian Jews had gone to Auschwitz. In desperation, Kastner sent word to Berlin, informing Himmler that the Allies refused to negotiate unless, as a token of Nazi good faith, a train load of leading Jews was sent out to neutral Switzerland—immediately. Himmler agreed and ordered Eichmann to release the train.

As the freedom train prepared to depart, panic developed among some of the Jews. They were certain it was all a Nazi trick to collect gold and jewels that otherwise might have escaped them. It was a "death train," they wailed. To calm them, Kastner persuaded his own wife to go along. Dazed, protesting, she begged him to come, too. But who, then, would negotiate to save more lives? Kastner stayed.

Before Eichmann allowed the train to leave Budapest, he played one last sadistic joke. The train's orders read: "Destination: *Auspitz.*" To misread Auspitz as Auschwitz was almost inevitable. Stunned, the Jews bribed a Nazi guard into letting them telephone Kastner who rushed to an Eichmann subordinate and had the order clarified. The train's destination was *not* Auschwitz, but Auspitz, an obscure transfer point in Austria.

THE TASK of saving Hungary's remaining Jews still tormented Kastner. Eichmann's murder squads were by then rounding up Jews in Budapest's suburbs. But Joel Brand's mission to Turkey had not failed entirely. From Istanbul, his message had been relayed to President Roosevelt in Washington. Roosevelt promptly sent a special emissary to Turkey to verify the story, and organized an intensive diplomatic campaign. The Hungarian rulers were warned that they would be held responsible for the lives of their Jewish citizens. The King of Sweden, the Pope, the head of the International Red Cross—all joined in the humanitarian appeals.

On the day set for the deportation to Auschwitz of Budapest's Jews, Baron von Wisliceny called Kastner and said, "You have won." Eichmann and his murder crew had been ordered to leave town.

"I'll be back!" Eichmann promised. And in a few months, he was. But in the interim, Kastner managed to secure the release of the "freedom train" that already had left Budapest; the 1,600 Jews aboard had not gone out to Switzerland, but instead had been detained at the notorious Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, while the Nazis waited for their "blood money."

Kastner and Kurt Becher had

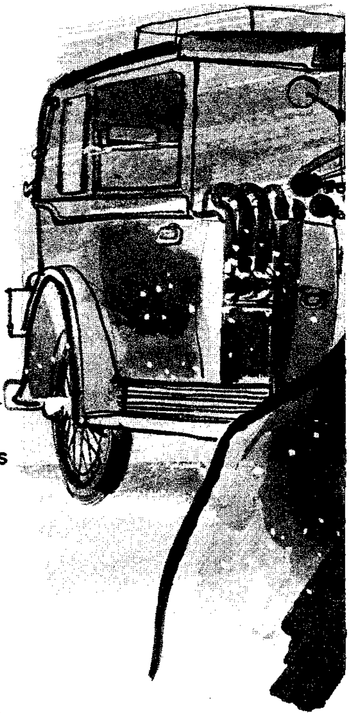
gone to the Swiss border to meet with a man from the American Joint Distribution Committee (the Jewish charity organization). In the middle of a frontier bridge, in a driving rain, they had bargained for Jewish lives. After weeks of such talks, Becher was shown a $5,000,000 deposit account in a Swiss bank.

Though the Nazis were never to get this money, Himmler relented and allowed the freedom train packed with Jews to chug into Switzerland. Hailed as a savior, Kastner sped to Berlin, where Himmler at last ordered the gas chambers to be shut down.

Among the 1,600 Jews thus rescued from the ovens were 30-odd members of Kastner's family. For this, he was never forgiven by many kinsmen of Hungarian Jews who had not been saved. He was accused not only of favoritism but of something much more sinister. In exchange for this "freedom train," Kastner's foes charged, he had agreed to help Eichmann persuade the remainder of Hungary's Jews to go quietly to their deaths—failing to warn them that they were headed for Auschwitz, and instead letting them believe they were going to a safe labor camp inside Hungary.

I have tried to find out how true this accusation was, poring over hundreds of pages of testimony in the Kastner trial. But I cannot find a single clear fact to corroborate this charge beyond doubt. On the contrary, a member of Kastner's underground committee told me how they had sent young boys around on bicycles, with urgent notes to every Jewish family, urging them to flee to Rumania, where conditions for Jews were less oppressive. And Kastner's widow recalled how she and her husband had begged their friends and neighbors to flee. But all had waited—blindly hoping for a miracle.

In November 1944, the Nazis gathered for a last-ditch fight. Eichmann again summoned Kastner to the Majestic. "Here I am!" he snarled. On his own, the Nazi Pharaoh ordered the Budapest Jews out on a death march to Vienna. Hundreds committed suicide or died of typhus, and corpses lined the roadsides. Hansi Brand had managed to get a Red Cross emblem which the German soldiers recog-



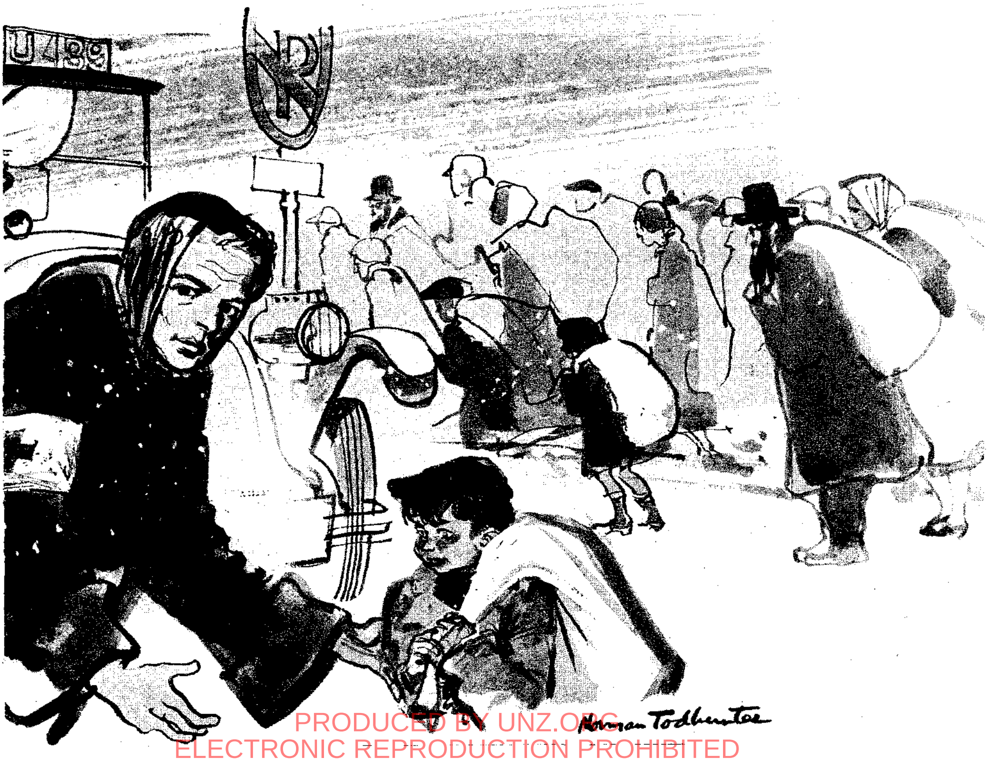
Wearing a fake Red Cross armband, and driving an old taxi, Hansi Brand risked her own life to save Jewish children from Eichmann's death march—begun against orders from Himmler himself.

nized. In an ancient taxi she drove after the column of Jews, snatching children out of the sleet and carrying them back to her barricaded orphanages.

Again, Kastner persuaded Becher to fly to Berlin. Himmler countermanded Eichmann's death-march order. But a few weeks later, Eichmann, on his own, brazenly forced thousands back onto the road. He could defy Himmler with impunity now; the "Thousand-Year" Reich was collapsing and discipline had broken down.

Eichmann eventually fled, one step ahead of the avenging Soviets, while Kastner drove with Becher to several concentration camps to make sure the inmates would be surrendered alive. As the war ended, Becher left Kastner at the Swiss border; then, driving to the Mauthausen concentration camp, he sought out a member of Kastner's committee who had been arrested in the first Budapest days. To the startled, starved Jew, the Nazi handed over the six coffers of Budapest ransom. Later, only a fraction of the treasure was found in them.

After several difficult postwar years, Rudolf Kastner became a radio broadcaster and public relations chief for the Israeli Department of Commerce in Jerusalem. Already, rumors came from Cluj that Hungarian-Jewish Communists were attacking him as a collaborator. He should have ordered re-



sistance, they said, instead of trying to buy lives from the Nazis! And in Israel, this slogan was echoed by the Palestine terrorist group, the Irgun, who now formed a powerful opposition party in the Government. Oddly enough, Kastner's partner, Joel Brand, who had also tried to deal with the Nazis, was not attacked—for Brand had later joined a terrorist group.

Presently, an attack on Kastner appeared in a mimeographed newspaper published by Malkiel Gruenwald, a friend of the Irgun. Kastner had saved his own family while herding others to Auschwitz, the newspaper charged; Gruenwald further disclosed that at Kurt Becher's war crimes trial, Kastner had submitted a deposition favorable to the Nazi, who was subsequently acquitted. Lastly, the newspaper charged that Kastner had shared in the missing loot!

Kastner, a Government official and candidate for the Israel parliament, promptly sued Gruenwald for libel—a suit that soon became a political vendetta. Suddenly Kastner found himself deserted by his friends and thrust into a loneliness "blacker than night, darker than hell"; even people from his "freedom train" hesitated to testify for him!

A brilliant young attorney, Schmuel Tamir, once a commander in the Irgun, seized on Kastner as a symbol of compromise, and tore him apart in weeks of savage cross-examination. "You began as an ambitious leader," Tamir shouted at the sobbing Kastner, "and ended up as a Nazi agent!"

It was Kastner's 1947 deposition for Becher that tripped him up. He made the mistake of trying to play it down, failing himself to produce the document from his files. When Tamir got it from Germany, Kastner was caught in half-statements that were made to look like out-and-out lies. Even Joel Brand, supporting Kastner throughout, condemned him for testifying in Kurt Becher's behalf. "A promise to a Nazi didn't have to be kept!" Brand declared.

Judge Halevy upheld Gruenwald, condemning Kastner on all points except the accusation of sharing the loot. The Israeli cabinet fell, and in the subsequent new elections, the country was plastered with posters against "Kastnerism."

Resigning all his Government posts, Kastner lodged an appeal—certain that Judge Halevy's decision would be reversed. It was—although Kastner never lived to see his vindication. He had been assigned a bodyguard, but after a few months he asked that he be left alone. Then, early on March 4, 1957, Dr. Kastner walked toward the three-room Tel Aviv apartment he shared with his wife and daughter—an apartment presented to him by Jews grateful for his role in rescuing them from Eichmann's death foundries. Suddenly a young man approached him.

"Are you Kastner?" he inquired politely.

"Yes," replied the bespectacled, 50-year-old editor.

Wordlessly, the unknown man drew a revolver, aimed it at Kastner and pulled the trigger. Miraculously, the gun failed to go off. Kastner ran for his life. Again his assailant pulled the trigger. This time the gun fired, and Kastner fell, mortally wounded, on the doorstep of his home. The young gunman fled to a waiting jeep. Kastner died 11 days later, as Israeli police rounded up his assassins, three of whom are now serving life sentences in prison. They were youths influenced by a one-time terrorist who wanted to overthrow the Government.

Shortly after his death, the Israel Supreme Court exonerated Rudolf Kastner—except for giving the Becher testimony.

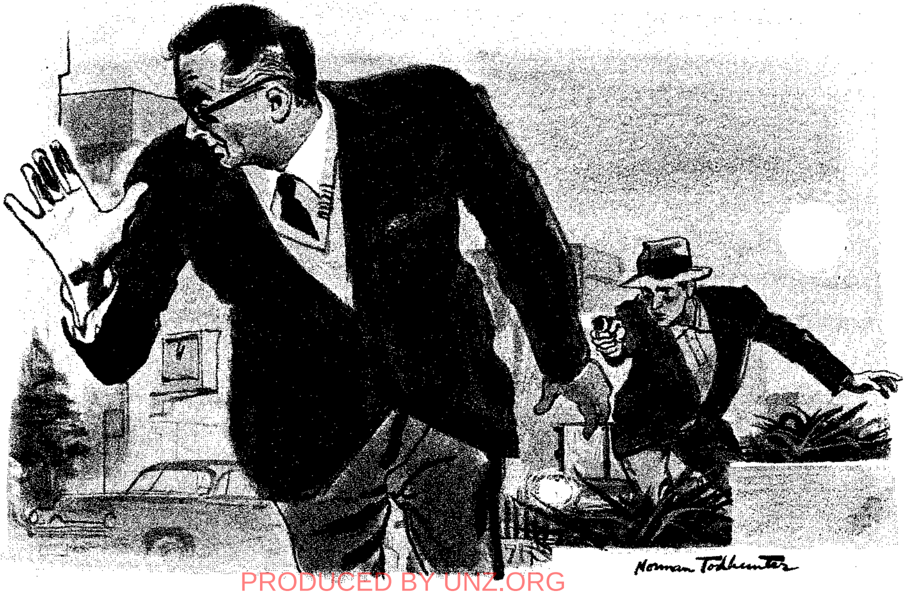
Commented one judge: "Who can see into a man's soul?"

Most people in Israel now feel that Kastner did his best. Elizabeth Kastner believes *she* saw into her husband's soul. He knew he was risking his life in keeping his promise to a Nazi. But Kastner did not believe, as does Eichmann, that in war a man acts on orders alone. He believed that Kurt Becher kept his word to help save Jews. And so, quite simply, Kastner kept his.

"My husband," says his widow, "was a hero."

But however history evaluates Kastner's actions, his life and Eichmann's are once again intertwined—dramatically and inseparably. At this very moment, as the Eichmann trial drones toward its inevitable conclusion, the Great Destroyer finds himself impaled upon the testimony of a dead man who cries out not for vengeance, but for justice. In life, Rudolf Kastner was denied the vindication that was due him. But in death, he has won his transcendent victory.

Israeli terrorists shot Kastner—believing he had betrayed Jews to Eichmann.



BY EVAN MCCLEOD WYLIE

A birth control pill for men

Science has made what
could be a major breakthrough in
the search for a safe,
practical drug to render the human
male temporarily sterile

THIS SUMMER GROUPS OF MEN across the country are acting as guinea pigs in a precedent-setting experiment in human birth control. The men—selected volunteers at hospitals, clinics and medical schools—are taking an odorless, tasteless, aspirin-sized tablet in tests which could bring the world's first practical oral contraceptive for men. Already, in experimental studies, the pill, taken daily, has: *(1) halted dramatically the production of sperm cells in the male sex organs; (2) had no serious side effects; (3) allowed full recovery of fertility within roughly 100 days after discontinuance of dosage; (4) promised to be considerably cheaper than contraceptive pills for women.* News of progress in developing an oral contraceptive for men follows the approval last autumn of the female pill by the U.S. Food and Drug

Administration. Once on the market this pill sold so fast that druggists were unable to keep adequate stocks on hand. Yet the successful launching of the pill for women, rather than making a male pill the next logical step, raises the question: why have a pill for men at all?

The answer lies in the physiological differences between male and female reproductive processes. Many doctors would prefer to prescribe a pill that renders a man temporarily sterile rather than employ hormones (the basis of the female pill) that interfere with the more complex reproductive processes of the woman.

There are also such considerations as the fact that, while a woman releases only one egg a month, the man continuously produces sperm in fantastically large numbers. Also, while a woman can become pregnant only during a few days each month, a fertile male is capable of procreation at any hour of the day and at any moment of the month.

Although only one sperm is required for conception, about 300,000,000 sperm are deposited in the vaginal tract. The tiny cells—with their flattened, oval-shaped heads and long tails—start to swim toward the safety of the uterus where they may survive for as long as 72 hours. By furiously lashing its tail, a sperm, length for length, can swim at a rate equal to that of a fast human swimmer, covering one-quarter of an inch in two minutes.

Yet, as active as they are, sperm have difficulty surviving their journey—equal to a swim, in human terms, of about three or four miles. Only about 2,000 sperm out of millions reach and enter the cervical canal leading to the uterus. Fewer still reach the Fallopian tubes where the egg is fertilized.

The greater reproductive potential of the male helps explain why from ancient times until very recently all of mankind's efforts at birth control have been centered on the sperm rather than the egg. The douche and concoctions of herbs, antiseptic chemical solutions, suppositories and powders have been utilized to prevent conception by eliminating the sperm. Conception is also avoided through the use of devices which mechanically block the progress of the sperm.

Yet all of these techniques—because they have interfered with the physical or psychic aspects of sexual intercourse—have proved to be almost as much of a nuisance as a boon to mankind. In the teeming, underdeveloped countries where the need for birth control is most acute, lack of suitable privacy and sanitation facilities have made such methods almost totally impractical.

With the end of World War II, however, scientists began developing, for the first time in commercial laboratories, synthetic hormones that would interrupt conception in women by halting the monthly release of an egg cell. The new hormone birth control pills for women were the result.

Meanwhile, conducting parallel experiments in men, scientists had discovered that doses of the female hormone, estrogen, would also make a man sterile by reducing his sperm output. At the same time, estrogen drastically reduced virility. Sex drive dropped. Exterior signs of masculinity were replaced by feminizing side effects. Testosterone, the male hormone, produced by the testes, stopped sperm production too, but had to be given by hypodermic needle to be effective. Because of these discouraging factors, few scientists today hold out much hope for a hormone-controlled contraceptive.

As a result, in many laboratories throughout the world, scientists pushed the search for a nonhormonal, oral contraceptive for men.

When the key breakthrough came, it came dramatically; and by accident rather than design.

At the Sterling-Winthrop Research Institute near Rensselaer, New York, scientists were seeking better drugs to combat an often incurable intestinal and liver ailment caused by single-celled animals called amoebae. A team of researchers—Doctors G. O. Potts, D. F. Burnham and A. L. Beyler—noted that a group of substances belonging to the chemical family known as the bis (dichloroacetyl) diamines had caused certain tissues in the testicles of rats to decrease in size.

No such change had occurred in the ovaries of female rats who had also eaten the compounds. Furthermore, when the treated male rats were mated with untreated females, no pregnancies resulted.

In experiments with rats and then with higher animals, including dogs and monkeys, the new diamine compounds apparently rendered the animals sterile by halting sperm production. Yet the drugs did not interfere with the males' sex drive or hormonal activity or harm the animals in any way. When the diamine treatment was discontinued, sperm production was resumed with no evidence of lasting damage to the reproductive organs. Even when the laboratory animals absorbed a dose equivalent in man to a dose of two-and-a-half pounds a day, there were no signs of ill effects.

THE DIAMINE COMPOUNDS were tried on human subjects for the first time about two years ago. In a pioneer study begun by Doctors Carl G. Heller, Donald J. Moore and C. Alvin Paulsen at the Oregon State Penitentiary, prisoner volunteers swallowed a white tablet twice a day.

Nothing happened for two weeks. But between the 14th and 21st day microscopic examination of samples showed both normally shaped and stunted sperm. By the sixth week the sperm were less active and decreased in number. By the tenth week there were virtually no sperm present in the seminal fluid of many volunteers. The tests had proved that the Sterling-Winthrop compound, taken as an oral contraceptive, would render a human male sterile.

Dummy pills when substituted brought no reduction in sperm count—ruling out the possibility of psychological effect. After eight months of continuous dosage, the only side effects reported in humans were some dizziness during the early stages of the experiment and occasional intestinal flatulence.

Yet, as promising as they were, the

tests on the prisoners failed to answer a vital question: would the pills have made them sterile under conditions of frequent intercourse?

To find the answer, doctors, medical students and technicians at hospitals, medical schools and fertility clinics in California and New York began taking the pills daily. Within six weeks their sperm counts were dropping and soon reached what the researchers considered "levels of sterility." Thus far, none of these men has conceived a child while taking the Sterling-Winthrop pills.

Another, perhaps more formidable, side effect resulted from these additional studies. Subjects taking the pills experienced severe reactions to alcoholic drinks. Some developed hot flushes and quickened heartbeats; others experienced violent nausea. Whatever chemical reasons, the diamine compounds and alcohol were not good company.

Chemists at the Rensselaer laboratory are seeking to develop a birth control agent which is compatible with alcohol. Two other bisdiamine drug products of the laboratory are widely used in South America and other countries against amoebic dysentery. Neither has ever been reported to cause side reactions to alcoholic beverages.

Another hoped-for refinement would be a diamine compound that both kills amoebae and suppresses sperm production. A safe pill for both problems would be especially welcome in countries such as India where amoebic dysentery and overpopulation are creating vast health problems.

Meanwhile, scientific observers are debating the future of the diamines as birth control pills. Says one doctor, "We must realize that any drug which has such a drastic effect on the germinal tissues of the testes might have serious long-term effects on the human body. In my opinion, they should be kept in the laboratory for carefully controlled and limited research projects."

In contrast, a population expert, who sees birth control as the world's most pressing problem, urges that a large-scale field trial of the new compounds be launched immediately. "We are witnessing an unprecedented and steadily accelerating rate of growth in man's power over his environment. We still move entirely too slowly in taking advantage of these discoveries. Large-scale tests might have halved the time it took to perfect birth control for women. The same may well be true for these diamine drugs."

Regardless of the medical men, religious groups who oppose birth control are not expected to be any more receptive to male birth control pills than they were to the female oral contraceptives. Speaking of the new diamine pills, a spokesman for the Catholic Church told CORONET: "Any member of the Catholic faith who employs a chemical, in pill form or any other form, for the purpose of preventing conception would be committing an immoral act."

Lawyers suggest that birth control pills for both men and women may stir up a hornet's nest of new legal problems in marital cases. In some states a spouse's refusal to conceive or bear a child constitutes grounds for annulment or divorce. Oral contraceptives would seem to offer either husband or wife the opportunity to regulate pregnancies without a mate's knowledge.

If oral contraceptives for men are perfected, will there be pressure from wives for husbands to take over the responsibility of unwanted pregnancy? This is a possibility since some women suffer slight, though unpleasant side effects from the hormone pills—such as nausea and slight weight gains. Nevertheless, birth control advocates doubt that women would ever depend completely on their husbands for control of pregnancy. They see pills as being used by both husband and wife.

Too, it would take some time, fertility experts point out, for men to become psychologically conditioned to accepting a pill that acted on their sex glands. And another logical fear might be that sperm weakened or made abnormal by a birth control drug might result in an abnormal offspring. Some experts dismiss this possibility on the grounds that the imperfect sperm could never reach the egg.

There is also the point that—because their effect on sperm production closely resembles that caused by illness, heat, cold, emotional stress or other factors—the new diamine compounds could prove invaluable in the study of male infertility. If this should come true—and the diamines also lead to a universally acceptable birth control pill for men—the ultimate effects and benefits of the drug could be limitless.

IN AUGUST CORONET

THE UNTOLD STORY OF DR. TOM DOOLEY

The deeds of Dr. Tom Dooley, famed young jungle doctor of Laos, are legend. Yet his own story has never really been told. Here, revealed by his mother and boyhood friends, is the moving account of how a brash youngster became a modern saint.

A CHANGING CHURCH VIEW OF SEXUAL CONDUCT

Through new interpretations of the Bible and the influences of modern psychology, a new, liberal attitude toward sex has been developing. What once was regarded as sinful is no longer charged with guilt and anxiety. A provocative article people will be talking about.

LEARN MORE ABOUT YOUR EMOTIONS!

Do you know when a person's emotional problems are serious enough to require expert help? What are the causes? The different treatments? The costs? You'll find all the answers and more in CORONET's Special Project No. 4—"What You Should Know About Mental Health."

FACTS FOR FAMILIES section

The latest in time, money and energy saving tips, tricks and techniques to help every member of the family lead a happier, easier, more satisfying life

MONEY-WISE

TRADING STAMP DRIVES: better than money

The same trading stamps you get from your retailer are helping communities all over the country obtain anything from school buses to books for a town library. Hospitals, schools, charities, clubs are all using group trading-stamp plans as a form of fund raising. **Here is how it works.** After your group decides on what you want (items are *not* limited to merchandise listed in catalogues), approach an established trading-stamp company. They will work out the item's value in stamps—each stamp is ordinarily worth three-tenths of one cent—and the company will get it for you when you have the stamps. The largest trading-stamp companies have set up special departments to work with groups on campaigns. Several provide bonus stamps during the drives.

Once you decide what you want and know how many stamps you need, start by asking for stamps already saved (these are valuable only if they are from the same stamp company the group is dealing with). Next, request neighbors to save stamps during the drive. Third: at the end of the period, pick up the stamps. Drives need not be confined to communities but can be conducted nationally.

Here are some examples of items procured with trading stamps:

Three school buses; St. Francis Parish School in Provo, Utah. Each bus cost $9,000; total 11,000,000 stamps. The campaign was nationwide.

An organ; St. Luke's Catholic Church in Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey. Cost: $1,795; 1,372,000 stamps.

Oxygen tent; Good Samaritan Hospital, Suffern, New York. Cost: $425.45; 320,000 stamps.

Projector, film strips and books; Washington Public School, Millburn, New Jersey.
Cost: $172; 114¾ books of stamps.

A pumper; the volunteer fire department, North Lawrence, Ohio. Cost: $18,000; 6,000 books of stamps—saved over a year.

Stanley Pack, a Buffalo, New York, gym teacher, uses trading-stamp contributions—later converted to cash—to help send worthy students through college.

He works out the plan with the local Kiwanis Club, has raised $1,500 this way.

Other campaigns now under way: for a bus at Grace Baptist Church, Anaconda, Montana; for a swimming pool at Camp Lend-a-Hand, Conneaut Lake, near Oil City, Pennsylvania; for 21 college scholarships for students at Pojoaque and Santa Cruz, New Mexico High Schools.

Experience has shown three advantages of a community trading-stamp savings plan. First, fund raisers find it easier to get contributions of stamps than of money. Second, your group may be able to benefit from discounts available to the company for merchandise purchased in quantity. Third, you can raise money with stamps by saving for some item—say a mink stole—and then raffling it off (unless your state laws prohibit such an activity).

If you want to put on a trading-stamp drive, here are some hints:

1. **Make your arrangements with a reliable company.** Check Trading Stamp Institute of America, 11 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

2. **Shop around for the best deal.** It's a highly competitive field and all trading-stamp companies are eager for your business.

3. **Don't restrict your campaign** to stamps that are issued by expensive stores; you will cut down your take.

4. **Set a reasonable goal.** If it is overly ambitious or if the campaign runs too long (three to six months is suggested), the project may fail.

HOMEOWNERS' INSURANCE: three new benefits

It is estimated that half of all insurance on American homes is written under the homeowners' policies covering fire and windstorm damage, theft, liability, medical payments, additional living, etc. Some advantageous changes are now being offered to holders of these policies.

When the homeowner plan was first introduced, a fixed ratio was set between the insured value of the home (100 percent) and the contents (40 percent), except under Form 5, a special policy. Now in 40 states and probably soon in the remaining ten, you can insure the contents of your home for as little as 30 percent of the value of the house (that is $3,000 on a $10,000 home). In the past you had to take out an additional policy to do this.

Previously, outbuildings were insurable only up to ten percent of the insured value of the house. This often proved inadequate. Now there is no limit on the insurable value of outbuildings.

Similarly, a second, seasonal home could previously be insured on the same homeowner policy only for liability. Now one policy can also cover the seasonal home for all types of coverage. **If any of these changes apply to you,** check immediately with your insurance agent. You don't have to wait until your present policy expires to change it.

TAX-FREE SHOPPING: just across the border

Large collections of duty-free merchandise are now available to tourists from the U.S. at two centers located in Canada near the U.S. border: The Niagara Falls Center at Niagara Falls, Ontario, and the Thousand Islands Center just off the Thousand Islands Bridge near Alexandria Bay, New York.

The centers provide savings to U.S. shoppers (Canadians are not eligible except for Canadian-manufactured goods) of 25 to 50 percent. The merchandise, imported into Canada and stored in bonded warehouses, is exempt from Canadian duty and sales tax. If you remain in Canada for 48 hours you may save U.S. excise, sales and customs taxes on $200 of merchandise (increases to $500 after a 12-day visit). If your stay is less than 48 hours you are limited to one $10 gift item per day.

Among the items for sale are Oriental pearls and jade, French perfumes, Irish linens, Japanese and German cameras. Biggest saving is on mounted diamonds which normally carry a 55 percent customs duty plus a ten percent excise tax. The Thousand Islands Center is open every day from April 1 to October 31, 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. The Niagara Falls Center is open 365 days per year, generally at the same hours as other stores.

At both, you buy from display samples, paying in cash, check or with American Express credit card. You declare your receipted purchases at U.S. Customs. Customs returns a copy of the validated declaration to the Center which ships the merchandise directly to your home.

CARS UNDER $2,000: more drive for your dollar?

The compact cars introduced last year by U.S. manufacturers have cut into the total sales of foreign cars in this country. U.S. compact prices start just below $2,000. The foreign manufacturers have responded by bringing out some smaller models, such as the recently introduced Austin 850 ($1,295) and the Toyopet Tiara ($1,613). In addition, prices have been reduced on some models as much as $50.

However, the lowest priced car seen at the recent International Automobile Show at New York City's Coliseum was an American car, the King Midget, at $889 plus taxes. This one cylinder, two-seater weighs only 675 pounds and is said to have a top speed of 50 miles an hour and to average 60 miles to the gallon.

Advantages of owning a small car are in low initial cost; inexpensive operation—although manufacturers claim as high as 100 miles a gallon of gasoline for some models, the average is 25 to 40 mpg; low repair bills; good resale and trade-in; lower insurance.

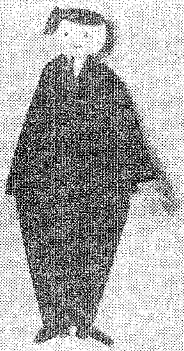
Disadvantages are cramped interiors; a rougher ride on roads that are not smoothly surfaced; less protection in a collision.

Service and resale or trade-in depend mainly on the car's popularity. If a lot of cars of a certain make are sold, there are probably more dealers more widely distributed—hence service and parts are easier to obtain. Too, if a car is widely bought, it finds a ready market for resale or trade-in.

Below is a representative list of foreign and domestic cars which retail for less than $2,000. The foreign car prices are quoted P.O.E. (Port of Entry) for the New York area. Price quotations for the American-made cars are the suggested list prices F.O.B. (Freight on Board) at the factory. All prices are subject to change and do not include the various state and city taxes.

Austin: (850, $1,295; Sprite, $1,795)
BMW (BMW 700 sedan, $1,648)
Chevrolet Corvair: (500 club coupe, $1,920)
DAF: (Standard, $1,395; de luxe, $1,545)
Datsun: (Bluebird, $1,616)
DKW: (750, $1,665; 1000, $1,995)
Dodge Lancer: (770 two-door hard-top, $1,977; 170 two-door sedan, $1,806)
English Ford: (Anglia, $1,608)
Fiat: (600 series, $1,198; 1100 sedan, $1,385)
Ford Comet: (Two-door sedan, $1,830)
Falcon: (Two-door sedan, $1,746)
Hillman: (Minx special, $1,599)
King Midget: ($889)
Metropolitan: (Two-door hard-top, $1,672.60)
Morris: (850, $1,295; 1000, $1,495)
Nash Rambler: (American de luxe 6106, $1,845)
NSU Prinz: (Sedan, $1,398; NSU Sport Prinz, $1,998)
Opel: (Two-door sedan Rekord, $1,987.50)
Renault: (Dauphine, $1,385; Gordini, $1,595; 4CV, $1,095)
SAAB: (Standard SAAB 96, $1,895)
Sabra: (Stationwagon, $1,751)
Simca: (Etoile, $1,398)
Studebaker Lark: (Two-door sedan, $1,935)
Toyopet Tiara: ($1,613)
Triumph: (Herald sedan, $1,798.11; TR 10 super sedan, $1,398.43)
Valiant: (Two-door sedan, $1,953)
Vauxhall: (Victor four-door sedan, $1,987.50)
Volkswagen: (De luxe sedan, $1,595; de luxe Sun Roof, $1,685)
Volvo: (PV 54401, $1,895; PV 54402, $1,995)

HOW TO STAY THIN PERMANENTLY



How I do it

BY ROBERT P. GOLDMAN

Are you one of those perennial dieters who loses ten, 20 or 30 pounds—but never seems able to keep them lost? Then hear this: you can reduce and stay reduced. I've done it. I'm doing it.

Firmly fixed is my motivation for keeping those unwanted pounds away. You really must want to be slim—for looks, for health reasons, to please your wife. And you must be convinced that you *can* change, that you can establish new eating patterns.

In February 1957 I was a 206-pound rolling hill of fat.

For the past three years I have weighed 165, give or take a pound. Here is how I have kept my lost 41 pounds really *gone.*

What to do to level off? First, lose weight. Then, over a period of two weeks, begin eating a little more than when reducing. One day have a two-slice-of-bread sandwich instead of a one-slice-of-bread sandwich. At dinner have a little more mashed potatoes than during the weight-loss days.

But add slightly to just *one* meal a day. Do not take in extra fattening foods, cake, butter, cheese, pie or the like. Increase with foods that are highly nutritious, like meat, fish or vegetables.

All of this assumes that you keep your activity level steady. If your walking, bicycling, doing household chores or exercise drops off, then eat less.

I have found, too, that I can maintain my weight only by continuing certain practices which I employed in my weight-loss program itself.

These permanent parts of my routine are:

1. **Leaving something** on the plate at just about every meal. If I fail to do this, I begin to gain weight. I have no idea how many calories this adds. The caloric total is far less important than the fact that I have been able to maintain my weight at 165 for nearly three years now.

2. **Taking smaller portions** to start with. Size of portions was one very big factor in my overweight all through the years. I play down

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high-calorie foods. I do not eliminate them nor do I eliminate alcoholic beverages. I simply go easy on both.

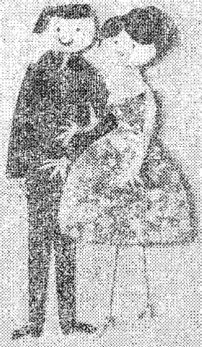
3. I still substitute low-calorie foods for high. Every dieter knows which are which—lean meats, fish and vegetables are low; cake, pastries, fats and starches are high. I virtually never eat fried foods—both because of their calories and because foods prepared in other ways taste better.

4. I continue to work off calories on a level somewhat higher than when I was fat. I do this by walking, playing with the baby, occasionally playing tennis. I sit less and move about more in my daily living. All this is good for the figure—and for your health.

While you're doing these things, watch your weight.

I weigh myself daily. The best time is in the morning. Your stomach is empty and the fluid which has left your body may weigh a half-pound or so, and so you will be lighter for a short time.

After dinner, you will probably weigh one or two pounds more than you did in the morning. Don't let this alarm you. But if your evening weight begins to creep beyond the three-pound limit—that is, the limit beyond your desirable weight level—it is time to take in a tuck in your eating and let out in your activity program.



How I help him

BY MRS. PHYLLIS W. GOLDMAN

When Bob told me he was going to reduce, I decided to take him seriously. First, I bought him a scale. Next, I changed my shopping habits. Instead of pretzels, potato chips, etc., I stocked up on fruit, fruit juices and club soda.

And finally, I changed my cooking routine. I didn't feel that I should cut out foods I liked. So, instead of cooking two portions of potatoes, I made only one—for myself. I prepared separate salads—mine with dressing, his without. Instead of loading the refrigerator with chocolate cake for snacks—I prepared cold chicken (broiled) and no-calorie fruit gelatin. After a while, I stopped pretending I had forgotten to buy fatty foods—just announced I didn't want to put temptation in his way.

This brings me to wifely advice:

1. **Don't be snide** and sarcastic if you want your husband to lose weight. He'll just resent your attitude and this in turn may make him eat more.
2. **Don't urge him constantly.**
3. **Don't set weight-loss quotas.** If you do and he fails, he may decide to junk the entire operation.

Instead:

1. **Do all you can in a quiet way.** Like using a woman's prerogative and changing your mind about what goes into your refrigerator.
2. **Find out ways** to prepare meats, vegetables and desserts in less fattening ways. Fresh fruit can be just as appetizing a dessert (and less trouble) as pudding or pie.
3. **Once you see he's serious,** start with the occasional compliments —without playing it up too big. The wiles of femininity should continue. For instance, even though you have a passionate desire for Italian food, have the spaghetti and ravioli at lunch and steer your ever-loving to a steak house or a seafood place for dinner. For midnight snacks have you ever tried cold roast beef with pickles and sliced tomatoes? Or a fresh fruit salad with a little drop of Curaçao poured over it? Or canned egg plant or shrimp or soup?

It's amazing how a bowl of fresh vegetables will disappear if scraped and cleaned, or how irresistible cold chicken or seafood can look; or how appetizing a carton of cottage cheese can appear with chives or pimentos mixed in. The trick, of course, is abstaining from having a rich cake or pie alongside it.

Here are a few typical meals I planned which are just as appropriate for special guests as when we dine tête-à-tête.

1. **Shrimp creole:** onions, green pepper and mushrooms sautéed in vegetable oil. Shrimp and canned tomatoes added with appropriate seasoning; served with a water cress and cucumber salad and a fresh fruit dessert. Coffee or tea.
2. **Soup, roast beef** (with natural gravy), string beans and applesauce with celery and olives on the side. Gelatin and cookies for dessert. Coffee or tea.
3. **Scallopini of veal,** sautéed in vegetable oil along with green peppers; seasoned with garlic, salt, pepper and lemon juice; served with a green salad and rice, and orange and grapefruit slices for dessert. Tea or coffee.
4. **Broiled chicken** basted with a stock made from parsley, onion and chicken giblets with small amounts of white wine added. Serve with baked potato (a small one and no butter for the weight loser). Apple-raspberry sauce for dessert. Tea or coffee.
5. **Steak,** covered with a mushroom and red wine sauce, green salad and watermelon for dessert. Tea or coffee.
6. **Chef's salad** loaded with lettuce, tomato, cucumber, radishes, Swiss

cheese, cold chicken and lean tongue. Strawberries and plain cookies (he's entitled—if he makes up for it at a later meal) for dessert. Coffee or tea.

7. **Fruit salad** (melon, oranges, grapefruit, berries, grapes) served with cottage cheese and crisp wafers or crackers, with iced tea and cookies for dessert.

8. **Hamburger and raw onions** (for the barbecue set) served with a green salad and sliced melon with a dab of ice cream for dessert. Tea or coffee.

Now that Bob is slim, I find it difficult to realize that he is still watching his weight. The person with a weight problem must learn to live with temptations all his life. But, unlike an alcoholic, he can binge without losing everything.

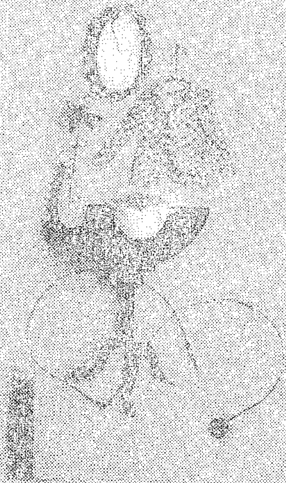
I admit that for me the rewards are a little questionable. I now get beaten regularly at tennis. If a dress starts to look a little tight around the hips or waist, I get an all-knowing warning look from my spouse. And I'm quite aware of the admiring glances my husband's svelte physique gets from other members of my fair sex.

In all seriousness, we are both much happier with Bob's new look. We realize that it was a challenge which he met and conquered with some help from me.

All the world loves a fat man? I don't know. You see, the one I love is thin. *Permanently.*

THERE'S CASH IN YOUR CLOSET

BY JOAN SCOBEY



One snowy afternoon last winter an elderly New York woman drove out to a house in suburban Larchmont. A sign on the unlocked front door read "Sale in Dining Room," so she marched right in.

There were rickety picnic baskets, chipped flower vases and battered baking tins on the dining-room table. Hanging on a metal coat rack was a collection of old clothes ranging from a baby's snowsuit to a man's sport jacket. Arranged around the walls were a play pen, an unstrung tennis racket, broken folding chairs, two scratched end tables and some carpet remnants.

Every item carried a price tag, from ten cents to $8, and men and women were happily rummaging. After poking through the junk for almost an hour, the old lady gleefully pounced upon a broken potato baker. As she paid the housewife 20 cents for it, she said: "I have a terrible weakness for kitchen gadgets."

The gadget-happy woman was one of many bargain hunters, curious strangers, hopeful collectors, friends and neighbors who poured into the house for three days, virtually emptied the dining room of junk, and made the Larchmont housewife $235 richer.

If you think it is virtually impossible to turn a tidy profit on household debris, you are not reckoning with human nature. A price tag on a piece of junk changes its status immediately. To a prospective buyer, an old flatiron becomes an antique; a cup without its saucer becomes a curio.

The announcement of a white elephant sale can attract customers in droves—dealers who plan to resell the junk, young couples trying to furnish their new houses inexpensively, but mostly just people who can't resist a bargain. Some are merely curious to see how other people live. Others are touched by the sentiment of someone else's belongings.

One mother bought a set of doll's clothes made by a little girl. The stitches were crooked and the hem was uneven, but it was clearly a labor of love. Most people who come to a white elephant sale buy *something*.

A young couple stopped in at one sale to look around. They left with ski boots, skis and poles. "We've never skied," the husband said, "but the boots fit, and we might want to try it one day." Other people are embarrassed by their impulse buying. "This toaster isn't for me," one woman explained. "I'm getting it for my neighbor."

Collectors are good customers. They go from sale to sale hoping to add to their collection of teacups or baby spoons or dolls or whatever. Often an impulse purchase at a sale will start somebody on a hobby.

A woman who was looking for small animal figures bought three Toby jugs. "I guess I'll start a collection of these jugs," she said. "Lots of people seem to be getting rid of them and I haven't seen a good animal figure in six sales."

The largest number of customers are do-it-yourselfers. They scrape varnish off old chests and turn them into modern furniture. They glue together broken spinning wheels and wire them for lamps. They saw the legs off old kitchen tables and make children's work benches. They rewire broken toasters and paper walls with curtain material. One woman bought three straw picnic baskets, planning to fit them out as sewing baskets for her daughters.

Another customer begged the owner for the wrought-iron doors between her living room and dining room. "They would make a wonderful headboard," he said. He bought a full-length framed mirror instead.

"I'm going to put the mirror on the closet door, and cane the frame for the headboard," he told her. "Why don't you just make a headboard?" she asked.
"It's more fun this way."

It is easy for a housewife to run her own white elephant sale. Special selling permits are usually not required. Here are the basic steps to take:

1. Gather what you want to get rid of in one room. Small appliances—toasters, radios, cake mixers—are usually in demand; lamps, drapes and pictures seem harder to sell. Don't think that anything is too battered to be put up for sale. People will buy mess kits without forks or spoons and incomplete sets of dishes. The substitute for quality is quantity. If you can't produce enough junk of your own, run a joint sale with a friend.

2. Display your junk like bargains—not too fancy or neat. People love to rummage.

3. Price each item (you can compare with local secondhand stores) at what people will pay. The following prices are suggested for some common household odds and ends: thermos bottle—50 cents; broiler—$7; toaster—$3; pair of rubbers—$1; play pen—$4; old best sellers—50 cents; mess kits—75 cents; pair of curtains—$1; ice skates—$3.

4. Advertise. Send postcards to friends, tack a notice up at church, at school, at the supermarket and on any other public bulletin board. Put an ad in the local paper; chronic sale followers read the want ads.

5. Limit the sale to one week or less. Accept bids on large items—furniture, appliances—and sell to the top bidder at the sale's end.

6. The customer is responsible for carting his purchases away. Have the name of a trucker to offer to buyers of big items. Keep a book of blank checks handy.

A white elephant sale is an easy, profitable way to clean out that mountain of junk in the attic. There's just one word of caution: be careful when you go to other people's sales, or you'll have a houseful of *new* junk.

IT CAN PAY TO MOVE A HOUSE

BY CHESTER D. CAMPBELL

As the multibillion dollar interstate highway program bulldozes its way across the U. S., and as commercial development of once-fashionable residential areas invades the suburbs, thousands of houses otherwise doomed to the wrecking bar are being offered for sale at tremendous bargains. Many sturdy, well-kept residences can be bought for only a few hundred dollars. Jacked up onto rubber-tired dollies and moved to new locations, these cash-and-carry homes can double in value, after accounting for moving and installation costs.

In a suburb of Memphis, Tennessee, for example, ten modern brick homes in the $10,500-$13,500 class recently were auctioned for an average of $500. After having the houses moved and put into shape for occupancy, the new owners had spent approximately $7,500 for houses worth more than a third again as much.

Another couple paid $2,000 for a seven-room brick house—a bit high as such structures go. They carted it off to a new location, did extensive remodeling and made additions to the tune of $8,000. But today the house is valued at $18,000.

Working the house-moving game differently was a family that had an ideal lot, but a house that was too small when children came along. They moved their house to a new lot, sold it at a good profit, and applied the proceeds toward building a bigger home where the old one had stood.

What does it cost? Powell Winn, partner in the 56-year-old Winn Brothers Engineering Co. of Nashville, Tennessee, gives this breakdown on an average rectangular house with six rooms and a bath, full basement, standard kitchen and heating equipment:

Salvage price of house: $1,000; **moving cost,** $1,750; **new foundation, steps, porches, basement,** $1,500; **new water and sewer connections, replacement of pipes under the house,** $600; **electrical service,** $100; **grading and landscaping,** $250. **Total cost:** $5,200. **Based on industry estimates** (averaging $10 per square foot), it would cost about $12,000 to build such a house.

These are average figures. The outlay can vary widely depending on a number of considerations. A heavy house of irregular dimensions requires more equipment and more time to move (the average job takes one week to a month, depending on such variables as weather and time of year). The house's dimensions also determine what it will cost to clear the way.

If a house is going to ride higher than 18 feet above the pavement, it must contend with the maze of wires found draped across most streets. The answer is to raise the wires or splice on extra lengths so they can be hoisted by hand as the house trundles beneath. Utility companies usually will do the work at cost—but that cost might easily become a deciding factor.

After the eight-block haul of a two-story apartment building through a congested section of San Francisco a few years ago, utility firms presented bills totaling $2,500 for snipping power, telephone and trolley wires. It is wise to be sure property owners on the moving route will allow movers to cut tree limbs that may be in the way.

House movers are not often stumped by such problems. An industry that has performed such feats as transplanting the 6,000,000-pound gray stone Mariner's Church two blocks in downtown Detroit, moving a seven-story brick and concrete department store in Montreal and carting entire towns out of the path of the St. Lawrence Seaway, has no trouble getting a house past a bridge or underpass. They simply whack the peak of the roof down to size and put it back later as good as new. If they find roads and bridges too narrow, they may skip the highways and load the houses onto river barges instead.

One of the largest residential moves involved a 32-unit apartment building in the way of a Los Angeles freeway. A rambling, three-story structure, it was chopped into three sections for a move of several blocks, then fitted back together. The owner's total investment was $57,750, for a building which then had an estimated value of $100,000.

Typically, when a house is ready to move, with pipes and wires disconnected and easily broken housewares packed up, a crew of four to six men will gently lift it off its foundation with large steel jacks. Then they will set it down, supported by heavy beams, on eight-wheeled, rubber-tired dollies placed two in back and one in front. After the front dolly is hitched to a truck or tractor, the house goes rumbling on its way.

Frequently, houses are moved only a short distance on the same lot. This may be necessary because of a street-widening project. Often it's done to make room for a lucrative commercial building. And sometimes a house's value can be hiked simply by changing the direction that it faces.

A house of almost any type construction is movable if it is in good condition. Age is no bar to moving a well-constructed house. One company successfully negotiated an 11½-mile haul with a large, two-story frame house built around 1814. Frame is the simplest to handle. Prefabricated homes can be dismantled, but normally it is faster and cheaper to move them intact.

Most ticklish are masonry houses. In fact, the majority of movers won't fool with them, contending it's "worse than handling a crate of eggs." Because they're heavier and must be babied along, masonry houses are the most costly to move.

On the other hand, masonry homes can often be had at a startling price because the seller figures they'll have to be wrecked. For instance, a group of $20,000-$30,000 brick residences in Cincinnati, Ohio, were sold not long ago for only $200-$1,200 apiece. By using special hydraulic equipment, a skilled mover whisked them away without so much as a crack in the plaster.

J. D. Callahan, a California equipment maker, estimates that there are some 1,000 house movers in the U.S. and Canada today. But with the current boom, there's no surplus. It is wise to book one well ahead, and get a firm commitment, because in most cases the buyer has a time limit to take his purchase away.

City engineers or building inspectors who deal with house movers in the course of their work can usually advise which movers are available. Bankers and real estate men may be able to do so too, or to put a buyer in touch with people who have had houses moved recently.

And when you do find a good house mover you can be as confident as the lady in Butler, Tennessee, a little town that pulled up stakes and vacated land to be flooded by the Tennessee Valley Authority's Watauga Dam. She continued to live at home all during the move, even when her neat frame house splashed across a broad but shallow section of the Watauga River in the wake of a chugging bulldozer.

BE YOUR OWN INTERIOR DECORATOR

BY DANA LEE WHITE

Are you tired of your old house; or are you decorating a new one? If you hire a decorator to "do it up right," you might have a house as attractive as those pictured in magazines. But, would you be able to *live* in it without spoiling the picture? And you might tire of it in two or three years. Why not decorate it yourself and have all the fun?

Get ideas from others; but you will not find it necessary to follow every whim of decorative fashion. Consider how to make your home reflect the personalities of the people who live in it, and how it can give them the most satisfaction and happiness. Then your home will never be out of style. It will be *your style*, and it will have a personality of its own.

How to accomplish this? It is the result of the efforts and ideas of all the members of your family—plus a very few rules to help guide you. There is nothing sacrosanct about these rules. If you understand a rule and its purpose, but the effect you want means deliberately breaking that rule, by all means go ahead and break it.

COLOR

Too much of a bright, warm color (example: red) can be nerve-racking. Too much of a dull, cold color (example: gray) can be deadening. Also, too many colors can be confusing. Therefore:

1. **It is best not to use more than three** colors at a time in any one room or area.

2. **Sixty percent of the room** should be in a soft background color.

3. **Thirty percent of the color** should be more dominant but harmonizing.

4. **Ten percent of the color** should be a brighter accent to give the room interest. Incidental colors on books, etc. don't count, nor do the neutral colors (black, gray or white), nor the colors in woodwork and wooden furniture. Good effects can be achieved with two colors or with different shades and tints of one color.

Today, any color may be used in any room of the house. However, there are a few precautions: for example, if you plan to use red in a small, sunny room it would be better to use less than 30 percent. A red candy-striped bedspread would be better than red walls. If blue is too cold in a northeast room, liven it up with touches of yellow or orange. *In deciding what colors to use and how much of them to use, consider the size of the room* (a larger room can stand brighter colors and in larger amounts) *and the amount of sunshine or light.*

Choose pleasant colors. An irritating color can ruin a good disposition or cause a person to avoid a room. Any color on a wall or large area will look much brighter and stronger than it did in the sample. Remember, rooms open on to each other, so the colors in each room should be visualized in relation to adjoining rooms.

PATTERN AND LINE

Too many patterns are confusing; and confusion is unattractive and disturbing. Use only one pattern and two plains; or a pattern, a stripe and a plain in an area. Pattern is like color: the bolder and brighter the pattern, the less you use. Stick to the color percentages —60, 30, ten percent. An exception to the rule of using only one pattern could be made if the two patterns are very similar in design, and if one is large and one is small. Adjoining rooms should not have conflicting patterns.

The lines of a room come from its proportions, the sizes and shapes of the furniture, curtain and window treatments, picture groupings, etc. Vertical lines create an impression of formality, stiffness and dignity. Horizontal lines are informal, spacious and comfortable. Diagonal lines can add sophistication, but can also give a feeling of clutter and should, therefore, be used carefully. Curved lines are feminine; straight, masculine.

ARRANGING FURNITURE

There should be enough comfortable, well-lighted reading spots so that each member of the family can read in the living room at the same time. If hobbies and special interests are provided for, family members will want to spend more time at home.

The living room should have differently sized and shaped chairs to fit the different people likely to sit in them. Furniture with more simple lines is often more comfortable than overstuffed upholstery, and more beautiful. You won't tire quickly of a well-designed piece. Buy the best quality your budget can stand, considering the length of time each piece will be used.

In arranging furniture first place heavy pieces evenly around the room, so that no side seems heavier than the other. Long pieces, like sofas, should be placed along long walls. Make a fireplace or picture window important by putting comfortable chairs nearby. Don't obstruct the view from a window or prevent easy access for an opening. Never place large pieces across corners. All pieces (and rugs) should follow the lines of the room. No rule says they must be pushed up against walls; but don't place furniture so that you must walk around it. Keep traffic areas open. Easy access to a room makes it more open and inviting.

After the heavier pieces are placed the smaller pieces should be arranged. Sofas and chairs will need tables and lamps, but keep these in scale with the furniture. Don't put squatty lamps with heavy pieces. Lamp tables should be level with the arms of chairs, or with the seats if there are no arms.

Eliminate unnecessary articles. They only add to clutter. Start by removing one thing at a time. Whenever you miss something, put it back. If it isn't missed it is probably unnecessary. Get rid of ugly pieces. One ugly piece of furniture can ruin the whole room.

COORDINATING FURNITURE AND BACKGROUND

If you are starting to decorate from scratch, don't be in a rush to buy things. Take your time and really shop for what you want.

There are so many periods and styles they can be very confusing. But they can all be boiled down to major categories: formal and informal; traditional and modern. What kind of family is yours? Do you entertain formally with fine linens, crystal and silver? Or do you prefer buffet suppers and back-yard barbecues? Stick to your type in decorating your home. Consider, too, the architectural style of your house and neighborhood. Café curtains and ranch tables don't belong in Georgian homes.

Here is a list of some formal and informal periods and materials:

FORMAL	INFORMAL
PERIODS	
Queen Anne	Early American
Victorian	Pennsylvania Dutch
English Georgian	Cape Cod
Empire	French Provincial
Louis XV	Southwest Provincial
Directoire	Italian Provincial
Louis XVI	Danish Modern (some of it)
Federal	
WOODS	
mahogany	fruit wood
walnut	maple
rosewood	light woods generally
satinwood	bamboo
dark woods generally	knotty pine
DESIGNS	
scenic pattern (court life)	provincial patterns
Chinese patterns	Indian designs
COVERINGS	
silk	sailcloth
fine linen	coarse linen
damask	rawhide
faille	gingham
velvet	corduroy
brocade	cretonne
leather	tweed
ACCESSORIES	
china	pottery
silver	copper
crystal	brass

Do you prefer the traditional or modern styles of furniture? Both are acceptable. You can mix the periods, if (*a*) *all the pieces have the same degree of formality or informality and the same quality of construction, and* (*b*) *if you use them in unequal amounts.* For example: a room may be predominantly modern, but include a few traditional pieces. Any of the informal periods may be intermixed; so may any of the formal periods. A few dark pieces may be used with light woods, or vice versa, providing they are, again, used in unequal amounts and have the same degree of formality and quality of construction.

ACCESSORIES

1. Lamps. Lamps for formal rooms should have bases of simple line and design and plain silk shades. Ruffled gingham and parchment shades belong in informal rooms, as do bases made of salt boxes, jugs, etc. Even in informal rooms simple designs are better; only basic materials are changed. Don't use too many pairs, and keep all lamps about the same height, with similarly colored shades.

2. Pictures. Often stores and dealers will let you take a picture home and "live with it" for awhile to determine just how you feel about it. It is better to keep religious pictures and photographs off the walls of rooms in general use. Exceptions might be made if you are making a collection part of the decorative scheme, even making it a focal point of the room.

Don't group pictures in stairstep fashion, unless they are along a stairway. Group them in horizontal or vertical lines, and keep them close enough so that they appear as one major unit. Also, *don't group unrelated subjects.*

Pictures should be hung at a good viewing level, flat against the wall with no wires showing. Hang pictures as part of a grouping of furniture, not as separate islands. It is better to have no pictures than too many.

3. Knickknacks. Too many knickknacks tend to clutter the room. Make use of collections or prized heirlooms. Plants and flowers add warmth and cheerfulness and give the room a finished touch.

4. Windows. Don't skimp on the windows! A good window treatment does as much for the room as an important piece of furniture. Remember: windows are to *use.*

So much for basics and fundamentals. If you want to go on with the subject you will find a wealth of information in books, magazines, newspapers, department stores, etc. You won't like everything you see, or agree with everything you read and hear, but you should be able to decide what you want. You can accept what is useful and discard what isn't. The main thing is to suit your furnishings to *your* way of life; and the door is open for a lifetime of decorating fun.

merry mixups

A LADY DINER called the waiter over to her table and complained, "Waiter, these beans seem very stringy."

"Perhaps it would help, madam," suggested the waiter with a raised eyebrow, "if you tried eating them with your veil up." —FRANK R. DOOLEY

STATIONED IN AUSTRALIA, an American Army officer decided to go on a kangaroo hunt. He climbed into his jeep and instructed his driver to proceed to the plains in quest of a kangaroo. No sooner had they reached the wide-open spaces when they spotted one, and the driver drove the jeep in hot pursuit.

For some time they went at breakneck speed without gaining on the animal. Finally, the driver shouted to the officer, "There's no use chasing that thing, sir."

"Why not?" asked the officer.

" 'Cause we're now doin' 65, and that critter ain't even put his front feet down yet!" —ALMA MINZER

AFTER LONG ARGUMENTS, the big-game sportsman finally agreed to take his wife on a hunting trip to Africa. When they returned months later, he had virtually no trophies, but his wife proudly displayed a superb lion's head.

"Did she hit it with that Magnum rifle you bought her?" a friend asked the husband.

"No," he replied sourly, "she hit it with the 1961 station wagon we rented." —DAN BENNETT (*Family Weekly*)

THE DRUGGIST EXAMINED the doctor's prescription a teenage miss had handed him and asked, "Wait?"

The young woman looked a bit bewildered, but stepped on a scale next to the counter. Dropping in a penny, she announced to the surprised pharmacist, "112." —GENE LEROY

A DOCTOR AND a young man met at a cocktail party.

"I want to thank you, doctor," said the young man, "for the benefit I have gained from your treatment."

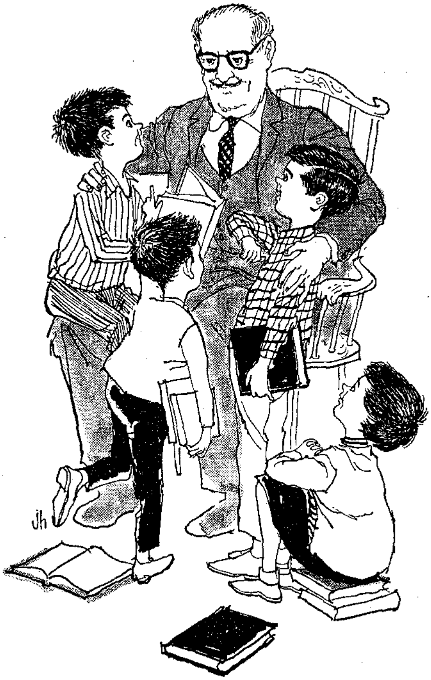
The doctor looked at him blankly. "But I don't think you are a patient of mine," he finally said.

"No, I'm not," came the cheerful reply. "But my uncle was, and I'm his heir." —RICHARD WHEELER

Now Juanito can read

BY KEITH ELLIOTT

Felix Tijerina, field hand
turned tycoon,
is giving Mexican-American
kids in Texas
the precious gift of
English language



A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL with grave brown eyes held up her hand in a Ganado, Texas, classroom one hot, dusty day in 1946. It was Isabel Verber's first day in school. Shyly she spoke up: *"Quiero, por favor, poquita agua."* (I wish, please, a little water.)

The teacher, who spoke only English, ignored Isabel's request. At recess the child ran home in tears. Next day she returned to school, but she never forgot the frustration of her first day there. Instead of rankling, however, the memory of her despair grew into a determination to break the language barrier that has handicapped millions of Mexican-Americans in the Southwest.

Ten years later, destiny brought the girl, now grown to womanhood and aspiring to be a teacher herself, together with the very man who could help her. Stubby, mustachioed Felix Tijerina, 56, was an energetic Houston businessman of Mexican parentage noted for his philanthropies. Isabel told him about the glass of water and the tears, and the telling took him back to the days before he had a Cadillac and a private plane and a chain of prospering restaurants—days when he picked cotton all day in the hot sun for 25 cents and couldn't say, either, "I wish, please, a little water."

Isabel told him, too, how some 50,000 Mexican-American youngsters reached school age each year without knowing a word of the English required in class; how 80 percent had to repeat the first year, and many soon dropped out altogether, mainly because of the language barrier. She mentioned the University of Texas study that showed native-born Mexican-Americans in Texas averaged only three-and-one-half years of schooling.

"Isn't it a dreadful thing that our people's children still suffer because their parents speak only Spanish?" she lamented. "If only we could teach them English *before* they start school!"

"Well, let's do it!" Tijerina said impulsively.

THE PROBLEM was, and still is, immense. The League of United Latin-American Citizens (LULAC) estimates that there are 10,000,000 Spanish-speaking people in the continental U.S., and 8,000,000 of them are Mexican-Americans. The language barrier, LULAC officials have long agreed, is the biggest obstacle separating these Latin-American citizens of the U.S. from total acceptance and understanding. But in a matter of weeks the indefatigable Tijerina had launched a campaign that got to the heart of the problem, bringing new hope to millions of his people in the Southwest.

Felix knew that Mrs. Elizabeth Parris Burrus, veteran teacher at Baytown, Texas, had enjoyed singular success in teaching Mexican-American first graders. Tijerina went to see her and asked her secret.

It was fairly simple, the teacher replied. Most first-grade situations, she had learned in 20 years experience, required just 400 words. Working slowly with these meaningful words helped Spanish-speaking youngsters make the transition into English. At Tijerina's request Mrs. Burrus drew up a list of her 400 "magic" words. Felix had the vocabulary printed in booklet form.

Then, with his own money, Felix established two tuition-free summer classes of six weeks which he called "Little Schools of the 400." Aided by the local LULAC, he enrolled 42 preschoolers who spoke only Spanish. In church-room classes at Ganado and Edna, near Houston, the wide-eyed children were exposed to English for the first time in 1957. The first teacher: Isabel Verber, whose childhood thirst and rejection had started it all.

Felix visited the classes constantly. Patiently, he helped teachers correct basic pronunciation faults. ("Don't say *jue*," he would explain, "say *you*." Or, "It's *mouth*, not *mouse*, Juanito.") Finally, the 42 children were ready for the acid test. They entered elementary school.

And *caramba*! All of them passed the first grade. The year before, over half the Mexican-American first graders at Edna and Ganado had failed to pass first-grade work.

Isabel was ecstatic. "We've won," she said proudly.

Felix said: "We've just begun."

Such was the beginning of the "Little Schools," of which Texas' Governor Price Daniel has said: "No other program has offered such hope for the Latin-American children of Texas. And it is all due to the work and faith of one man."

Felix Tijerina explains his work and faith simply: "A man does not wish just to take from his community. He must give, as well."

What Felix has "taken" from Texas he has worked hard for. Until he was 14 he spoke only Spanish. His father died when Felix was ten, leaving the boy to care for his mother and three sisters. For four years he toiled as a field hand in the cotton and fruit farms around his native Sugarland. At 14, he landed a job as a bus boy in a Houston café. One day his bilingual employer gave him some good advice: "You wish to get ahead? Then speak as others speak. Learn English." Six months in a public night school followed, the only formal schooling Tijerina ever had.

Over the years, Felix has acquired the ability to speak and write flawless English. He has also acquired wealth. "It is simple to make money," he insists. "One merely finds a hunger and satisfies it."

The hunger that built the Tijerina fortune was for Mexican food. Starting with a one-man diner in 1929, the business has grown to a chain of thriving restaurants in Houston and Beaumont, and includes prospering real estate and banking interests.

True to his philosophy, Felix has given providently from the first. He has been a director of Rotary, twice chairman of the Houston Housing Authority and national president of LULAC. Hospitals, youth organizations and the Houston Opera are only a few of the causes that have known his financial backing and tireless campaigning. But the gift he most likes to give is education.

"I couldn't guess how many students have attended college with grants from the boss," says Antonio Campos, Felix's assistant and longtime friend. "Some men are compulsive gamblers or drinkers. Felix is a compulsive educator."

Once Felix lent a young Mexican-American $750 to enter medical school. Ten years later the loan was repaid. Felix laughed. "I had forgotten all about that loan," he said.

"Is that good business?" his assistant wondered.

"I think so," Felix replied. "I might have doubled my money by investing it. But this way, I've still got the money, and I've given the world a doctor. Isn't that a nice dividend?"

But nothing he had ever done was to pay such dividends, both in personal satisfactions and public good, as the "Little Schools of the 400." Tijerina plunged into the work with characteristic energy.

During six months following the Ganado-Edna success, Tijerina opened seven more schools near Houston. Felix poured out thousands of his own money for materials, salaries and advertising the program among Mexican-American parents; he obtained LULAC's support for funds and recruiting preschool children. By the spring of 1959, the nine schools had taught basic English to more than 1,000 children. Less than five percent of them failed on entering formal school. Armed with statistics, Felix now moved for statewide support of his program. Austin, the state capital, became headquarters for his most telling assault on the language barrier.

He visited his old friend, Governor Daniel. Glowingly, he reviewed the success of the nine Little Schools, won the Governor's personal support for additional Little Schools. Felix registered as a lobbyist. He talked with legislators, Senators and educators, imploring their help. Representative Malcolm McGregor of El Paso agreed to sponsor a bill to set up state-financed Little Schools throughout Texas. House Speaker Waggoner Carr went with Felix to see preschool English classes in action. Deeply moved by what he saw, he promised to help get McGregor's measure passed.

Finally the Legislature met to consider dozens of school appropriations. Felix watched tensely as frugal representatives turned down recommendations one by one. Texas was facing severe budget problems, and Felix's hopes for a revolutionary new program seemed dim.

But when the McGregor Bill came up for a vote, it carried without difficulty. The little restaurateur's friendly persuasion had paid off. The Texas Education Agency now had $1,300,000 with which to establish Tijerina-styled Little Schools throughout Texas.

Felix addressed the State Senate after the bill was passed. For once he was at a loss for words in any tongue. Near tears, he said simply: "Thank you, gentlemen, for what you have done. May God bless you."

There was still work to be done. As administrators began hiring teachers for the initial state-supported Little Schools in 130 school districts, Felix was faced with an ironical problem. He now had to convince Mexican-American parents all over the vast state that here lay hope for their children.

It was a tremendous job, often a frustrating one. Many Spanish-speaking parents were reluctant to abandon their own lingual heritage. Others simply didn't know about the new program.

Felix discussed the problem with his friend Madison Farnsworth, a former executive with the Gulf Oil Corporation. "I want only one thing for my people," he explained. "To erase forever the phrase, *no hablo Inglés*—'I don't speak English'—from their children's tongues."

"I have an idea," said Farnsworth. "If it works out, I'll be in touch with you."

The oil man telephoned a few days later. "Would $15,000 and a company airplane help you tell your story, Felix?"

"Will a *chile* burn your tongue?" said Felix gleefully. "Of course it will help. It should finish the job."

Now Felix, the LULAC, Gulf's publicity and advertising people, the Boy Scouts and scores of volunteers rallied to recruit students for the Little Schools. Leaflets were dropped from the Gulf plane. Appeals were broadcast in Spanish over 38 radio stations. TV studios ran a documentary film explaining the new program. Newspapers headlined the good word. Scouts carried handbills to remote Mexican-American settlements.

When state-sponsored Little Schools opened officially last summer, the language legions had reached more than 15,000 children in 81 Texas counties. Specially trained teachers, all bilingual, used stuffed toys, records, picture books and films to make the 400 basic "Anglo" words more graphic to youngsters. With patience and understanding they proved that "English can be fun."

Though Felix Tijerina is justifiably proud, he regards this as just a start. Next summer he hopes to see twice as many Mexican-American children taking preschool English courses in Texas. Felix has also talked with educators in other states with heavy Latin-American populations—New Mexico, Arizona and California—in the hope of establishing other Little Schools where they are especially needed. He has addressed groups in Oklahoma, Iowa and Illinois, where migrant Mexican-Americans and their children go to harvest crops during the months when they might be learning preschool English; Felix' hope is to establish migrant Little Schools eventually for these people.

Meanwhile, through LULAC, pilot Little Schools are already operating at Elizabeth, New Jersey; Santa Fe and Los Alamos, New Mexico; and Santa Ana, California; and at least one is being developed for New York City, to accommodate Puerto Rican preschoolers.

The walls of Tijerina's office are lined with civic accolades. Not long ago George Carmack of *The Houston Press* wrote: "If I had to name what I consider the best single civic program in this entire area, I think I would name the program that Felix Tijerina and his fellow LULACs have set up to teach Latin-American children English before they start school."

But little Victoria Vasquez voiced the tribute Felix treasures most. A fourth grader, she had been one of the first students in a Little School of the 400. Proudly, she displayed a medal she had won in church for Bible interpretation. "I had to explain the story of the Good Samaritan," she said.

"And how did you explain it?" Felix asked.

Victoria blushed. "I said the Good Samaritan was a man like you."

CASUAL COURTSHIP

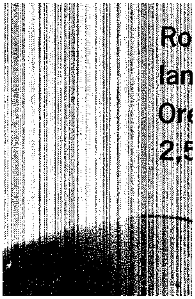
A CUTE TEENAGER proudly showed her mother a large ring on a chain around her neck.

"It's from that dreamy boy in our class, Mom," she said. "His name's Herbie and we're going steady." Her face darkened momentarily. "But what'll we talk about now?"

Her mother laughed. "Why, just the same things you talked about before, silly."

"Gee," said the worried girl, "all we've ever said to each other is 'Hi!' "

—*A. M. A. Journal*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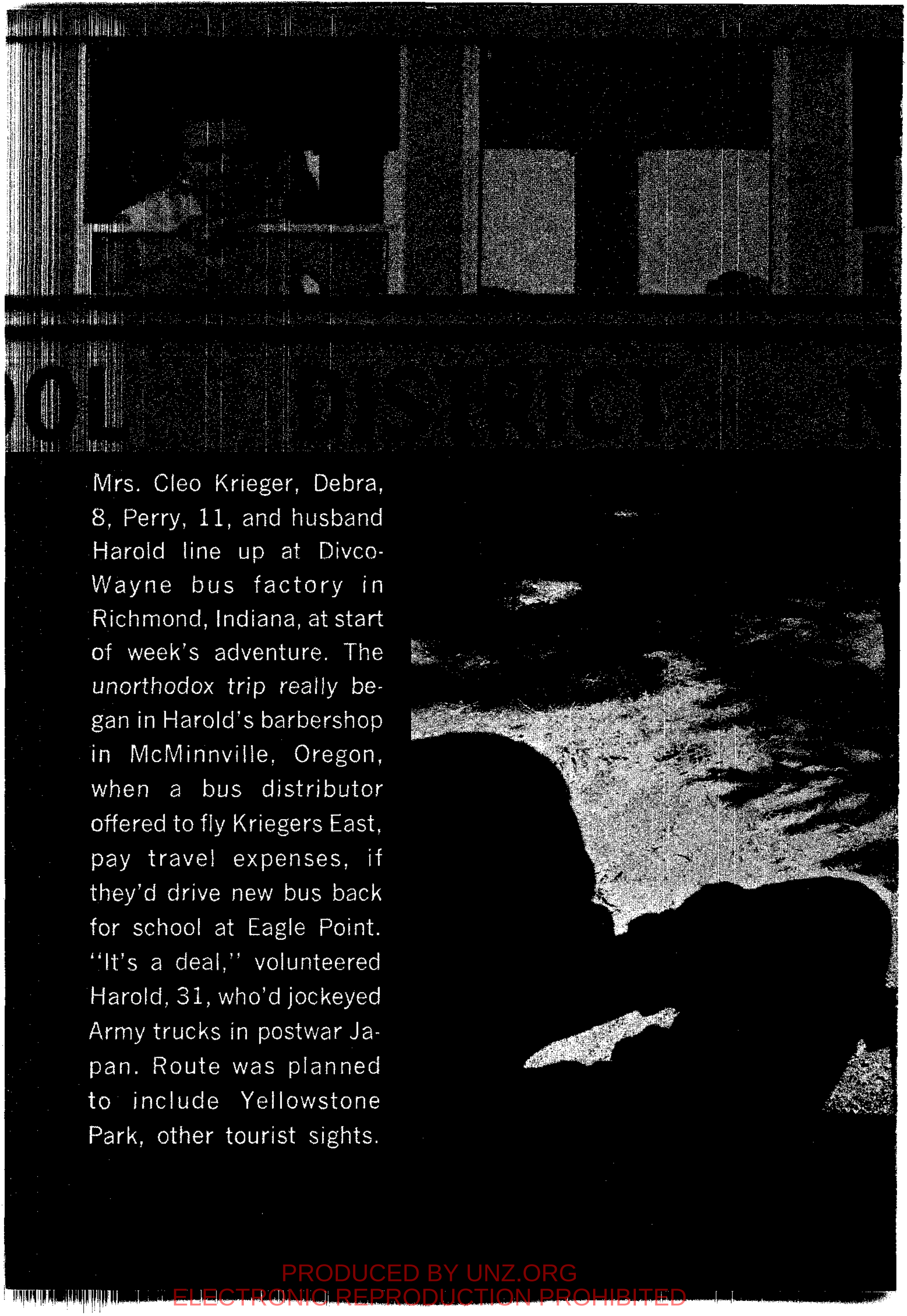
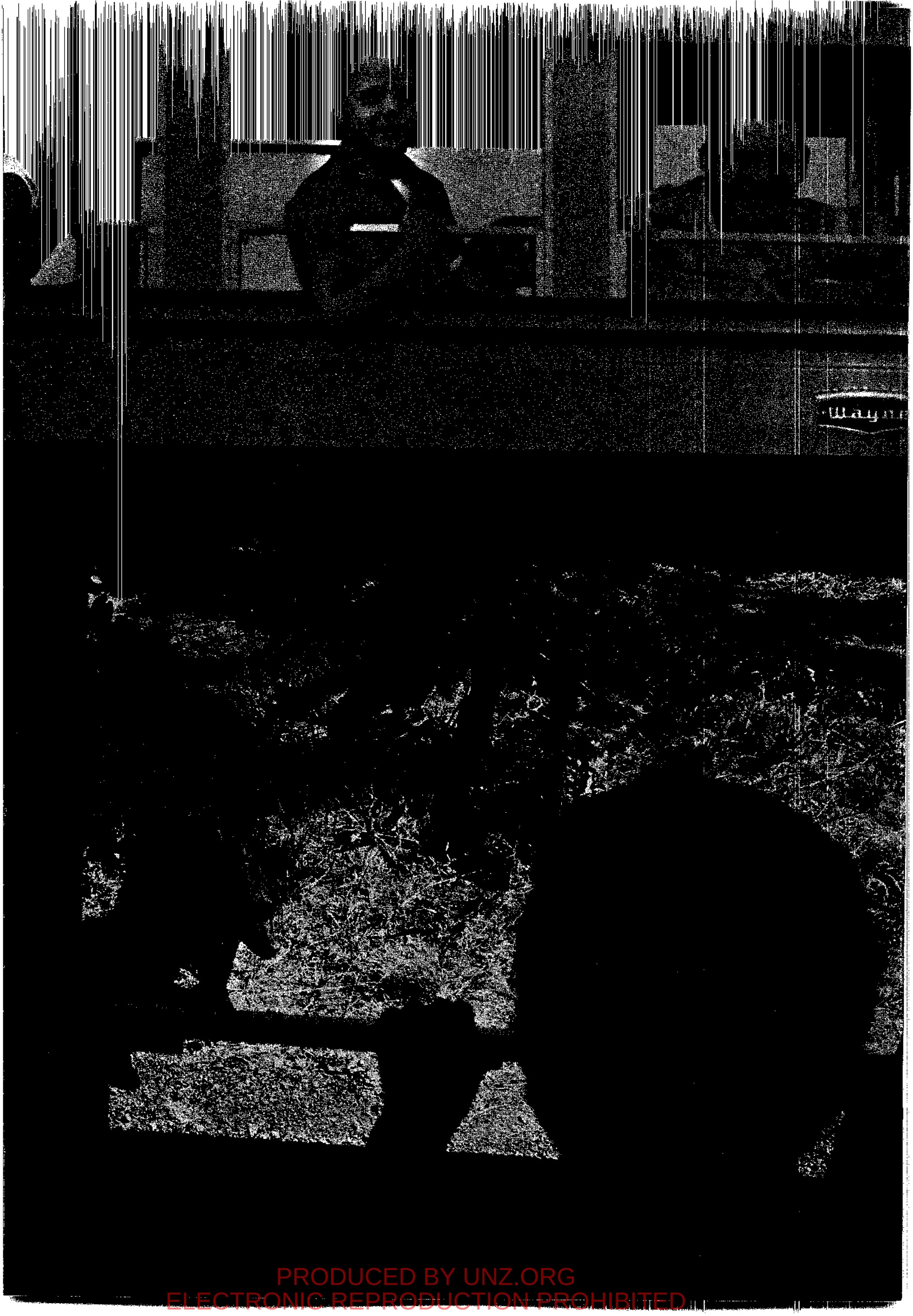
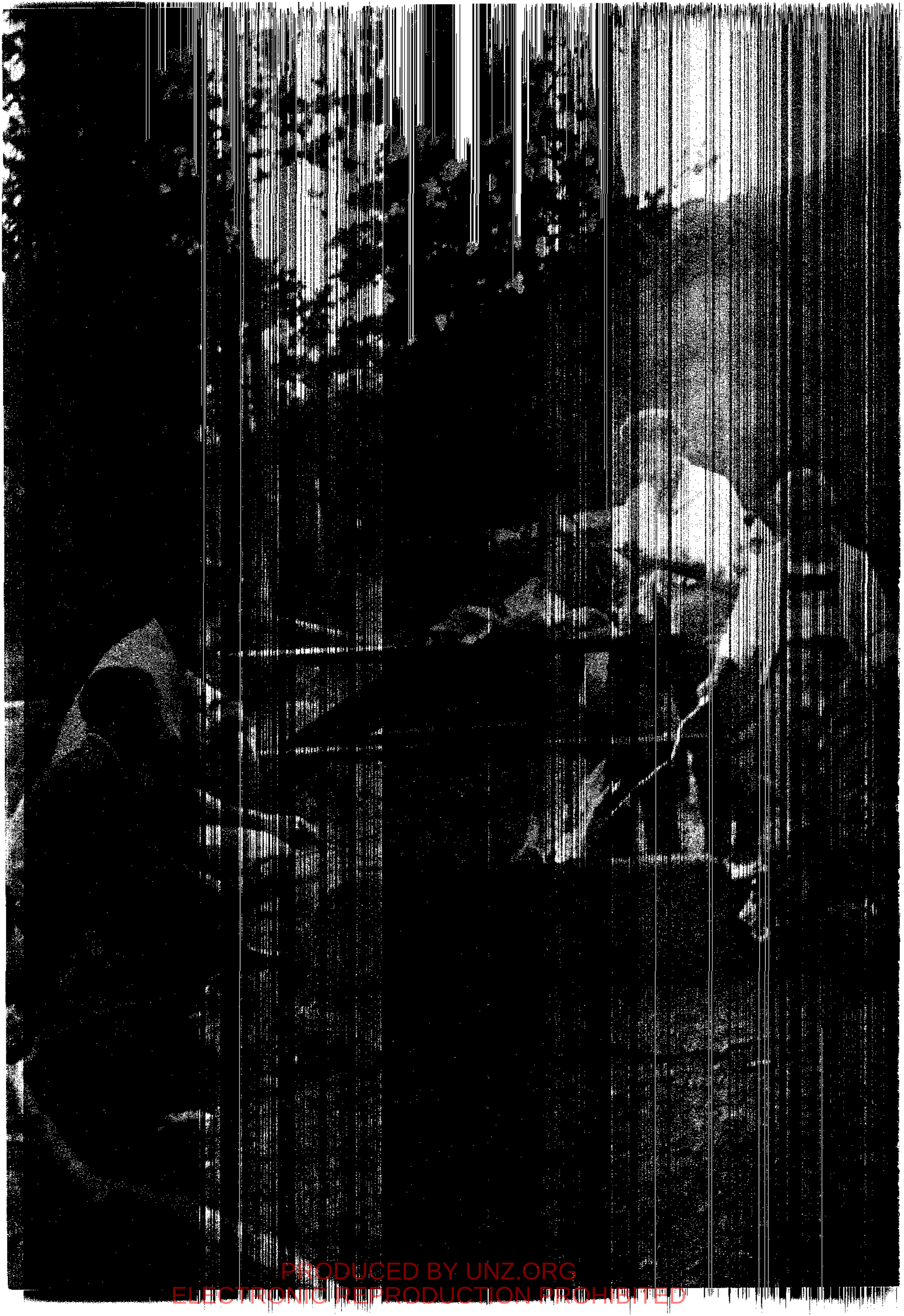
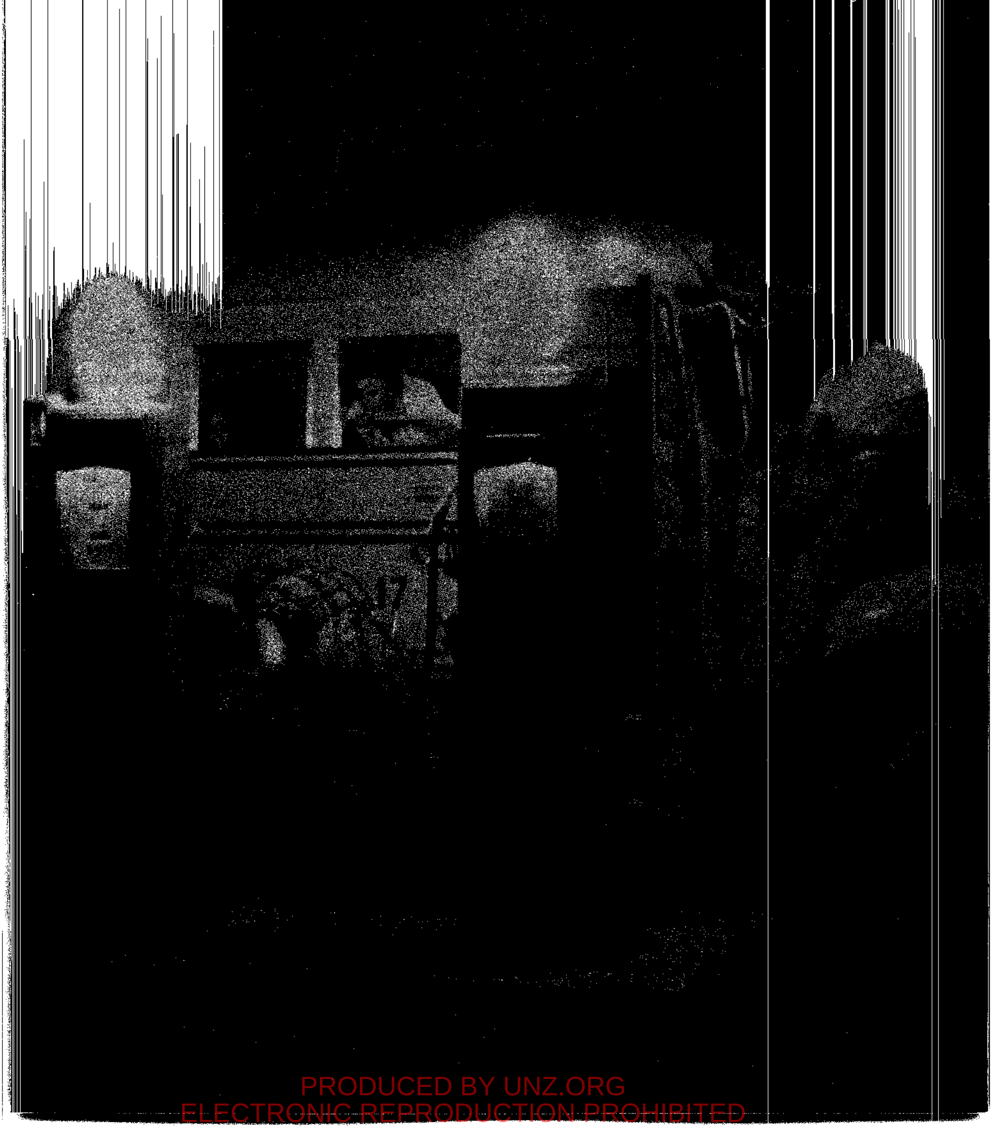


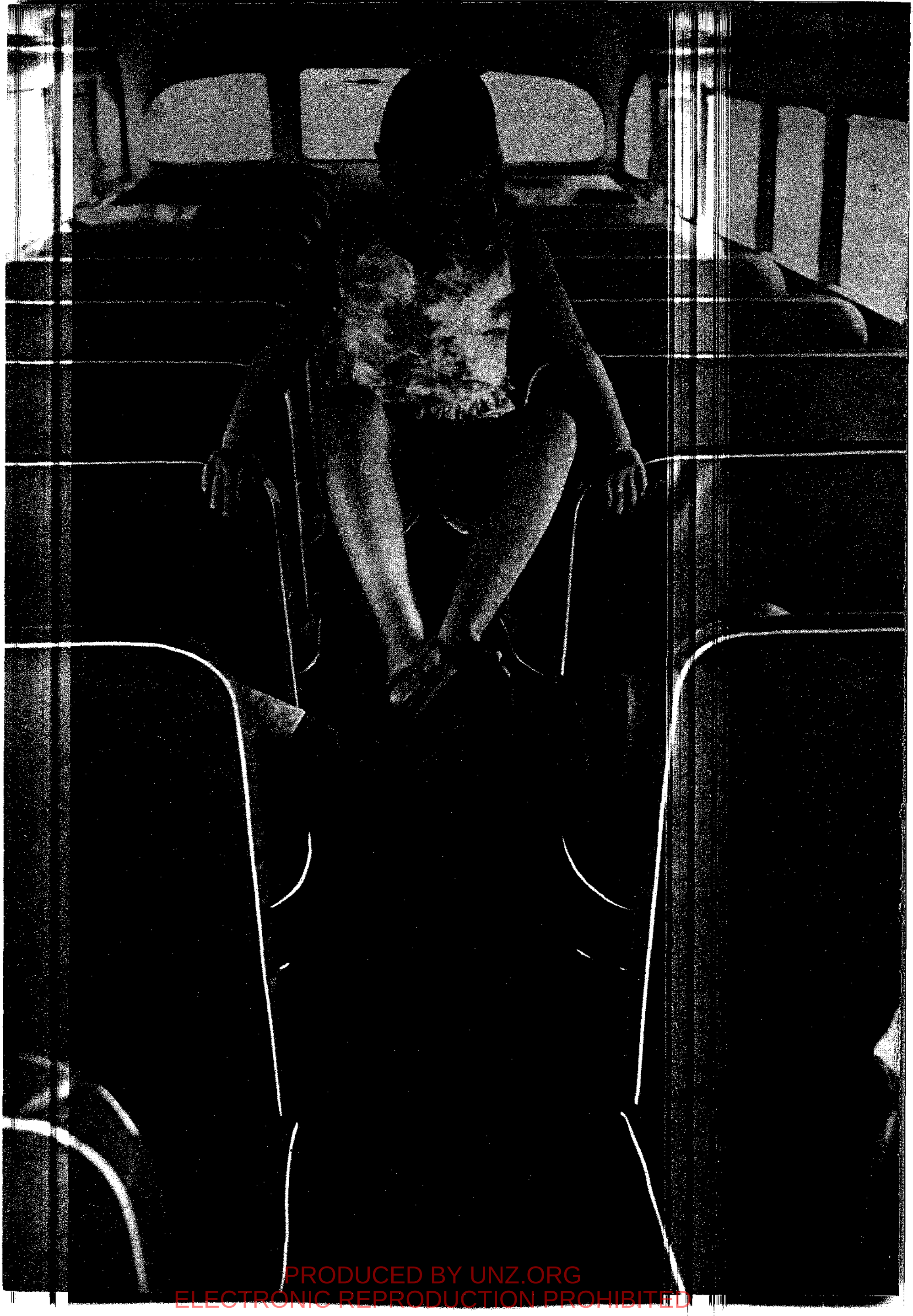
Mrs. Cleo Krieger, Debra, 8, Perry, 11, and husband Harold line up at Divco-Wayne bus factory in Richmond, Indiana, at start of week's adventure. The *unorthodox trip really began* in Harold's barbershop in McMinnville, Oregon, when a bus distributor offered to fly Kriegers East, pay travel expenses, if they'd drive new bus back for school at Eagle Point. "It's a deal," volunteered Harold, 31, who'd jockeyed Army trucks in postwar Japan. Route was planned to include Yellowstone Park, other tourist sights.

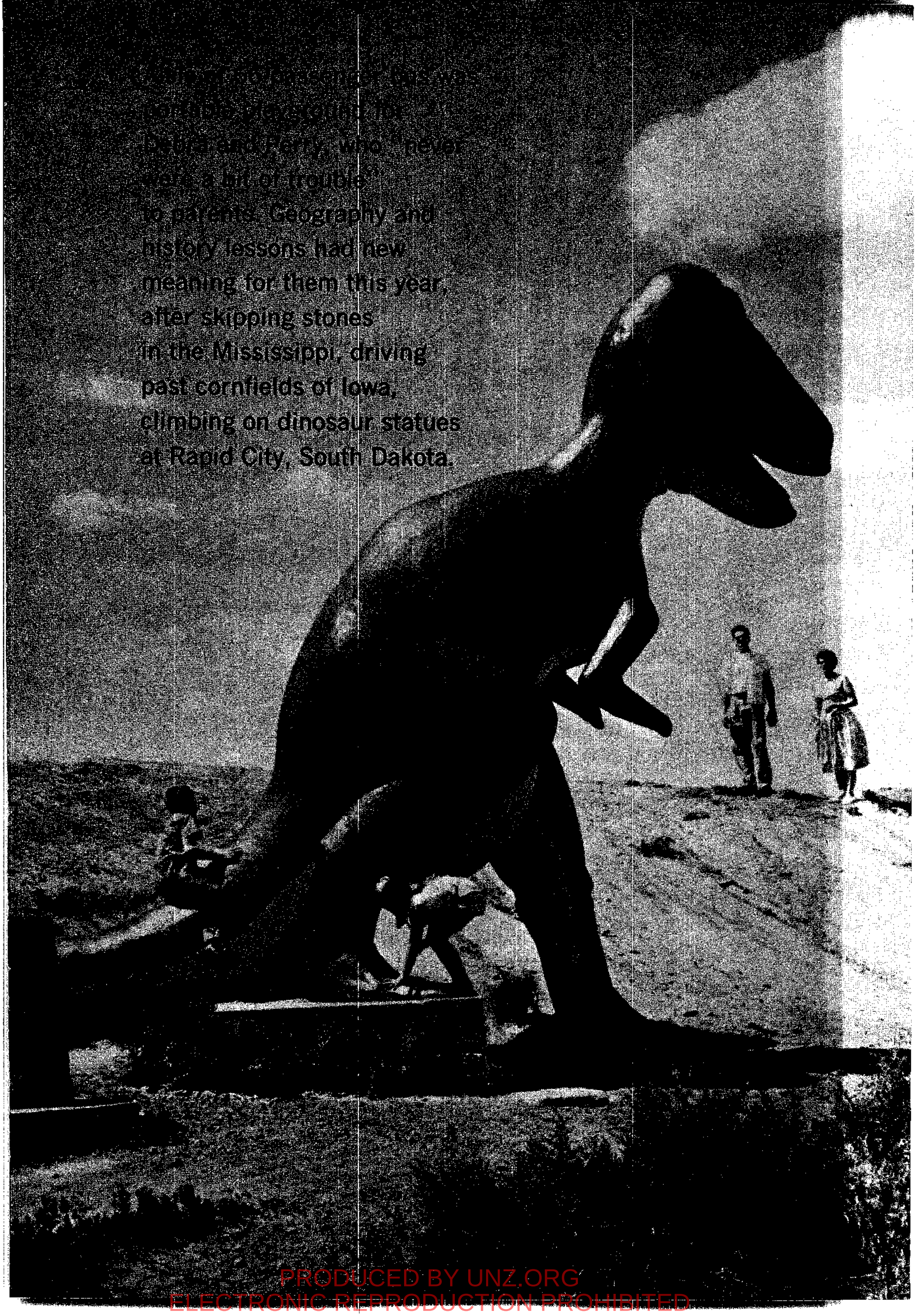




Kriegers cooked by the wayside, rode, fished and swam, yet covered an average 400 miles daily. Harold often drove into the night to save daylight hours for fun. After night in motel, they'd board bus at sunrise. Songs and games made time fly.

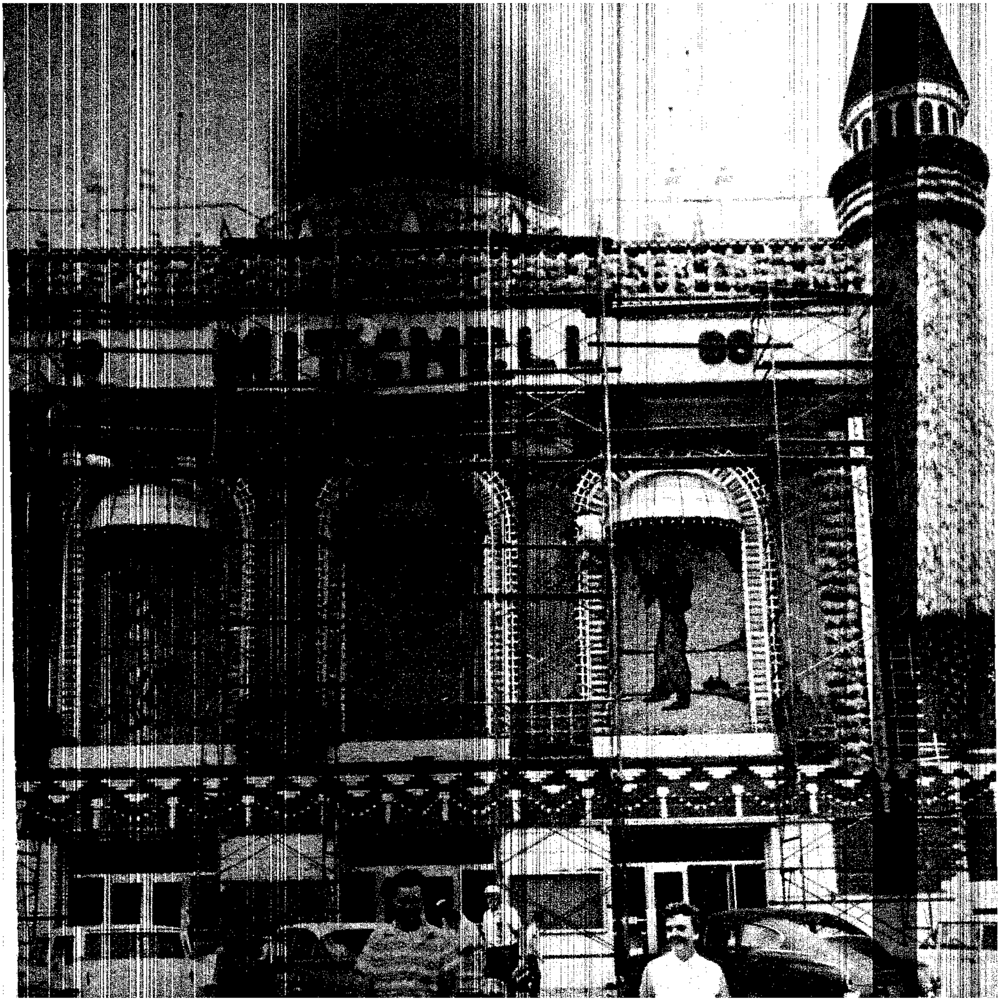






[illegible]
portable playground for
Debra and Perry, who "never
were a bit of trouble"
to parents. Geography and
history lessons had new
meaning for them this year,
after skipping stones
in the Mississippi, driving
past cornfields of Iowa,
climbing on dinosaur statues
at Rapid City, South Dakota.

New face at Mount Rushmore, South Dakota, is masklike viewing machine with Perry's body. Children recorded stops in ten states on side of bus with red crayon. It was first visit outside Oregon for Cleo and kids. Now family album has photos of Indian Chief Big Cloud, Wyoming antelope and corncob-covered museum at Mitchell, South Dakota.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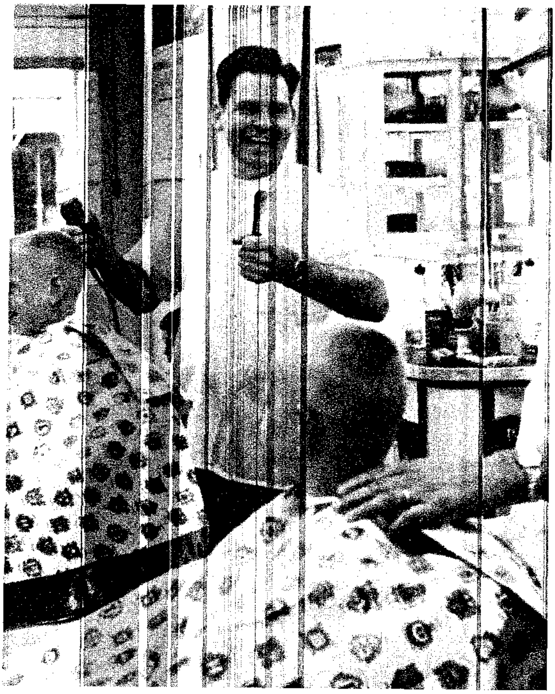


BY HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D.

Our amazing network of nerves

Tiny highways
carry delicate impulses that
run our lives. Now
science has good road maps
—and new drugs
to change the speed limit

RUSHING TO HER OFFICE JOB after a sleepless night, a vivacious, socially active young housewife was gripped with terror as she felt her heart miss a beat. Suddenly it began to pound fiercely and a viselike pain gripped her chest.

A quiet young man, who rarely mixed with people and maintained an unvarying daily routine, kept suffering abdominal cramps with terrifying frequency.

Certain they were seriously ill and prepared to hear the worst, both patients were astonished when a medical checkup revealed there was nothing organically wrong, and their symptoms were ascribed to "nerves."

Like automatic brakes and accelerator which work together to keep a machine moving smoothly, two opposing nerve forces—the "hurry" nerves and the "slowdown" nerves—balance your body's inner life. Threading through your tissues like finest electrically charged lace and called "autonomic" nerves because they automatically control your inner organs without your conscious bidding, they have been found to contain the most important nerve circuits in your body, running and regulating every organ vital to life.

In recent years important questions about body health, pains and a large number of serious illnesses have been answered by new knowledge about the autonomic nervous system, or ANS. Today treatment designed to restore upset balance in ANS circuits is saving lives and bringing profound relief for a wide variety of health problems affecting many parts of the human body.

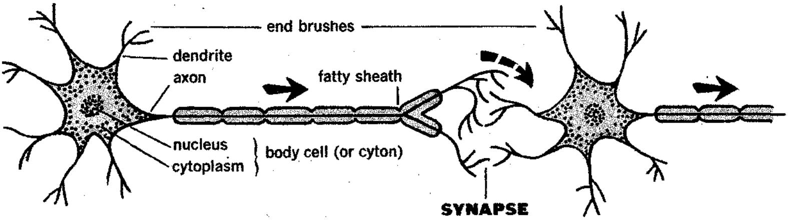
Organ-balancing ANS medications (not to be confused with "tranquilizers") are among medicine's most reliable weapons for life-threatening emergencies and chronic distress; for shock and collapse, stomach ulcer, blocked blood vessels, migraine headaches, kidney stone attacks, bladder incontinence, excess sweating, sight-threatening eye diseases, acute allergies, a majority of digestive problems and circulatory ailments, and many physical symptoms of stress and fatigue. And even in cases where autonomic nerve imbalance is not the basic *cause* of health disorders, soothing therapy with ANS drugs brings marked relief of symptoms.

Normally these delicate but dependable nerves run body machinery daily at the safe speed to meet every situation. For instance:

Imagine yourself at a time of crisis or excitement; perhaps in a job interview, or in the middle of an exciting sports event. Forty-four hurry (medically called "sympathetic") nerves, spreading out in parallel formation from the middle of your spinal cord like rows of whips with frazzled endings, send electric charges through you from top to toe, spurring your body to battle readiness. Hurry-charged nerve tendrils reaching your eyes widen your lids and dilate your pupils so you won't miss seeing anything important. Alerted, your heart and breathing accelerate, speeding extra needed oxygen to your brain and muscles; sugar depots in your liver are prodded to release energy-giving sugar into your blood stream.

During a quiet lunch hour a coal miner suddenly hears a faint rumbling noise, indicating a threatened cave-in. Automatically his body's sympathetic nerves—also called the "fight-flight-fright circuit"—switch into immediate control, tensing muscles to spring, and pushing action organs into top-gear performance. Energy drive in his digestive organs—not necessary for protection—slackens, and digestion practically suspends work until the crisis is over. This explains why during intense activity you lose appetite for food, and why after busy work or excitement is over a hearty appetite returns.

Though a suspect denies all knowledge of the crime and is outwardly calm during questioning, when certain details about the scene of the crime are mentioned a lie detector catches a hastening of his pulse and breathing and a sudden change in the electric charge in his



HOW NERVE IMPULSES ARE TRANSMITTED Each nerve cell, or neuron, is composed of a cell body with hairlike antennae called dendrites, and the axon, a fat-sheathed avenue along which an electrical charge travels. In order to bridge the gap between one neuron and the next neuron, nerve impulses must jump across a microscopic chasm which is known as the synapse.

skin caused by his sympathetic nervous system.

In peaceful periods one's slowdown nerves (called "parasympathetic") take over. Entering your body tissues from the topmost and bottommost parts of your spinal cord, they put calming brakes on your energies, coaxing your body cells to build up needed new material to replace organ chemicals used up during the day. As you put out the light and get into bed, a quieting charge narrows pupils and droops your eyes to let in less disturbing light; digestion is prodded into top action to refuel your body for the next day's activity. Finally, in a deep, peaceful sleep, your body is safely under the restful command of slowdown nerves.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, autonomic nerves leading to vital organs are seen to split up into innumerable branches like the gigantic web of lines in a big-city telephone hookup. The thousands of miles of autonomic nerve fibers in a single adult organism would, if laid end to end, reach around the world. Though the human body can go on living without "mental" nerve currents in the brain cortex—which carry thoughts, sensations and willful action—autonomic nerve circuits, which power physical tissues and are thus "the body's own brain," are vital to life.

Once they develop in the embryo, the autonomic nerves are ready to carry the main currents in the body's mysterious electric life-charge for the creature's lifetime. Deriving their charge from chemicals inside their fibers (something like but infinitely more complicated than the wet cell in an automobile battery), autonomic nerves often have no insulating sheaths; thus, a disturbance in one part of this system may spread throughout the body.

A heavyweight boxing champion became famous for his secret "solar plexus" punch, an uppercut to the top of the abdomen. Sudden pressure on the solar plexus, a spiderweb center of autonomic nerves which radiate like sun rays below the rib cage, may shock body currents out of balance, causing collapse. Boxing's other k.o. blow, to the jaw, shocks autonomic circulation nerves near the base of the skull, momentarily stopping flow of blood to the brain.

Other vulnerable centers in this vital nerve net lie deep in the base of the neck. A man in seeming good health who began to have mysterious fainting spells was "cured" when it was found his too-tight collars were pressing on oversensitive nerve centers. Tests have shown that *all* fainting, shock and collapse are signs of sudden autonomic imbalance.

Of untold benefit to sufferers from many chronic or formerly fatal internal diseases was the discovery that autonomic nerves manufacture minute amounts of powerful chemicals, having hurry and slow effects on body cells. Today such nerve substances are produced artificially and used routinely to restore drive if ANS currents to vital organs fail. "Anti"-ANS chemicals have been discovered in plants, and developed in laboratories, which counteract the unbalancing effects of *over*active autonomic nerves. Today every doctor carries a ready selection of such medications in his bag for emergencies and chronic distress, while dozens of new ANS drugs, neostigmine, oxyphenonium, homatropine, dibenamine and many others, each designed for different effects on different body organs, recently have been developed in tablet, drop or injection form.

Today, ANS therapy with these remarkable drugs, along with ANS anesthesia and surgery, have revolutionized medical treatment.

Examples:

Wood splinters lodged deep in the irises of a forester's eyes had caused an infection threatening his sight. An ANS drug relaxed the infected irises out of the way of the eyes' lenses, preventing the lenses from scarring, and his sight was saved.

No heartbeat was heard from the chest of a patient suffering from sudden heart block. An injection of a hurry-nerve substance urged her heart into action once more. This substance, "epinephrine," the most potent of hurry-nerve chemicals, is released in unmeasurably small amounts at the microscopic ends of hurry-nerve tendrils, and is produced by hurry-nerve cells in the body's two adrenal glands next to the kidneys. An injection of a mere 50,000th of an ounce of it, dissolved in water, may stave off death during shock or heart stop.

A stomach ulcer victim had lost weight and was in acute distress. Since slowdown nerves power digestion, increasing stomach acidity, an "antislow" ANS drug, called propantheline, reduced his gastric acid level to normal. Today ANS therapy combats ulcers, "heartburn," swallowing difficulties, "caridospasm" of the esophagus, cramps and diarrhea, and even mitigates dangerous ileitis.

Every day your thoughts and feelings automatically cause changes inside your body. Think of some favorite food and your mouth will water—with saliva released by slowdown digestion nerves to salivary glands; when hungry, you sense your ANS nerve-invoked stomach churning. When you are sad, slowdown nerves prod lacrimal glands to discharge tears; embarrassment causes nerve currents to dilate the blood vessels in your face and make you "blush"; concentration may make you sweat. When excited, you feel hurry nerves racing your heart.

These are obvious examples. But in many invisible ways, detectable only by special tests, your inner thoughts and feelings continuously reach into your physical tissues. Switched from mind to body at a relay station called the "hypothalamus" at the base of one's brain, joy and happiness—as well as fear and worry—travel automatically over ANS nerves to inner organs.

Contrary to common interpretation, the modern medical term, "psychosomatic," does not mean that an illness is imaginary. "Psycho" —mind, plus "soma"—body, implies that unrelieved unpleasant emotions can cause some nerve-tensed part of the body to falter. High-pressure executives may produce an excess of epinephrine, the most potent of hurry chemicals. Too much of this hurry-nerve substance wears the heart, tightens arteries, raises blood pressure and the blood's fat level.

Neurologists have discovered that unknowingly built-up tension in one's shoulder muscles squeezes autonomic nerves which accompany arteries leading up to one's head, triggering blinding headaches. Today, ANS medication may bring marked relief, and a revised mental attitude often stops such seizures.

Some heart specialists think that angina pectoris is a disease probably related to overactivity of the slow-down autonomic nerves which control the heart action. Many angina pectoris sufferers were interviewed and the majority mentioned they had suffered their first attack in the sorrow following the death of a dear friend or relative. Eighty-five percent of victims of bronchial asthma —attacks of slow-nerve spasms in breathing passages, now promptly relieved by ANS medication—also remembered that the first attack came after a severe emotional crisis, while a similarly high percentage of later seizures were also triggered by worry and stress.

The organs of sex and reproduction are also largely under ANS control. Sexual arousal and the energy built up and released during the sex act flow along autonomic nerves to sexual organs. Distressing impotence and frigidity are rarely caused by anything physical but are found to lie in mental tensions about sex which inhibit the healthy flow of desire and satisfaction along ANS nerves to these body organs.

And the most problematical of all health complaints, mysterious chronic aches and pains everywhere in the body, unusual cramps, dizziness, fatigue and weakness, are often explained by upset balance in ANS nerves and aided by ANS treatment.

But perhaps most important, new knowledge about the vital, electric accelerator-and-brake nerve networks has done much to illustrate the scientific truth of the "golden mean"—a balance of robust activity and peaceful repose. Victims of tension and of nerve-induced illnesses often achieve relief by a reordering of their daily lives. If overindulgence in excitement or too much restraint and holding back are affecting your feeling of physical health, let up on the "brakes" or "accelerator"—your body machinery may be complaining under the strain.

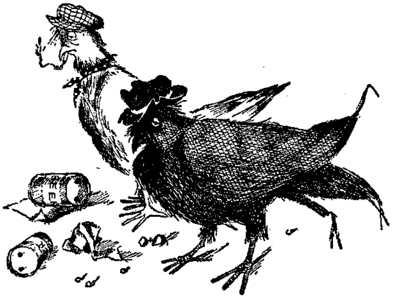
SIGNS OF THE TIMES

LETTERING ON ARMORED TRUCK waiting in front of bank: "Canceled checks only." —SCOTT W. BATES

WALL MOTTO IN THE OFFICE of a new recruit at the Bureau of Internal Revenue: "Remember, America is a land of untold wealth." —MRS. JAMES ALBERS

BY ROBERT M. LIPSYTE

New York's flying freeloaders



Cocky and crafty, these city pigeons live off the fat of the pavement

EACH MORNING AT SEVEN a New York City cab driver cruises slowly up Central Park, his meter clicking, his left hand tossing bird feed out the window. For this he receives a weekly check from a Park Avenue matron who, though she rarely gets up before noon, shares many New Yorkers' unaccountable concern for the strangest bird in a city of strange birds—the lazy, arrogant city pigeon, or rock dove.

There are an estimated 250,000 to 350,000 of these plump, hardy, bluish-gray birds in New York, displaying their contempt for statues of heroes, classical architecture—and the hands that feed them.

And millions of hands feed the pigeons. Small, squealing children give them popcorn, ice cream sticks and buttons from their shirts. Retired millionaires sit on park benches and practice philanthropy by tossing buttered bread crumbs to the feathered freeloaders. And bird lovers, who know that pigeons are vegetarians, provide them with carefully prepared grain compounds.

Hardly anyone seems to care that pigeon feeding is against the law. Park Commissioner Newbold Morris, no friend of pigeons, despairs of enforcing the no-feeding regulation.

"The magistrates would laugh the cases out of court," he admits.

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a corporate pigeon-lover. During one sleet storm, it was reported that pigeons were collapsing in Columbus Circle. The Society sent out ambulances to pick up the victims and rush them to shelters where they were thawed out, dried off and generously fed.

When the storm was over, the Society packed the birds into warm little boxes, loaded them back into the ambulances and drove them home to Columbus Circle. The pigeons, not ready to give up their new, lush life, refused to budge. They stayed nestled deep into their boxes until they were forcibly evicted.

With the unerring instinct of professional beggars, pigeons loaf on street corners near open-air snack bars, cluster about sweet old ladies carrying peanut brittle and, on occasion, even cadge contributions from Bowery bums.

Pigeons who frequent the Bowery affect a ruffled-feathered, forlorn mien as they queue up at chow lines. Park pigeons, traditionally well-fed, cannily follow family groups who leave trails of Cracker Jack.

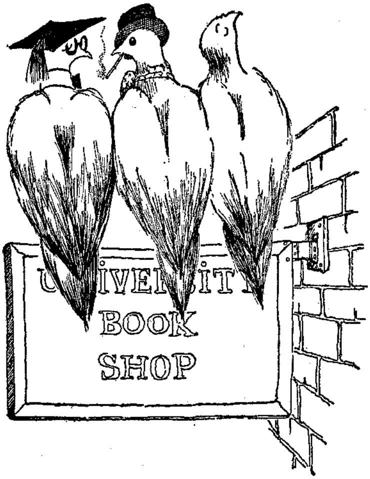
But of all the pigeons in the city, the Times Square species have best acclimated themselves to their surroundings. While suburban pigeons, and even park pigeons, awake at dawn, flutter about importantly through the day and retire at a decent hour, Times Square pigeons rarely awaken before sundown and hardly ever get off the ground.

These particular birds lounge around the statues of Father Duffy and George M. Cohan, arrogantly jaywalk across Broadway and mingle with the theater crowd. And they'll eat anything: old campaign buttons, subway tokens, discarded soft drink cups, pieces of frankfurter, orange peels and cigarette butts.

These Broadway birds have nothing in common with the intellectual pigeons at Columbia University's laboratory for research in animal behavior, where pigeons work for a living. Once they were cruelly snubbed by the famous Queens pigeon who watches TV, eats *paté de fois gras* and thinks he's human. The Queens pigeon, let loose among his old gang around the Father Duffy statue, immediately puffed out his chest and haughtily stalked off.

Like people who have beaten the system, the wild street pigeons have acquired enemies along the way. Breeders of racing and homing pigeons, the metal-banded elite, hate them. This is because these feathered panhandlers sometimes whistle down their hard-working confreres and induce them to abandon the respectable life for the featherhood of the road.

The New York State Athletic Commission has banned pigeons from boxing matches in the city. Whenever boxer Eddie Lynch, a pigeon fancier, fought at St. Nicholas Arena, his fans would smuggle wild pigeons inside and release them. Unwilling to join anyone's cause unless there was something in it for them, the birds would promptly flutter up to the rafters and cheapen the low-priced seats.



Pigeons have even left their mark on culture. Several years ago, the musicians at Lewisohn Stadium complained to the city that pigeons were disrupting morning rehearsals for their summer concerts. It was too much to ask of a concert artist, they said, to keep one eye on the music, one on the conductor and one peeled for attacks from overhead. But the musicians' plea for a license to trap them was never granted.

Since it is practically impossible to kill a pigeon legally in New York, periodic crusades against the birds have always been ingenious but unsuccessful. Toy snakes have been placed on their favorite ledges, stuffed owls leer at them from behind statues and Roman candles blast off from Corinthian columns, and the cornices of some government buildings have been booby-trapped with electric charges and smeared with foul-smelling solutions. The birds fly away. But, just as pigeon haters claim total victory, the birds flap back triumphantly. Recently the builder of a new luxury apartment house in Greenwich Village hopefully installed aluminum window sills that slope sharply at a 33° angle.

In New York—as in Philadelphia, Buffalo, New Orleans and other pigeon-cluttered cities—severe winters and high snows that cover forage and keep crumb-scattering bird lovers indoors are among the pigeons' worst enemies. Another menace to New York pigeons is the heavy-shouldered, sickle-winged peregrine falcon, which lurks in skyscrapers and can zoom down at 100 miles an hour. Even a small nest of these falcons can destroy as many as 1,000 pigeons a year.

Only once, and then briefly, has the city pigeon ever taken a flyer at respectable living. That was during the Second World War, when a Federal agency on Staten Island received a shipment of parasite-ridden rye grain, which contained an essential element for the production of a drug used to clot blood. The Government's problem was to find a way to separate the healthy but useless grains from the medicinal ergot in the unhealthy grain. Someone had a brain storm. Great window boxes were constructed and filled with the grain. Flocks of pigeons flew over from Manhattan, ate the healthy grains and left the ergot.

It all worked out very well for a while. One day, however, the pigeons—apparently realizing that they had been tricked into gainful employment—abandoned their patriotism and the grain boxes. They flew back to Manhattan, where a bird can live off the fat of the pavement, without half trying. ♛

TOGETHERNESS

A LARGE AUTO COMPANY made a survey of Volkswagen owners to ascertain the reasons for their ardent devotion to their diminutive cars. One owner solemnly replied: "Oh, that's easy—because it needs me."

—MRS. JAMES ALBERS

IT IS ONE OF THE PARADOXES of our time that a conservative Republican, Barry Morris Goldwater, junior Senator from Arizona, has emerged as one of the few genuine radicals in American public life. ■ A radical conservative? Yes, if he were President, he would change the face of the nation: in that sense he's a "radical." He would reorient America in the direction of minimum government and *maximum personal responsibility*: in that sense he's a "conservative." ■ I, too, am a radical conservative, and I don't pretend to be impartial about Goldwater: I'm for him. ■ Every one of Senator Goldwater's domestic proposals

derives from two central beliefs. The first is that the Constitution enumerates the powers of Congress and explicitly denies it the right to do the kind of thing that has been going on under the name of the New Deal, the Fair Deal and the New Frontier. Second, that human freedom is best served by keeping the government small. ■ Senator Goldwater firmly believes that the United States is a profoundly conservative country, if only the people had a chance to get a taste of the real thing, and realized more fully where they are headed under statism. But even if Americans should reject Goldwater's brand of individualism, he'd go on believing what he now believes, a set of principles rooted—he has publicly maintained—in the very nature of man. Beliefs of that intensity are not changed by Gallup polls. Sometimes they even make friends. "I *like* Goldwater, as a man and as a politician," William S. White of *Harper's* wrote recently. "I wholly disagree with most of his views. But I owe a bias toward any politician so full of principle."

It's astonishing that a man holding to such rigidly conservative views should be so strikingly successful in politics almost 30 years after Franklin Roosevelt came, saw and conquered. Goldwater's emergence has a lot to do, of course, with organic political and social developments in America. Many people are disillusioned with the kind of world we live in, and seek other solutions than those that have been advanced by the liberals. But Goldwater's rise is to a considerable extent the result of Goldwater. Very few people escape from exposure to him completely unscathed. Goldwater, like Roosevelt, has a first-class political personality. And again like Roosevelt, Goldwater personifies a political philosophy, so that in backing him, his followers are able to fuse personal and ideological passions.

That is what accounts for Goldwater's success, notwithstanding a political position that can hardly be considered to be in vogue. It is generally suggested that Senator Goldwater is so conservative he's just out of this world. Senator Hubert Humphrey twitted him at a cocktail party recently. "You're one of the handsomest men in America," the Minnesota Democrat said. "You ought to be in the movies. In fact, I've made just that proposal to *18th* Century-Fox."

Goldwater's enemies are legion; but they are not—yet—mortally engaged against him, nor even, for the most part, waspish in their references to him. (That isn't true of Walter Reuther and his circle, to be sure. Goldwater got fired up one day and called Reuther more dangerous than the Communists, whereupon Reuther replied that Goldwater should be taken away in a white suit. And the colorful vendetta goes on.)

Goldwater is among the three most important Republicans in the G.O.P. "That Goldwater commands a third force," wrote one critic of Goldwater's ideas recently, "is undeniable." When last summer he, Rockefeller and Nixon posed for a "unity" photograph, arm in arm, the idea was that *all* the forces in the Republican party were present and accounted for: Left, Center and Right.

Here was a remarkably versatile man, who on Sunday could denounce Nixon as an appeaser on the scale of Neville Chamberlain, and on Wednesday, in the interests of party unity, embrace him *and* the man to whom Nixon had allegedly betrayed the Republican party. He had made his criticisms in language absolutely remarkable for its candor: but now it was time to strike camp and move on. And Goldwater is, and always will be, a member of the Republican team. Here is a key to his durability—an organizational fidelity that Joe McCarthy renounced when, after the vote of censure, he apologized to the American people for having urged them to vote for Eisenhower. It was the end of McCarthy.

GOLDWATER's attractive attributes cause the kingmakers to deplore his single and obtrusive disqualification, his "ultraconservatism"—a designation, by the way, that Goldwater deeply resents because of its derogatory overtone ("Why don't they call Humphrey, Stevenson, Williams and that gang 'ultraliberals'?"). The feeling in these quarters is that Goldwater represents a remarkable conjunction of politically negotiable assets—"if only he would drop the anti-social-security stuff," as one old pro put it.

Barry Goldwater is: amiable, good-looking, fluent, earnest, a veteran, an active jet pilot, one part Jewish, a practicing Christian, head of a handsome family, a successful businessman, a best-selling author, a syndicated columnist and a tough campaigner who won a smashing victory in 1958 when he was reelected Senator in a solidly Democratic state, against the bitter opposition of organized labor. "He could go very, very far," the old pro mused, his face as sad as though he were looking at an uncontrolled oil gusher, spouting its black gold wantonly onto the ground.

Others point out that Goldwater *has* come very far, and quite possibly wouldn't have except for the ardent support of American conservatives. One can argue whether his stout conservatism has helped or hurt him thus far. The big question is whether the Senator might, but for his adamant conservatism, successfully contend for the Presidential nomination.

How did he get that way? He is the son of an Episcopalian mother and a Jewish father, who brought him up in Arizona, where his grandparents had settled and founded a little trading store that soon grew into a chain. When he was a freshman at college his father died, and Barry decided to quit school and tend the store, while his brothers continued their education. The three of them worked hard, and the business flourished.

The employees of Goldwater's, incidentally, have never been able to understand the bitter opposition to Senator Barry from organized labor. They earn more than the employees of Goldwater's competitors, and yet they work a 37½-hour week, and enjoy fringe benefits ranging from an employees' swimming pool to a retirement fund.

"Flying in a jet airplane from California to Arizona as I often do," Goldwater remarks, "I often marvel at the ordeal my grandfather and his brother went through in making that trek over plain and desert—those really were new frontiers, not made on Madison Avenue. They went without sufficient food or water and with Indians harassing them all the way. But they did it, and their whole generation did it, and that's the kind of spirit that created America.

"That was a spiritual energy that came out of the loins of the people.

It didn't come out of Washington. And it never will. Washington's principal responsibility is to get out of the way of the creative impulses of the people."

It's one thing to intone generalities about human freedom and the American Constitution—every politician does that as a matter of course ("Ask not what the Government can do for you," declaimed President Kennedy, a couple of days before suggesting about 37 new things the Government *could* do for us.) But Goldwater means it.

If he had his way, the farmer's checks would stop coming in, the labor union leader would face a law telling him he couldn't strike an entire industry, the businessman wouldn't get his cozy little tariff, the apartment dweller wouldn't have his rent frozen, the unemployed wouldn't get a Federal check, nor the teacher Federal money, nor the Little Rock Negroes their paratroops. It's all very well to venerate the Constitution and individual freedom where the other fellow is concerned, but Barry Goldwater is for it all the way.

WHAT WOULD Goldwater do if he were President today? The ideal candidate for public office, he wrote in his best-selling book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, would speak to the people as follows: "I have little interest in streamlining government or in making it more efficient, for I mean to reduce its size. I do not undertake to promote welfare, for I propose to extend freedom. My aim is not to pass laws, but to repeal them. It is not to inaugurate new programs, but to cancel old ones that do violence to the Constitution, or that have failed in their purpose, or that impose on the people an unwarranted financial burden. I will not attempt to discover whether legislation is 'needed' before I have first determined whether it is constitutionally permissible. And if I should later be attacked for neglecting my constituents' 'interests,' I shall reply that I was informed their main interest is liberty and that in that cause I am doing the very best I can."

That, in my opinion, is a staggering statement, the likes of which have not been heard from any President since Grover Cleveland.

What, specifically, would Barry Goldwater have the Government do? Here are some of his most "ultra" domestic proposals: He would 1) get the Government out of agriculture and welfare—altogether; 2) apply antimonopoly legislation against the big labor unions; 3) abolish the progressive income tax; 4) eliminate foreign aid, except to nations actively prepared to assist in the anti-Communist enterprise; 5) eliminate economic and cultural exchange programs; 6) resume immediately nuclear testing, and 7) "be prepared to undertake military programs against vulnerable Communist regimes"—for instance, a Monroe Doctrine for Africa imposed by the N.A.T.O. powers, and a striking force of anti-Communist Asiatics that would help pro-Western forces in lands threatened by Communist aggression.

Such a program is completely at odds with the programs adopted last summer by both the Democratic and the Republican parties. Does it follow that Goldwater's program can never guide the country? His admirers believe that a hard dose of Goldwater could revive this country as very little else could.

It is Goldwater's program, of all those extant, that most faithfully reflects the political philosophy of the men who forged this country and hammered out its Constitution. Our Constitution was drafted by men who thought the Federal Government should have enough power to maintain order, but no more. Jefferson thought that government best which governed least.

The question is whether the insights of men like Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and Marshall hold good for today. Goldwater thinks they do, that they have not been, essentially, invalidated; that government, unless it is kept in hand, grows tyrannical; that the diffusion of governmental power, among the respective states, is the key to the maintenance of individual liberty.

For instance, Goldwater says, "I believe justice and morality require that persons of different races attend the same school. But I'm not going to impose my ideas of morality and justice on other people. The Constitution gave me no warrant to tell South Carolinians how to run their schools." Hence he believes that it is for the individual state to decide for itself what will be its educational practices.

Social security is best effected, he believes, by maximizing the national wealth. If, to look after the very few who for whatever reason cannot survive in a free market economy, we must have social security programs, then let the individual states or communities handle them, with reference to local resources and needs. Let the citizen majority of each state decide. Just as it is the privilege of New York State to levy an income tax, it is the privilege of Connecticut *not* to levy such a tax. "Who will say," Goldwater asks, "the government of New York is 'better,' or 'more human,' or 'more progressive,' than Connecticut's?"

"The genius of the federal system," Goldwater has said, "is that it allows the individual state to experiment. If the state makes an unwise move, the contrast with surrounding states is enough to bring quick reform. But when the decision is made by the Federal Government, binding on all 50 states, the mistake is totalized: and you lose the means by which to make your comparisons."

In foreign policy, his program is not distinctively Republican. In fact, it happens to be almost identical with the policy of Connecticut's Senator Thomas Dodd, a Democrat who votes on the other side of Goldwater on most domestic issues. Even so, it consistently reflects Goldwater's concern for freedom—here and abroad. He believes the best means of opposing communism is also the best means of effecting peace: we must fight hard, at every front, with courage to oppose Soviet advances by the threat of the use of force.

That is, at first glance, not very

different from the Truman-Eisenhower-Kennedy program. But the similarities are mostly rhetorical. Goldwater would have followed MacArthur's recommendations to bomb north of the Yalu; he would right now be testing nuclear bombs, to perfect our arms flexibility. He would not have traveled to the summit, neither to Geneva in 1955, nor to Camp David in 1959, nor to Paris in 1960; nor be sending aid to Sukarno, Tito and Gomulka; nor have permitted the U.N. Army to protect Gizenga's pro-Communist regime in the Congo. *"Goldwater will end up in a pine box,"* Moscow's *Pravda* thundered in a lead editorial last year, commenting on Goldwater's book. "If communism took over the world," Goldwater commented, "that's just where I'd want to be."

* * *

What will become of this phenomenon? The chances are very much against Goldwater's nomination for the Presidency—unless President Kennedy, by pursuing a hard-left policy at home and appeasement abroad, should bring the nation to catastrophe. If there is runaway inflation, if communism marches into Latin America on a frightening scale, if our alliances begin to crumble, the people may turn to Goldwater as a man offering a genuine alternative.

But if Kennedy's course is moderate, as probably it will be, Goldwater will surely be passed up by the next Republican convention in favor of a moderate, or even a left-moderate: a Nixon, a Rockefeller. Still, he will continue to exercise an important influence as, to quote *Time* Magazine, "the conservatives' most persuasive voice since Robert A. Taft."

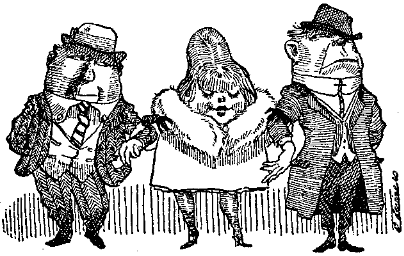
Senator Goldwater will, then, in the months to come, act as a potent inhibiting influence on government; and on the side, as a political educator. When that political re-education is complete—perhaps during Goldwater's lifetime—a man such as he, with a program such as his, could lead the country.

On that day the faculty of Harvard University, associated in the public mind as the GHQ of American Liberalism, would undoubtedly dive for their bomb shelters, and classify themselves a Distressed Area. But it would be up to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—not the Federal Government—to look after them.

LONE ARRANGER?

A 23-YEAR-OLD MICHIGAN law student looked over his absentee ballot from home and saw that no one was running for township highway commissioner. He wrote his own name on the ballot. Since no one else took the trouble to do that, his one vote—the only one cast for the job—stood up and he was duly sworn in.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL



GRIN AND SHARE IT

A KENTUCKY FAMILY was traveling on a superhighway where one mile of road looks like another. Even the restaurants are as identical as twin peas in a pod.

The group had breakfast at one turnpike restaurant, lunch in another and dinner in a third, 400 miles from the first.

As they stepped from the car for dinner, the four-year-old daughter summed up the situation.

"We've traveled all day," she sighed, looking around, "and here we are again."

—JOE CREASON (*Courier Journal Magazine*)

IN A CROWDED square in Rome, an American tourist heard a fellow calling out, "Apples! Apples! Only a quarter each." Pushing through the rush-hour crowd, the American stepped up to the would-be vendor and said, "Son, these people can't understand you. They trade in lira, not quarters."

A happy smile spread across the apple fellow's face. "You're just the guy I've been waiting for," he beamed. "Which way is the railroad station?"

—MARGARET SHARKEY

ONE EVENING I was helping my small daughter with her homework. She was to put the proper punctuation in this sentence: "Quick Run and get the ball." I asked if she knew the punctuation mark that was needed and she replied, "Oh, yes. It needs an *excitement* point!"

—MRS. ANNA WARNKEN

THE JURY HAD been chosen and the judge was instructing the defendant. "Before your trial starts," he said, "you have the right to challenge any member of the jury."

"Well, Your Honor," replied the defendant, "I'd like to fight that little shrimp over there on the end."

—MRS. JAMES ALBERS

THE LONG-SUFFERING husband was protesting his wife's demands for a new fox fur. "What's the matter with the one you have? It's only two years old!"

"I know that," she wailed, "but look how long the fox had it before I got it!"

—ELSIE F. KIRCHNER

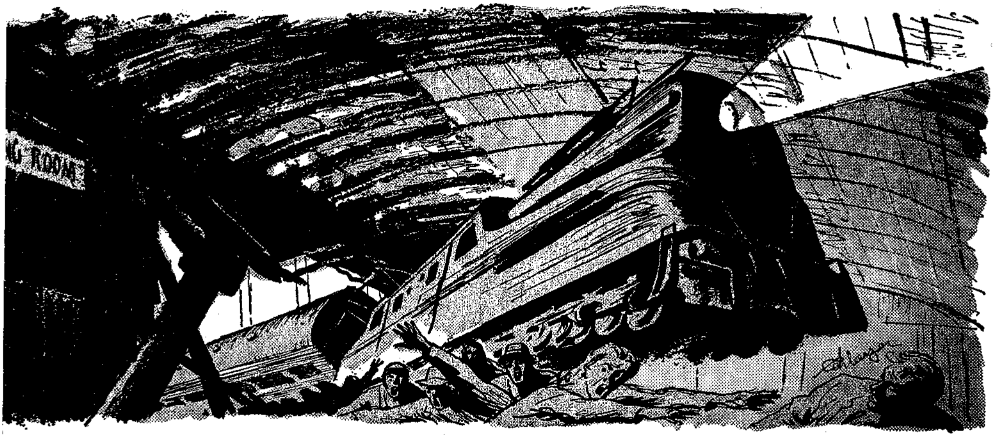
DID YOU HEAR the one about the fellow who was hit by a foreign car? They had to take him to a hospital to get it out.

—STEPHEN KLINGER

NOT LONG AGO a business executive passed away. His inconsolable widow cried for a week without stopping. Then a lawyer appeared with a check from the insurance company. She looked at the amount—$75,000—sighed, and with a tear in her eye told the attorney, "Believe me, I'd give $25,000 of this to have him back."

—JOHN CRAWFORD

The terrifying trip of Number 173



Whistle shrieking, the runaway train smashed headlong into the station

BY HAL BUTLER

THE BIG ELECTRIC locomotive weighed 250 tons. The 16 cars it pulled weighed 1,200 tons more. When the train reached the outskirts of Washington, D.C., it was thundering along at 70 miles an hour. Moments later, as it careened onto Track 16 and headed ruthlessly for the very center of Union Station, it had slowed down to 50 miles an hour, but by now it was only 15 car lengths from the stopblock at the very end of the track!

In the engine's cab, veteran engineer Harry Brower felt a cold dampness on his brow. He had tried everything possible to stop the train but nothing had worked. The grayish-white depot building seemed to be racing toward him, and he knew instinctively that this train of his would never stop. It would plow like a maddened monster through the stopblock and into the crowded station—1,450 tons of violent destruction!

No word in the lexicon of railroad men inspires more fear than "Runaway!" And that was the dread word that sped from tower to tower on the morning of January 15, 1953, when the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack *Federal Express*, from Boston to Washington, went completely out of control.

It had been a troublesome run from the beginning. The *Federal Express* had left Boston on schedule at 11 P.M. the night before, expected to make the 459-mile run in its usual eight hours and 40 minutes. It had stopped at Providence, Rhode Island, where the usual depot inspection of brakes showed nothing to be wrong.

When the train was 27 miles out of Providence, however, trouble started. A series of violent jerks occurred and the train stopped at a point known as Kingston Swamp for an inspection. It was discovered that brakes on all cars but the first three were jammed, and proper adjustments were made. By the time the *Federal Express* was rolling again, it was 56 minutes behind schedule.

On the run to New Haven, Connecticut, the brakes were applied several times and worked faultlessly. The train made up 11 minutes and pulled into New Haven 45 minutes late. There, two sleepers and a coach were added, bringing the train up to its full complement of 16 cars. Again the brakes were tested and their holding power found in perfect order. Picking up time, the *Federal Express* rumbled into New York City's Pennsylvania Station at 4:28 in the morning—now 38 minutes late. Between New Haven and New York the brakes of the train had been applied 14 times without any trouble.

It was at New York that ill-fated engineer, Harry Brower, red-faced and grizzled, took over the train. His engine, No. 4876, was backed on and again the usual depot check of the brakes was made. With everything in working order, Brower decided to try to make up the 38-minute deficit between New York and Washington.

By the time it reached Baltimore, the *Federal Express* had picked up another three minutes, pulling into the terminal 35 minutes behind schedule. Between Baltimore and Washington, Brower took off the bridle, roaring along at a crisp 80 miles an hour. When he reached signal tower 1339, two miles out of Washington's Union Station, he applied the brakes to slow the train.

Nothing happened. The brakes didn't hold.

The veteran 66-year-old engineer's scalp prickled with horror. As he saw the landscape whirl by in a nightmarish blur, Brower went into emergency action. He threw the controller off, opened the sander valve and set his automatic brakes at emergency. These drastic actions would have normally brought the big *Federal Express* to a sudden stop—but they didn't.

That meant just one terrifying thing—the long heavy train had no brakes whatever; and already she was racing through the New York Avenue underpass, bearing down relentlessly on the complicated network of yard tracks.

Brower had one last hope—to

jam the motors into reverse. But when he tried, the overload relays—similar to house fuses—blew under the strain. Now it was hopeless. Brower sickened as he thought of the unsuspecting passengers in the coaches and pullmans, and the hundreds of people who would be milling about the station right in the path of the train. Desperately he reached up and pulled the whistle cord. The pneumatic horn blasted its warning as the train roared into Washington; it kept blasting, warning the towers ahead, the people on the platform, everybody, that the train coming was a runaway.

In the third car, conductor Thomas Murphey realized the train was going entirely too fast. Frantically he tried to brake the train by opening an emergency valve on the platform. It was futile. He raced back into the coach.

"The train's out of control," he told the passengers. "Either brace yourselves in your seats or lie down on the floor."

In the fourth car brakeman Fred King was thrown completely off his feet as the train swung wildly around a curve. Flagman John Meng, at the rear of the train, was aware that the brakes were not holding, but he was trapped in the center of a sleeper by people standing in the aisle, unable to reach his emergency valves.

Meanwhile, Brower stuck grimly to his throttle, the cold sweat of fear on his brow, his body tense. The train was slowing some, but not nearly enough to avoid catastrophe. What would happen when the *Federal Express* ran out of track, only God knew! With sparks flying from its wheels, the runaway train raced by C Tower at over 60 miles an hour. In the tower, train director Harry Ball's eyes popped with surprise. This, he instinctively realized, was 1,450 tons of murder headed for Track 16 and the center of the station like an arrow speeding toward a target.

There was no time to switch it onto a siding. Quickly he grabbed the phone. John Feeney, train director at K Tower, only 15 car lengths from the stopblock at the end of the track, answered.

"Number 173's running away!" screamed Ball.

Feeney looked up, saw it coming. He thought, *This is crazy, impossible, it couldn't happen.* But there was Number 173, thundering toward him, whistle shrieking, sparks flying, steam hissing!

There was no stopping it. All he could do was warn people out of the way. Feeney grabbed the phone and got the stationmaster's office.

"Get the hell out of there!" yelled Feeney to clerk R. A. Klopp who answered the call. "A runaway is coming at you on Track 16!"

The warning sent Klopp into immediate action. He yelled at the others in the office, then ran into the telegraph room next door and told employees to run for their lives. A white-haired telegrapher, Richard Outlaw, swept up a crippled secretary named Mary Leonardi and carried her to safety. Klopp, risking his own life, rushed from the office on the track side and warned a cleaning woman and an electrician out of the way. Then, at the last minute, he dodged away from the onrushing juggernaut.

It was a moment of violent hell. Brower, gritting his teeth in the engine's cab, saw the station loom before him. The locomotive smashed into the stopblock and catapulted over it. Glass, mortar and wood shattered as the engine crashed through the stationmaster's office. Without swerving from its insane course, it roared on into the concourse which separated the track area from the waiting room. Then, as if not yet satisfied with the mayhem it had created, the monster plunged toward a door leading into a waiting room crowded with people.

But it never quite made the waiting room. Even as its headlight reached the door, as though exploring the possibilities for inflicting more havoc, its weight caused the concrete floor of the concourse to collapse. Hissing like a wounded and dying animal, the engine plummeted into the basement of the station. It pulled another car down with it. There was a moment of weird silence following the din; and then, as if breathing its last, the huge locomotive hissed steam and lay still.

Brower, shaken but otherwise unhurt, crawled from the cab of the stricken engine. He didn't realize it at the time, but his alertness in sounding the whistle incessantly had saved many lives. Fortunately, no one was in the basement room.

Miraculously, no one died in the remarkable crash. Some 80 people were hurt, but only eight seriously enough to be hospitalized. The most serious injury was a broken pelvis. Property damage was estimated at $1,000,000. No reason for the failure of the brakes has ever been determined.

In the stationmaster's office, the clock stopped at 8:38 A.M., registering the exact time of the accident. Ironically, the *Federal Express* had made up almost all of its lost time. It had arrived at its destination just 18 minutes late.

LOTS OF BUTTER, PLEASE!

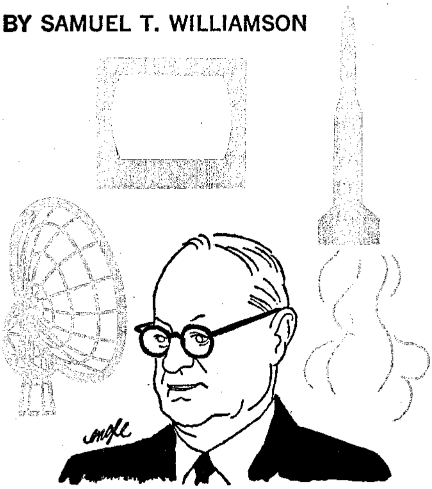
A YOUNG NOVELIST'S first best seller was being considered for a movie. One producer, enthusiastic personally but worried that the public might not be ready for that type of novel, decided to leave it up to a "thinking" machine. The producer, three friends and the author gathered to watch while the book was fed, page by page, to the electronic marvel. Red, green and amber lights began flashing in mad profusion. Halfway through, the author could stand the suspense no longer.

"How am I doing?" he demanded hoarsely.

"It looks like you're in," whispered one of the men encouragingly. "The machine just sent out for another bag of popcorn!"

—MRS. JAMES ALBERS

BY SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON



The inventor's inventor

John Hays Hammond Jr.,
pioneer in TV,
hi-fi and guided missiles,
is a fun-loving
crowd-shunner who
lives in a
did-it-himself castle

"I SEE YOUR SON has adopted invention as a trade," Thomas A. Edison wrote to John Hays Hammond, distinguished American mining engineer. "If he has a commercial instinct, he will succeed; if not, the poorhouse will be his ultimate destination."

Today, owning nearly 700 patents here and abroad and with an income which impresses the Internal Revenue Service, John Hays Hammond Jr. hasn't gone to the poorhouse. Everyone who twists a TV or radio dial, or plays a hi-fi record, every U. S. radio-controlled projectile, uses some basic Hammond patent. And now, on the rugged Massachusetts coast, this pioneer in guided missiles is putting his finishing touches to a fabulous Gothic castle housing the world's largest, privately owned pipe organ and many medieval treasures.

A healthy, enthusiastic 73, Hammond is one of the most versatile and prolific of living inventors.

Hammond is a research consultant to Radio Corporation of America, of which he has been a director since the company's early years. His laboratory is participating in a Navy-sponsored project for broadcasting from a single station to any spot on earth and into space.

One of his dreams is low-cost, mobile, detachable homes. He travels in a 20-ton, air-conditioned trailer with living room, two bedrooms and bath and complete electric kitchen. This gave him the idea for packaged apartments that could be bolted to truck bodies or boat hulls, or swung from helicopters and transported any place. In big cities they could be attached to many-storied skeleton structures having elevators, halls, heat and other utilities.

"Or," Hammond says, "you could pick up your 16th-floor apartment in New York City and airlift it to Florida; drop it on a foundation equipped with water, sewage, electricity—even a mortgage."

Hammond is no Horatio Alger rags-to-riches type. He was born to wealth and position. The senior John Hays Hammond was phenomenally successful and an intimate of presidents, royalty, financiers and scientists. Along with his father's name and spirit, John Hays Hammond Jr. retains the "Jr." 25 years after his father's death "out of love and respect."

While at Yale's Sheffield Scientific School he resolved to make a name for himself in a new field and chose radiodynamics because experts knew little about it. "Some day," Jack Hammond told a professor, "I will guide a moving body by the sound of my voice."

Five years later, he steered a boat from shore by speaking into a radio transmitter. After graduating from Yale in 1910, Hammond had set up two 300-foot radio masts on the coast at his father's summer place outside Gloucester, Massachusetts. His first attempt at remote control was with a small power boat. He could move its rudder by radio when the boat was on land, but not in the water. Finding Marconi's radio system inadequate for his purpose, Hammond, at the impudent age of 22, set out to devise one of his own.

Within two years he hit upon the heterodyne and intermediate frequency principles of radio. Then, by remote control, he could steer a crewless houseboat about Gloucester harbor. Next, Hammond amazed Coast Artillery observers by hitting a bamboo fish pole, floating upright, with a fast, radio-directed motorboat three miles at sea—nine times out of ten tries! Finally, his express cruiser *Natalia* completed a 60-mile round trip between Gloucester and Boston harbor under remote control.

In 1916, the War Department asked Congress to appropriate $750,000 for purchase of Hammond's patents. During the debate, one Congressman hoped this would prove "a method by which a baseball pitcher can get better control of the ball." (Laughter.) Another Congressman hit the future on the nose cone: "He is a brave man who undertakes to put a limit on the possibility that this has opened up." Congress voted money for tests, but left purchase subject to approval by a special joint Army-Navy board.

It took 16 years for this board to make up its mind to buy rights to 100 Hammond patents. Our guided missile development continued to languish until World War II. During the Italian campaign of 1943, German Luftwaffe attacked Allied ships off Salerno with radio-directed bombs; then, at last, came our application of Hammond radio-control principles to Azon and Razon bombs and pilotless bombing planes.

Meanwhile, came a flood of more peaceful Hammond inventions. One was a variable pitch propeller for ships; single-dial radio tuning, now in universal use; and elimination of surface noises on phonograph records. Hammond developed a system for carrying eight messages on one radio wave length. His research extended long-distance telephone service and brought electronic shading to organ music.

Hammond's fondness for the pipe organ dates back to boyhood travels in Europe. In the early 1920s after his marriage to the late Irene Fenton, a Gloucester artist, he built a big house near his laboratory and began assembling a pipe organ. As more and more stops and hundreds of pipes took up more and more space, Hammond decided that the organ should have a home of its own. His fantastic solution was an 85-foot stone tower to house the 10,000 pipes and a 100-foot baronial hall for perfect acoustics.

Thus began his castle, "Abbadia Mare." In a lonely setting of windswept pines, it overlooks the entrance to Gloucester harbor and Norman's Woe, where Longfellow poetically wrecked the schooner *Hesperus.* The castle could be straight from the Middle Ages: moat, drawbridge and battlements. Walls are gray granite and concrete, but the cloister arches, spiral stairways, columns and gargoyles came from neglected or ruined European structures. Outside, the dominant feature is the massive stone tower; inside, it is the Great Hall, 100-feet long and 65-feet high, modeled after the transept of the French cathedral of St.-Nazaire at Carcassonne.

Hammond admits to "devoted slavery" to several generations of Siamese cats. He has taken these smut-nosed creatures on yachting voyages to Labrador, a short way from the Arctic Circle, and up the Orinoco, a few degrees above the Equator; and a few are interred in an Aztec temple mausoleum he had built for himself on the castle grounds.

Hammond seldom arises before noon. "I did some work with Alexander Graham Bell," he says. "He bitterly resented the rudeness that came with the telephone he invented; no one would think of barging into a person's house at any hour, but everyone does so by telephone. So, he advised me, the best time for work is late at night."

Hammond seems more of a dilettante than a scientist. Slender and of medium height, he dresses casually—sports jackets, usually bluish slacks and leather sandals or loafers. He listens readily, swears mildly and laughs easily, often at his own expense. His voice is eager, and has an agreeable rasp. His most apparent vanity is combing his thinning reddish hair over a bald scalp. He worked to develop a reliable hair restorer, even patented one. "I tried it out on a dark-haired, partially bald admiral," he said. "A bit of red fuzz appeared, and he hasn't spoken to me since."

Hammond is a connoisseur of wines, an optimistic swallower of pills and vitamins and often serves tea instead of highballs in the afternoons. He no longer smokes.

When researching with high-voltage alternating current, he would electrocute tough steaks to make them tender. A more recent hobby is "picure" cookery; instead of basting he *injects* into meats his own sauces with a huge hypodermic needle. One specialty is to glaze ham or pork roast with brown sugar and cloves before injecting dark beer or Irish stout.

Hammond hates crowds. When his castle is open for guided tours and organ recitals in the summer, he is elsewhere—Europe, Quebec, Nantucket or on a Maine hilltop.

His near mania for privacy competes with his need for companionship. He entertains on a be-yourself, take-me-as-I-am basis. Signatures in the castle guest book, bound like a monastic missal, show a preference for the company of composers, musicians, graphic artists, playwrights, stage people and decorators—among them Igor Stravinsky, a close friend; Stokowski and the late Koussevitsky, who assisted in devising clearer recording devices; Joan Fontaine, who wanted *Rebecca* filmed at the castle; and Noel Coward, who murmured when he entered the 100-foot Great Hall, "Ah, the snuggery!"

The deadly guided missiles of World War II and of today employ principles Hammond worked out 50 years ago when he said: "It's a sound idea that the best way to stop war is to increase its horrors." Now, he seems torn between hope and doubt that the horror-saturation point has been reached, but he'd like to live long enough to find out.

LILLIPUTIAN LOGIC

HOPING TO DRIVE home a point, I called my 14-year-old daughter's attention to an auto crash report involving three teenagers. I emphasized especially the part about another girl who had been with them earlier, but had avoided the accident because her parents insisted she keep a 9 P.M. curfew (a sore subject in our house).

"How awful!" shuddered my teenager. "Imagine having it printed in the paper for everyone to see that she had to be home at 9 o'clock!"

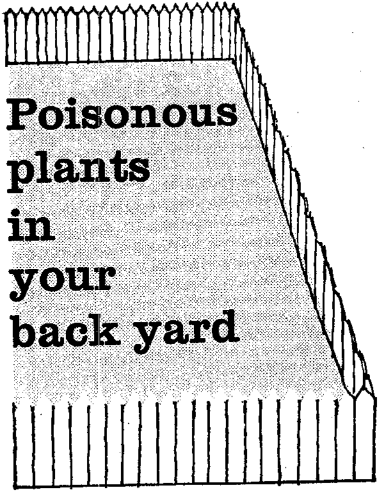
—FRANCES E. LEWIS

THREE-YEAR-OLD Cathy had been making great progress learning to ask the blessing at mealtime as well as reciting nursery rhymes.

However, she became a little confused one evening while asking the blessing at company dinner. Bowing her head, she intoned:

"Bless 'em hot, bless 'em cold,
Bless 'em in the pot nine days old.
Amen."

—M. VIOLA STEVENSON



Poisonous plants in your back yard

BY ALLAN W. ECKERT

They may look
pretty or smell sweet,
but these
berries, leaves and
roots can
bring violent illness,
even death

THE PRETTY LITTLE GIRL played house by herself in the landscaped back yard of her parents' home near Cleveland. Her mother heard her hum softly as she set the little table with a tiny cup, plate and silverware.

On her plate was a small, bright red radish, a handful of berries and an apple. With the exaggerated manners of a child playing "grown-up," she began her luncheon. Four hours later she passed into a coma. Seven hours later she was dead.

An autopsy showed that the berries, which she had picked in her mother's rock garden, were a deadly poison. The plant upon which they had grown is known as mezereum, usually called daphne, an old-fashioned garden shrub that flourishes best in rocky places. A native of Europe, this plant is found along roadsides and in gardens from Southern Ontario east to Nova Scotia and south through New England, New York and some areas of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Due to cultivation as a rock garden plant, daphne is also generally scattered throughout the country. There is no known antidote; fatalities, however, are usually limited to small children and sometimes to adults in an anemic condition.

Dr. Moses Ashley Curtis, eminent botanist of North Carolina, some years ago, recorded the deaths of 27 children who tried to suck nectar from a blossom called the yellow jessamine. This flower ranges from Virginia southwest to Louisiana and Texas. Funnel-shaped like a petunia, the blossom is widely acclaimed for its aroma. It is this fine scent which entices children to search—with such drastic results—for the equally sweet nectar.

In similar cases throughout the U.S. and other countries, thousands of children annually become severely sickened and even fatally injured by eating the foliage, fruit or roots of common but poisonous plants.

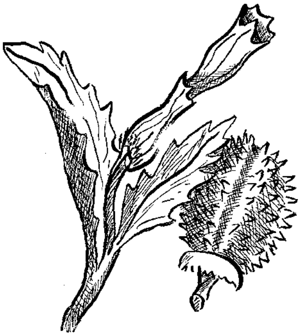
Unfortunately, no fully accurate account has been kept of the number of these poisonings. Many, in fact, are probably never reported to medical authorities; some are undoubtedly attributed to other substances.

For various periods from 1954 to 1958, the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare reviewed reports about 15,000 accidental poisonings. While these records were not complete, nor did they fully cover every area of the country, over 330 were determined as having been caused by eating poisonous plants. Included were four nonfatal cases of daphne poisoning.

There are at least 70 plant families that are poisonous in the U.S., as well as hundreds of species of toxic plants. Fortunately, many of these cause only temporary discomfort. There are, however, many others which are overpoweringly attractive to small children and can cause severe illness or death.

The ten poisonous plants discussed here, found mainly in rural areas, including daphne and yellow jessamine, are those most likely to cause problems when found in urban or suburban living. Each is very dangerous. Children should be instructed to leave them strictly alone. But if you suspect that your child has eaten a poisonous plant, *call a doctor without delay.* He will tell you what emergency measures to take until his arrival.

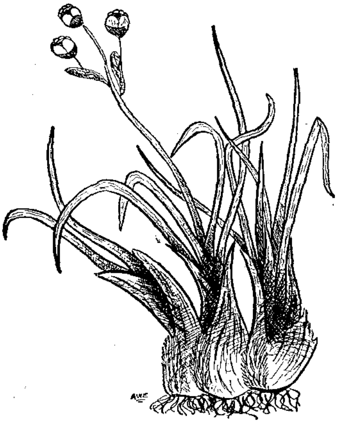
Possibly the most common child-poisoning weed is the Jimson weed or thorn apple. Originally introduced from Asia, it is found in fields, roadside ditches, waste places and gardens from Nova Scotia south to Florida and west across the U.S., especially in the South. The fruit of the Jimson weed is extremely interesting to children, but the entire plant is poisonous—root, stalk, leaves, blossom and fruit. As with yellow jessamine, poisonings occur when children attempt to suck the nectar from these blossoms.



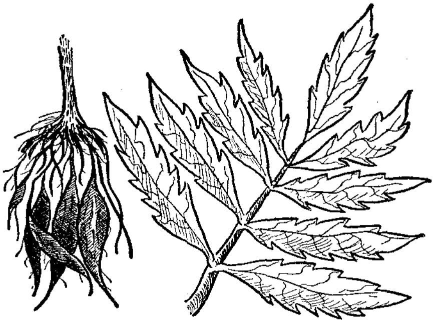
DEADLY JIMSON WEED grows in fields, gardens of western and southern U.S.

Often, the effect of poisons cannot be detected until almost too late; but Jimson weed causes nausea or vomiting. The severe fever induced by its ingestion may be relieved by wet towels placed on the body or by rubbing the skin with alcohol sponges. To dilute the internal poison, the victim should be given large quantities of water or milk.

Equally attractive to many children—and adults as well—is the buckeye or horse chestnut. A native of Greece, it has been introduced over much of temperate North America as a shade tree, particularly in the midwestern and



DEATH CAMAS' full, white bulbs give it deceiving appearance of wild onion.



WILD COWBANE ROOT (Oxypolis plant) looks enticingly like sweet potato.

eastern states. While the National Clearinghouse for Poison Control Centers recorded only two such poisonings (both of which were non-fatal) during its sporadic four-year survey, it is almost certain that these attractive but highly toxic grease-nuts cause a much higher percentage of poisonings than statistics show.

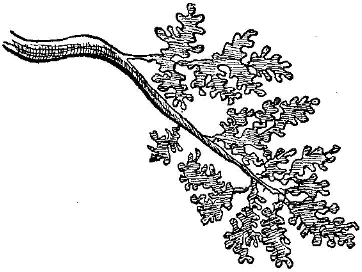
Their use in American history exemplifies their deadliness. In times of famine, the Indian would dry and crush these same nuts into a dull powder. Cast into a pond, this powder paralyzed fish, bringing them to the surface where they could be taken by hand. The effect on the human body of this poison also may be some form of paralysis. Ingestion causes inflammation of the mucous membranes and vomiting, depression, stupor and muscular twitching which can be eased by immediate dosage of an emetic or by stomach pumping.

Milkweed sprouts are regarded by many people as a delicacy when cooked, and some people prefer them to asparagus. Eating certain species raw, however, causes painful spasms and, if ingested in large quantities, even death.

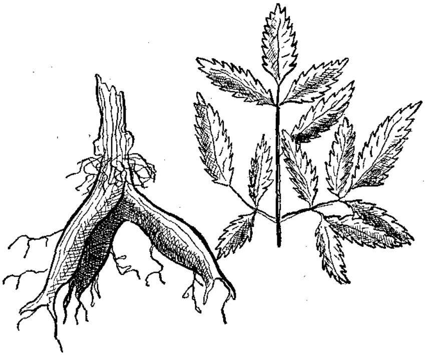
A native plant, milkweed is found along roads, in fields, waste areas and gardens from New Brunswick south to North Carolina and west to Kansas and Saskatchewan. To combat symptoms of depression, diarrhea, low temperature and rapid pulse, the victim should be given much water to drink and his body kept warm if he goes into shock. The stomach should be emptied through use of emetics.

Because of its great size and the lush greenery attained in just one season, the great castor-bean plant is a favorite among amateur horticulturists. Probably a native of Africa, it is now cultivated throughout the U.S. and occasionally grows wild in waste places from New Jersey to Florida and west to Texas.

The raw castor-bean seed, which



POISON-HEMLOCK LEAVES are almost identical with parsley in size, shape.



WATER-HEMLOCK ROOTS, with sweetish parsnip odor, tempt a child to nibble.

attracts children, looks much like a large spotted tick but contains a terrible blood poison, *ricin.* Three seeds can be fatal to an adult. The roots, stalk and leaves are equally poisonous although less likely to be eaten. Ingestion causes vomiting. There is no known antidote.

Have you ever walked into the woods and come upon what seemed to be a bunch of onions? If so, you've probably been tempted to pick them. Unless, however, you are absolutely certain what wild onions look like, *don't touch them*! The plant may be a Death camas or Death onion, which is similar to the wild onion in size and appearance. A native plant found mainly from Tennessee to Kansas and Texas, its white bulbs are full and luscious-appearing and its leaves are like those of an onion sprout except for being somewhat flattened. The plant is a poisonous alkaloid.

As a standard rule, *never* eat anything out of the woods which you believe to be parsley. It is quite possible that it will be one of the most deadly plants known to man—poison hemlock. A native of Europe, it is now common in wet areas in this country. The leaves of this plant are almost identical in size, color and shape with parsley; the seeds resemble anise or caraway. The roots produce convulsions. Ingestion can cause paralysis which eventually results in death.

A close cousin to poison hemlock is the water hemlock. This plant is almost as poisonous. The danger lies in consuming the roots which resemble dahlia roots and smell like parsnips. Often they are brought to the surface by frost, and a child, finding them and smelling the sweetish odor of parsnips, may be tempted to nibble.

Symptoms are much the same for both. There is a general weakening of muscular powers, blindness and much bodily pain, although the mind remains clear until death. The stomach of the victim should be immediately emptied.

Many children are fond of sweet potatoes or yams. In the South, children frequently eat them raw. There is nothing wrong with this, providing the child is eating a yam and not the root of cowbane (Oxypolis plant).

Found growing wild from Florida to Louisiana and north to New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, this root is similar in appearance to a sweet potato. Cattle are frequently killed or made violently ill from eating these roots; and it has been unofficially reported that children have been sickened by drinking milk from cows which had previously eaten cowbane. If you suspect your child has consumed cowbane, give him large draughts of water, and an emetic, while waiting for the doctor.

The danger of children being poisoned is always close at hand. Not long ago, a midwestern family was having a barbecue when one of the youngsters got her father's permission to make some "tea" with a fistful of green leaves she had picked. The little girl methodically tore the leaves to shreds, tossed them into a pot, then added some hot water.

The mixture brewed for some time. Moments after the children drank it, the gaiety of the reunion was shattered by their agonizing shrieks. Rushed to the hospital for treatment, five children were seriously ill for some time.

The leaves, strange to say, were from a peach tree, and contain one of the most dangerous poisons known to man, *hydrocyanic acid.* Who would suspect that a tree with such delicious fruit would have such a deadly leaf?

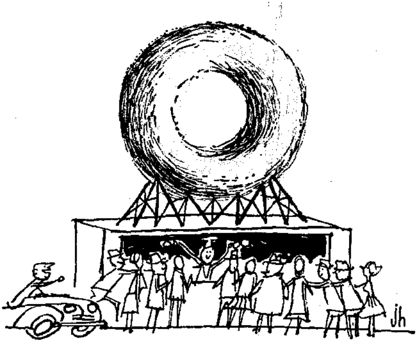
Poisonings from the more familiar forms of fungi, such as mushrooms and toadstools, annually take their toll; however, most parents know enough to instruct their children to leave toadstools and mushrooms strictly alone. But in many cases parents simply do not realize the danger to be encountered in back yards or corner lots. By finding out what plants in your own locality are dangerous, you may be taking the step that will prevent your child from becoming a statistic.

GET SET TO JET!

SEVERAL OF US attending "jump school" at Fort Benning, Georgia, were chewing the fat. We hadn't yet made our first jump, and someone mentioned the fact that if your chute failed to open it would take only seven seconds to fall the 1,000 feet. At this, one of the crew looked simply bug-eyed, and I asked him, "Jack, what would you do if your chute didn't open?"

"Man," he said, "I'd know I had just *seven* seconds to learn how to fly." —MICKY MORAN *(Quote)*

Doughnuts to dollars



Munched or dunked, these variflavored morsels with the middle missing are a sizzling success

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

EVER EAT A banana doughnut?" A look of happy anticipation spread across the face of the visitor in the Vermont kitchen, though he admitted that he hadn't. He'd eaten potato, cranberry and molasses doughnuts, and a lot of other kinds, but never one made with bananas.

His rejoicing, after he had sunk his teeth into the golden brown pastry, was not purely personal. He happened to be employed as a "scout" by a company which sells doughnuts in a chain of glittering drive-ins along U.S. highways. He went back to headquarters to report that he had found another taste-tempting recipe for the versatile doughnut, which his concern was already making in 40 different varieties.

The banana doughnut hasn't yet joined the many you can easily buy ready-made, but it probably will if the nation's appetite for doughnuts —plain, fancy, old-fashioned and newfangled—keeps growing the way it's been doing lately..

Last year Americans dunked or politely refrained from dunking, an estimated $500,000,000 worth. That's some 10 billion individual doughnuts, a jump of almost 100 percent since 1950.

How does it happen that in these weight-conscious times so many people are joyously munching away on astronomical quantities of an allegedly fattening food? (Not really very fattening, loyal defenders of the doughnut point out: an average doughnut contains about 135 calories.) The booming popularity of doughnuts is probably due to the fact that modern machines enable commercial bakers to turn out perfect doughnuts in dazzling variety. Also, they're easier to make at home today, thanks to electric mixers and deep fryers.

These technological improvements mark the second time that American ingenuity has transformed the doughnut. The first was the discovery of the hole. While its invention may not rank with the telephone or the electric light, it must be rated as epochal in the history of cookery.

Doughnuts, minus the hole, were featured on a one-day-a-year basis in medieval Europe. On Shrove Tuesday, a holiday peculiar to Northern Europe (Holland), the nut-shaped blobs of dough fried in fat and called "dough-nuts" were served during the festivities on the day before Lent. Although their soggy centers made them practically indigestible they were so tasty that for hundreds of years people continued to eat them.

Luckily, "holeless" doughnuts survived long enough for a 16-year-old American seaman cook, Hanson Gregory, to apply Yankee ingenuity to their "design." One day in 1847, young Gregory was sadly contemplating a batch of doughnuts he had just made. They had fried just fine around the edges, but, as he put it: "the insides was all raw dough."

Years later, Gregory recounted what happened next. "I says to myself, why wouldn't a space inside solve the difficulty? And then I got an inspiration. I took a cover off the tin pepper box and I cut into the middle of that dough the first doughnut hole ever seen by mortal eyes." Shipmates devoured the doughnuts in unbelieving delight.

Back home in Camden, Maine, Gregory walked into the kitchen one day and saw his mother making doughnuts. He gently nudged her aside, saying, "Let me show you how to do it right."

As the fame of the "doughnut with the hole" spread far beyond Maine, Gregory thought of cashing in on his discovery. He tinkered around with the design for a doughnut cutter, but before he could get it patented other inventors beat him to it. Young Hanson Gregory didn't mind too much; it was enough of an honor to be known as the discoverer of the hole that made such a noble food edible.

Until the first World War, doughnuts were mainly made at home. But one day in 1917, two American Salvation Army girls, Helen Purviance and Margaret Sheldon, arrived at the front near Soissons to cheer up homesick American soldiers of the First Division. With womanly instincts, they figured the best way would be to whip up some item of home cookery. They decided on doughnuts.

The popularity of doughnuts served by the Salvation Army lassies grew as the war went on. In huts on every front, the sizzling pot of doughnuts became a sure-fire attraction; doughboys lined up, often in the rain, to get their allotment of one doughnut apiece.

The war over, soldiers returned to the U.S. with fond memories of how much doughnuts at the front had meant to them, so commercial bakeries found a ready new market. Curiously enough, business was later helped along by the Depression; a cup of coffee and a doughnut for a nickel was an inexpensive morale builder for jobless men.

Today's doughnut boom can be traced to the baking industry's abil-

BANANA DOUGHNUTS

¼	cup	butter
1	cup	sugar
3	eggs,	well beaten
1	cup	mashed bananas
½	cup	sour milk
5	cups	sifted flour
4	tsps.	baking powder
1	tsp.	baking soda
1	tsp.	nutmeg
½	tsp.	cinnamon
2	tsps.	salt

Cream butter. Stir in sugar gradually. Beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs. Combine bananas and milk and add. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Mix until smooth. Chill before rolling. Turn out on floured board and knead lightly. Roll out one-half inch thick. Cut with floured doughnut cutter. Fry in deep fat, 375 degrees, until light brown. Yield: about four dozen.

ity to turn out unlimited quantities of perfectly made doughnuts on big machines that are marvels of automation. One of these fully automatic devices, with a single operator to mix the dough, can cut it, feed it through a fryer and carry the hot doughnuts to cooking racks at the rate of 2,400 dozen an hour.

Smaller variations of such machines have sparked the boomingest phase of the doughnut craze—doughnut shops. Chains of them are springing up along highways and in cities, some as elaborate as the $100,000 drive-ins of one concern, others no more than the corner of a restaurant. Bearing such names as Dunkin' Donuts, Spudnuts, Mister Donut, Hol 'N One, they seek to inspire the public's appetite to still greater heights of doughnut eating.

To titillate that appetite, these chains are engaged in a scramble to find new ways to doll up doughnuts. Not content merely to dig through old cookbooks or send out scouts, some companies have complete test kitchens where bakers, chemists and chemical engineers are constantly seeking new recipes of their own. Discovery of a single new way to formulate a doughnut can create a whole enterprise, as it did in the case of Spudnuts (doughnuts made of dehydrated mashed potatoes), a franchise concern with 400 outlets.

Many flour manufacturers, including big ones like General Mills and Pillsbury, are busy looking for new mixes they can sell to doughnut makers. Cornell University has come up with the Cornell doughnut, a highly nutritious item full of protein, niacin, riboflavin and other nourishment. While changing the inside of the doughnut, the makers have not neglected its exterior. They've created something like 100 different coatings, including such off-beat ones as "Rum Surprise," a doughnut with rum-laced frosting.

Yet, for all the flavorful profusion that pours from machines, many enthusiasts maintain there's still nothing quite like a home-fried doughnut, eaten hot. Happily, it's never been easier to make one. The electric deep fryer licks the problem that has always beset home doughnut bakers, keeping the shortening at the right temperature—hot enough to fry the doughnuts, but not so hot it starts smoking.

A quick short cut to home doughnuts is the ubiquitous biscuit mix. There's an even faster, and somewhat surprising, method of making doughnuts which requires no mixing at all. The trick is to use ready-to-bake refrigerated biscuits. Just cut a hole in the middle of the biscuits and fry them the way you would ordinary doughnuts. Afterward dip them liberally in something sweet and you've got wonderfully good doughnuts at a cost of about a penny apiece.

Of course, you'll find cookbooks loaded with mouth-watering recipes for a variety of doughnuts. There are, for example, New England cranberry doughnuts (you add the fresh fruit to the dough to give it a tangy flavor), Pennsylvania Dutch Dumfunnies (a kind of raised doughnut made with dough that rises overnight), New Orleans molasses doughnut (with a flavor that varies in spiciness with the kind of molasses you use) and brandy doughnuts (made with a dash of brandy).

But one you won't find in most cookbooks is the old New England recipe for those wondrous banana doughnuts which impressed the doughnut "scout" so much. You'd have to have a mighty jaded palate to bite into one of these flavorsome creations without exclaiming with lip-smacking emphasis, "There's nothing like a doughnut!"

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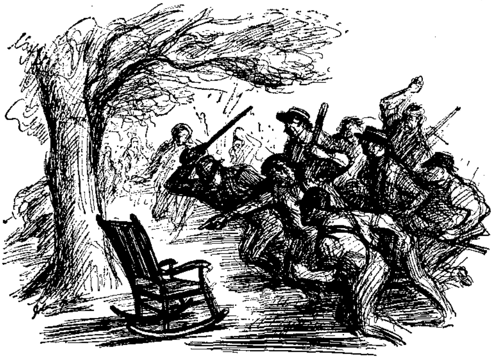
BY DAVID L. GOODRICH

The great rocker riot



Today's return of the rocking chair recalls an indignant public stand for the right to sit

It was a clear, balmy day in New York, perfect for an outing in Central Park. The young man and his lady arrived early, planning to stroll, row on the lake, then enjoy ice cream and lemonade on a bench under the trees. Approaching the Mall, they were surprised to see neat rows of spanking-new, bright green rocking chairs under the shadiest trees. The hard, battered benches that customarily flanked the walks had been moved to make way for the rockers, apparently, and were now baking in the sun.

"I call this thoughtful," the young lady remarked. "Let's rest a minute." But no sooner were they seated than a burly attendant in a gray uniform appeared. "Good morning," he said. "Glad you like the chairs. That'll be ten cents, please."

The young man reacted spiritedly: "That'll be *what*? You can go to blazes! This is a public park, a *free* park. Come on, Mabel, let's go."

The opening salvos of the Great New York Rocking-Chair Riots had been fired. The date: Saturday, June 22, 1901. In the next three weeks—a period of zany, riotous revolt all but overlooked in the history books—the scene would be repeated many times.

The stage had been set by men of good will who believed they were acting in the best interests of the people. These were George C. Clausen, a millionaire brewery owner then serving as New York's Park Commissioner; and Oscar F. Spate, an entrepreneur to whom Clausen had granted the right to lease chairs in the city's many public parks.

The contract between the Park Department and Spate stipulated that Spate would pay the city $500 per year, supply the chairs and pay the uniformed fee collectors. Rockers would be rented for a nickel and straight-backed chairs for three cents. A five-cent ticket entitled the holder to a seat in *any* Spate chair throughout the city for that particular day; a three-cent ticket limited the holder to non-rockers.

The first indication that the plan was headed for trouble appeared the next day in Sunday's papers. Intense public reaction was reported; people feared "the scheme would end free seating in parks" and regarded the plan as a "violation of the spirit of liberty." The President of the Municipal Council held that the parks "belong to the people, and should in the fullest sense be free to the people. If there are not sufficient seats . . . in the parks, the city should provide them at once."

Park Commissioner Clausen lost no time in replying to the protests. The chairs were an experiment, he said. Similar schemes had worked successfully in the capitals of Europe—why not New York? As for free benches—more were being added all the time, and anyone who wanted a free seat could have one. There was no truth, he said, in the report that the Spate chairs were elbowing the benches out of the shade.

For the next few days, the public and press continued sullen—but not mutinous—lulled by official promises that the arrangement would be "fully investigated."

Then, on the 26th of June, a blistering heat wave hit the city; for the next seven days, temperatures held in the 90s. The toll of deaths and prostrations mounted higher each day, and inevitably the public swarmed to the parks, seek-

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ing relief. What they found—and promptly began dealing with—were the Spate chairs and their keepers. The running battle that ensued kept the city in an uproar, the courtrooms crowded, and provoked both shocked indignation and hearty belly-laughs all across the nation.

Most of the disturbances were relatively harmless. A man would sit down, open his newspaper and wait for the approach of Spate's men. A large crowd would quickly form. When the sitter refused to pay his nickel, the attendants would seize his chair and tip him out of it.

Most Spate-baiters were content to get tipped and leave it at that. Others, however, showed fight. If the flare-up was serious enough, the police would stop twirling their night sticks, arrest everyone involved, and then march them off to jail, followed by a jeering mob chanting anti-Spate slogans. Sometimes stones and wads of wet newspaper were thrown at the police, and the throwers would also be arrested. Many considered it worth the small fine—generally from \$2 to \$5—to get their names in the paper.

On two occasions, the crowds turned ugly, threatening to lynch the Spate men. One had to be escorted out of the park by a cordon of police after he slapped a teenage boy, and another was attacked by several men who knocked him down and kicked him. The rioting reached its peak on July 9th, when police reserves had to be called out. The mob was no longer content with merely sitting in the chairs, but had begun smashing them. The pieces vanished

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into the pockets of souvenir-hunters. One ingenious fellow discovered the process was speeded up if chairs were flung under the wheels of a passing brewery wagon.

The day's high moment in one park came with the arrival of Terry McGovern, world featherweight champion, and another prizefighter. As they sat down, McGovern stated that he would give $1,000 to any Spate man who could eject them. Two attendants tried and were quickly knocked down. McGovern then picked up his chair and tossed it disdainfully into the basin of the park fountain.

The next morning Clausen announced that he was canceling Spate's contract. The news obviously called for a celebration. The next evening *The New York Journal* held a band concert and fireworks display attended by 10,000. Political leaders made speeches, assuring the people that they had never favored the chairs; and between addresses the crowd sang popular songs.

The story should have ended on that happy note. But the day after the rally, Spate had Clausen served with a court order prohibiting him from breaking the contract, and continued doing business under a new system: the chairs were stacked and were rented only to people who paid for them in advance.

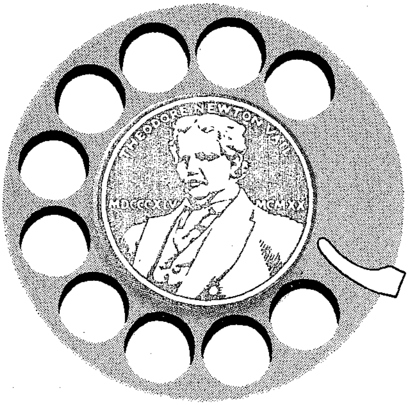
The mob quickly got around that, however. They simply waited until the attendants moved away, then they tipped the renters out themselves. The old pattern of fights, arrests and vandalism raged for another day. Then a public-minded private citizen finally took the step that restored order to the troubled city. He had Spate served with an injunction restraining him from renting the chairs.

Spate immediately sent out word to collect the chairs. In all the city's parks but one, the public cooperated admirably. But at that one, the crowds acted with the tenacity of seasoned front-line troops. They formed a cordon around two comfortably seated gentlemen who refused to take back their money, answering the pleas of Spate's men with hoots of derision. The holdouts were kept supplied with food and drink far into the evening. When they got restless and wanted to take a walk, members of the crowd carried the chairs along behind them. When they finally went home, the chairs went with them.

Gradually, in the days that followed, the ruckus died down. Paying for seats in a public park was an idea that plainly went against the New York grain. Spate slipped out of the picture as quickly as he had entered it, but Clausen had his memorial: he bought the chairs with his own money, and donated them to the people. When they reappeared in the city's parks, they bore the legend: "For the Exclusive Use of Women and Children."

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS is not whether you have a tough problem to deal with, but whether it's the same problem you had last year. —*General Features Corporation*

BY FELIX HARTLEP



Dial "O" for courage

Answering crises with heroism beyond the call of duty is a telephone worker's tradition

A LIGHT FLASHED on the switchboard in the central office of The Ohio Bell Telephone Co. in a Cleveland suburb, and the operator answering the call heard a voice, gasping for breath:

"There's a fire at the clinic . . . terrible explosions . . . call fire department . . . ambulances . . . it's awful . . . and . . ." The message ceased abruptly.

The choking voice belonged to Gladys I. Gibson, operator at the hospital. When rescuers found her lifeless body slumped over the switchboard, her headset was still in place. All cords were plugged into lines serving the four-story building—evidence of the operator's efforts to spread the alarm.

A few feet from where she worked was a window which beckoned her to escape. She remained, one of more than 120 persons who died in the 1929 disaster.

A few months later, Miss Gibson was posthumously awarded the Vail Gold Medal, an award created in 1920 to perpetuate the ideals of responsibility for public service of Theodore N. Vail, former president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

During the past 41 years 1,863 men and women of the Bell Telephone System have won the awards—1,682 medals were bronze and 166 silver. Only 15 were gold, the highest honor of an unsung industry. Lifesaving is not a requisite for the awards, nor are Vail Medals always representative of heroism as we generally think of it.

One April evening a woman picked up her package and walked out of a New York drugstore. No sooner had she driven away than the druggist discovered that she had mistakenly picked up a bottle of acid instead of the eye-drops prescription he had filled for her. Instinctively reaching for his telephone, he told a Manhattan telephone operator.

The woman lived in Wickatunk, New Jersey, so the operator called Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Algor, operator at Holmdel, a few miles from Wickatunk. But Mrs. Algor found no telephone listed in the woman's name. She called the postmaster and was told that the woman had a brother living in Wickatunk. When she failed to get an answer there, she called several of his neighbors, and reached one who went to the brother's home. No one was home.

Mrs. Algor remembered having placed calls from that house to another brother in New York City. Locating his number in the directory, she called his residence. But before she could complete her message, she heard the telephone drop. The brother, she learned later, had rushed into the bathroom and slapped his sister's wrist just as she was lifting the dropper to her eye. The warning had saved her eyesight.

Even children recognize the telephone as a symbol of help. A little boy in Morristown, New Jersey, called the operator. "Everyone in the house is dizzy," he said. Recognizing a danger sign, Miss Eva B. Maietta instructed the youngster to open all the doors and windows, then she notified police. They found the boy, three other children and a woman overcome by coal gas. All were revived.

When the situation calls for it, telephone employees have risked their lives to keep service functioning. In December 1940, when a blizzard hit Colorado, Frank Atkinson and a companion set out to repair a break in the lines between Fort Morgan and Denver. When their truck stalled in the snow, Atkinson continued on foot. Carrying heavy repair equipment in his arms, he disappeared into the swirling snow. The following day a search party found his frozen body lying in the drifts, tools still cradled in his arms.

Oddly enough, the first intelligible sentence transmitted by telephone was a call for help: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you!" Alexander Graham Bell called out these words when an upset battery splashed acid on him. The world's first commercial telephone exchange was installed on January 28, 1878 at New Haven, Connecticut. Since then the Bell System alone has grown to a network of 61,000,000 telephones —44 percent of the world's total. Citations of Vail Medal winners are testimonials to the loyalty and courage of the men and women who keep it operating.

In Portland, Oregon, two laborers were buried in a 12-foot sewer trench excavation when the sandy walls collapsed. Wesley R. Schulz—a telephone installer drawn to the scene by cries of "Cave in!"—climbed down a ladder into the hole. Digging with his bare hands for 30 minutes, he freed one man—just as the walls caved in the second time, burying Schulz up to his chest. He freed himself and resumed burrowing for one-and-a-half hours until he succeeded in uncovering the second man. But the man was already dead.

In 1926, when a hurricane unleashed its fury against Miami, disrupting communications, the rest of the country was slow in hearing of it. At 8 A.M. A.T.&T.'s long-distance lineman Oscar T. Koon set out to survey the damage. Feeling his way through heavy rains and 125 miles per hour winds in near darkness, he stumbled over fallen trees and heaps of rubble, but struggled doggedly ahead. For 33 harrowing miles, Koon fought his way through flood waters and across littered fields, inspecting lines.

Finally, at 11:30 that night, he stumbled into Pompano, on the fringe of the storm, bringing the first news the country had of the devastation in Miami. Disaster aid was immediately sent to the victims. And repair crews, guided by Koon's detailed report, promptly restored telephone service to the stricken area.

The telephone industry is resigned to Hollywood's portrayal of switchboard operators as gossipy dumb Doras. Almost daily a switchboard transmits a cry for help, and the manner in which the operator handles such calls often spells the difference between life and death, sorrow and happiness.

When Elmdale, Kansas, experienced the worst flood in its history, Mrs. Myrtle Dull was faced with the responsibility of keeping open the only means of communication. As the water rose, neighbors pleaded with her to leave. She refused and continued reporting the progress of the flood. Sending men after boxes on which to raise the equipment, she then gathered the switchboard cords in her arms to prevent water from reaching them. When they returned, the men elevated the switchboard three feet. Mrs. Dull placed a nail keg on her chair. Perched on this seat, she continued to operate the switchboard until the following day, maintaining uninterrupted rescue service throughout the emergency.

Helen Sullivan sat at her switchboard in a Jersey City hotel lobby. Two boys were playing with an electric train beside a Christmas tree. Suddenly a shower of sparks from a short circuit ignited cotton decorations under the tree. Miss Sullivan immediately notified the fire department, then continued to call more than 100 guest rooms.

The flames, creeping closer and closer, finally ignited her clothing. She managed to smother them, then started to leave. Her only avenue of escape was through the lobby, where the fire was hottest. By the time she reached the street, she was a human torch—no part of her person untouched by fire. She died several weeks later, never knowing that her name had been inscribed on a Vail Gold Medal.

Miss Sullivan's courage reflects the fidelity of her calling. Countless acts of charity and mercy cast these telephone workers among the most loyal employees of any industry.

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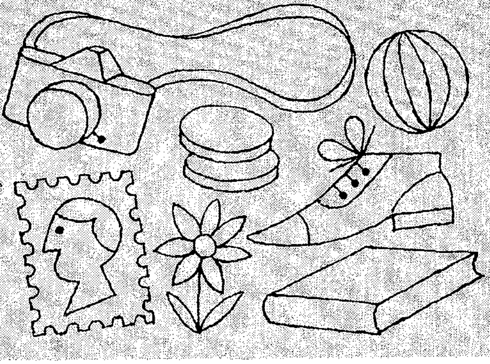

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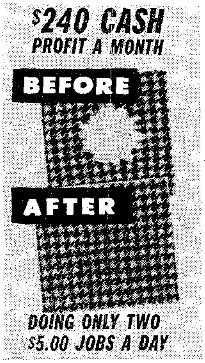

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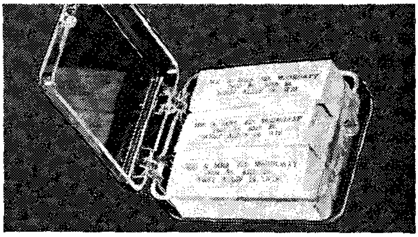

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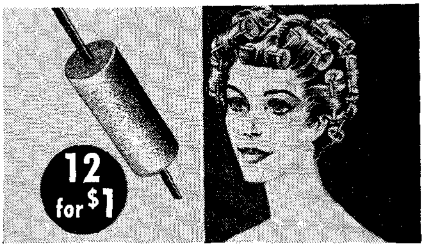

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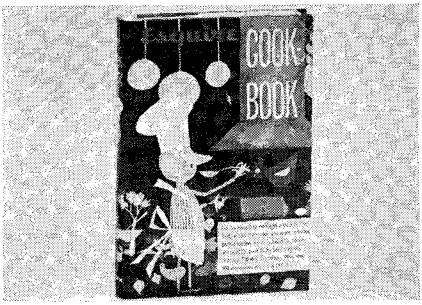

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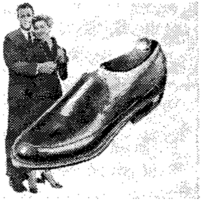

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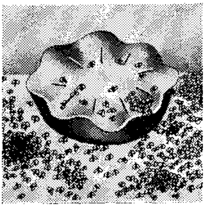

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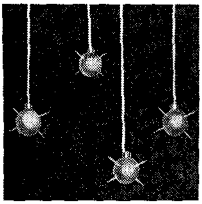

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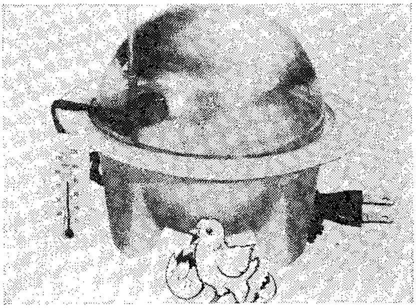

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See the egg become a chick Before Your Very Eyes! Educational, scientific, fascinating. "Chick Chick" Incubator lets you see the entire hatching process through the plastic dome window. Can be used with one or two eggs. Also hatches ducks, pheasants, quail, etc. Just plug into any electric outlet. Nothing else to do. High Impact plastic dome and base maintains proper heat and humidity. Complete unit includes bulb, egg holder, thermometer and complete instruction book. Stands 6" tall, 7¼" wide. Base converts to brooder after chick is hatched. Only $2.98. 3 for $7.95. Empire Mdsg. Co., Dept. CO, 140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

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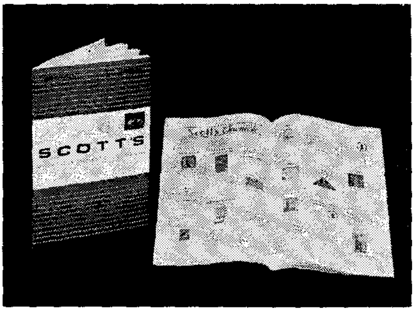

SCOTT'S MONTHLY STAMP JOURNAL

There's more to stamp collecting than pasting stamps into album. There's the fun of learning the stories behind the stamps; the pleasures of meeting famous people who, like you, are also collectors. Scott's Monthly Stamp Journal will help add some of these ingredients to your own collecting activities. The Journal is chock full of articles, new-issue information, price-change news, book news and reviews, stamp sidelights, etc. There's a Chronicle of New Issues each month, too, to help keep your Scott Catalogues current and up to date. The Journal is available by subscription only from SCOTT'S MONTHLY STAMP JOURNAL—Boulder, Colorado—Dept. R. Please send payment with order: $4; $4.50 Canada; $5 Foreign.

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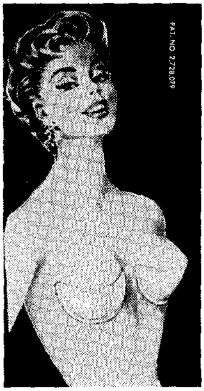

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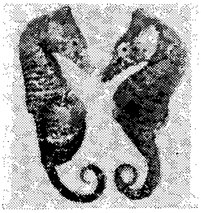

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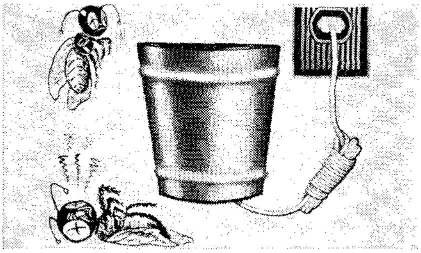

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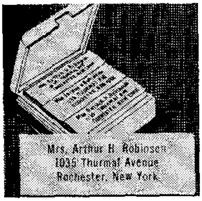

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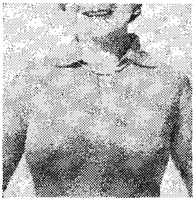

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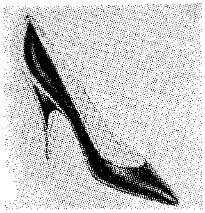

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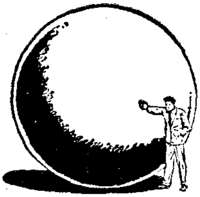

Inflate up to Giant 30' diameter with air or gas. Fun at the Beach, Water Sports, etc. Flying Advt. visible for miles. Attracts crowds at Openings, Fairs, Roadside Stands, Gas Stations, Sports Events. Made of Durable Neoprene Rubber. New never used. 10' *size $1.00 ea. (6 for $5.00).* No C.O.D.'s. Novel Mfg. Corp., 31 Second Ave., Dept. G-3973, N.Y. 3, N.Y.

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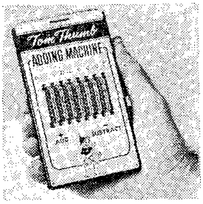

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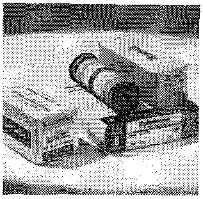

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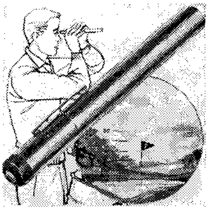

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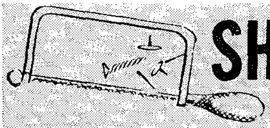
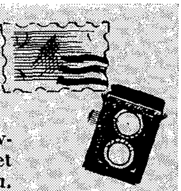


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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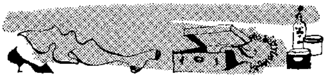

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(Continued on next page)

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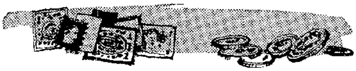

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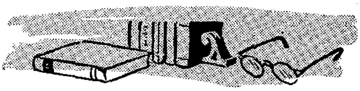

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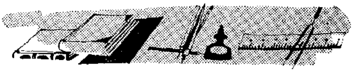

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BY WILL BERNARD

Tired of criminal headlines? Then consider these criminal footnotes:

IN MINNESOTA, a college student was ordered to pay a $5 fine for tiptoeing up behind a policeman and shouting "Boo!"

IN ILLINOIS, a tobacconist was arrested for adding gunpowder to the can of free tobacco he kept on the counter.

IN OREGON, a woman was charged with carrying a concealed weapon when she crowned her hairdo with a paring knife.

IN TEXAS, five churchgoers drew fines for cracking and eating pecans during a service.

IN WISCONSIN, a man, paying off an election bet by wheelbarrowing a woman down Main Street, got a ticket for operating a public conveyance without a license.

IN NEVADA, a man was accused of hiring teenagers to punch holes in the radiators of parked cars, thus pepping up business for his radiator shop nearby.

IN CALIFORNIA, a man at a burlesque show was arrested on suspicion of assault when ushers located him in the eighth row with a package of staples and a slingshot.

IN OREGON, a man told police he handed over $1,100 to two strangers after they hypnotized him with gusts of cigar smoke.

IN CALIFORNIA, a woman complained to police that somebody kept breaking into her room and leaving money in her purse.

IN GEORGIA, police nabbed a shoeshine boy for giving each customer a bonus: one slug of moonshine whisky.

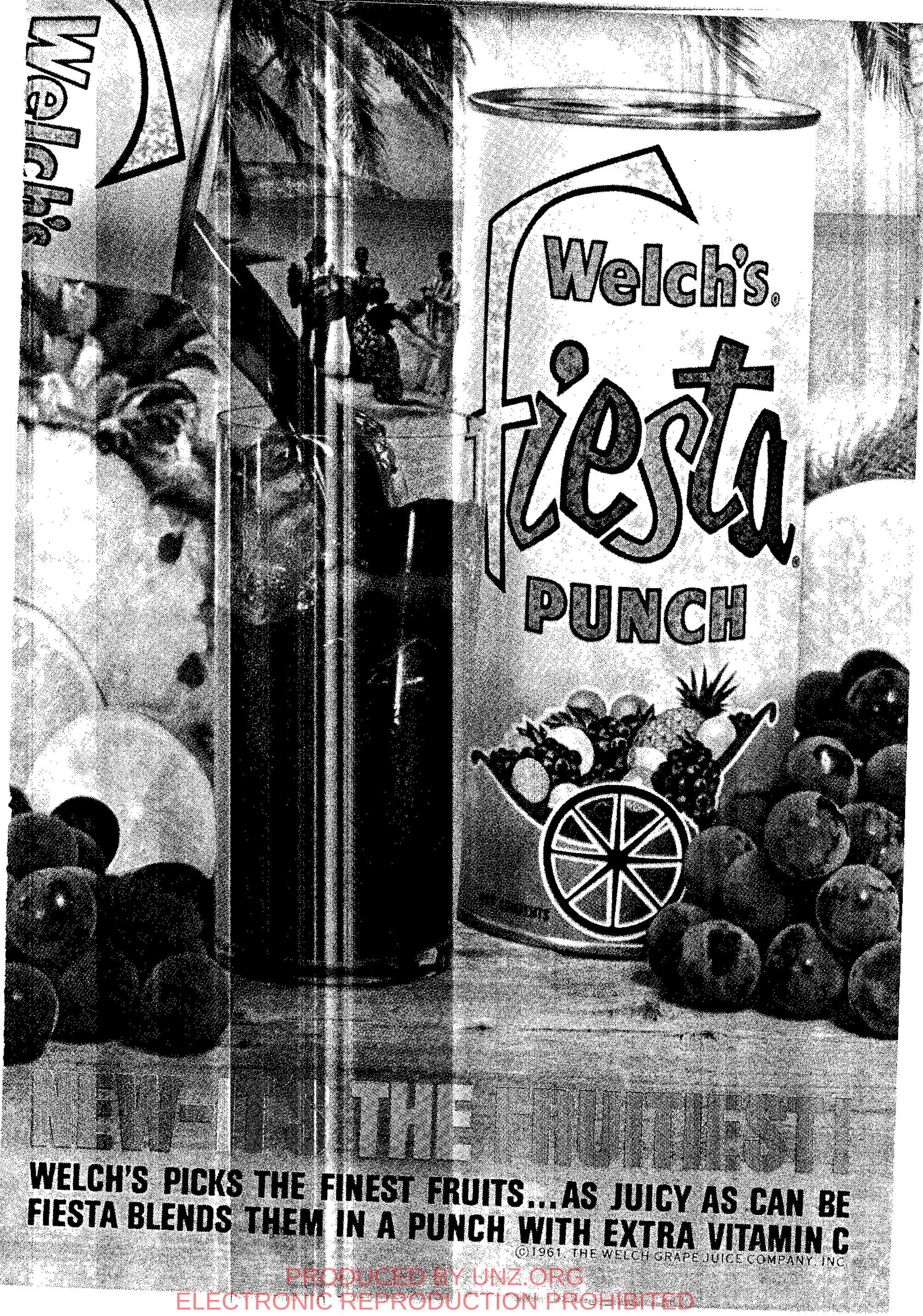
IN IDAHO, a man pleaded guilty to purloining his wife's dentures.

IN CALIFORNIA, a man was arrested for drunkenness after he was found trying to reach the telephone operator through a fire hydrant.

IN CONNECTICUT, a motorist caught speeding explained why he had been so distracted: his wife was reading him an article on the dangers of driving too fast.

IN NEW MEXICO, a young man was arrested for disorderly conduct after he went to his girl friend's high school and passed out mimeographed copies of her love letters.

IN SCOTLAND, a girl was found guilty of capping a lovers' quarrel by sending her boy friend a smoked herring through the mail. ♛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